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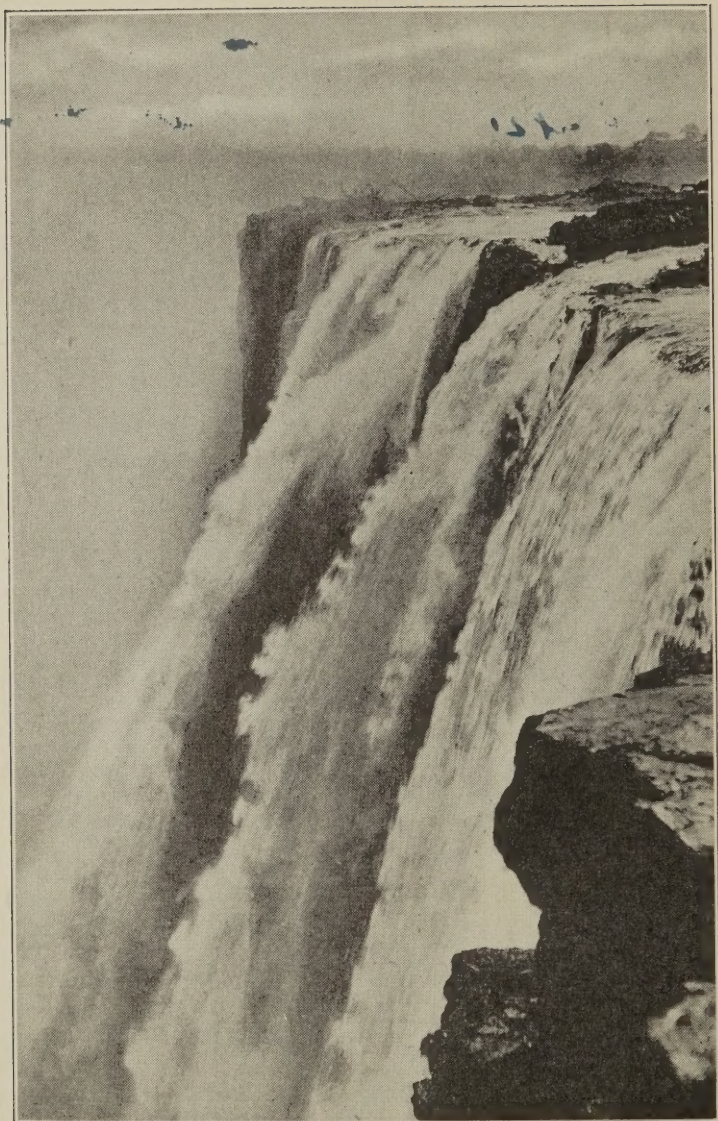
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Missionary adventures in
Africa

Missionary Adventures in Africa



© PERCY M. CLARK, VICTORIA FALLS

Victoria Falls

The main fall, as seen from Livingstone Island



Missionary Adventures in Africa

By William H. Branson



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AUTHOR'S PREFACE

IN writing and compiling this volume, it has not been my purpose to attempt to give a history of all the Seventh-day Adventist missions in Africa, as space would not permit. Some of our leading stations have barely been mentioned, while others have been dealt with at length.

We have endeavored to choose typical experiences, in order to give our people a general view of mission work in the African field. Other volumes could be written dealing with equally interesting experiences of other stations and other faithful missionaries connected with our work.

Reports, accounts of experiences, and letters from missionaries in Africa have been freely used in the preparation of this book, but inasmuch as the matter is all original, quotation marks have not been used.

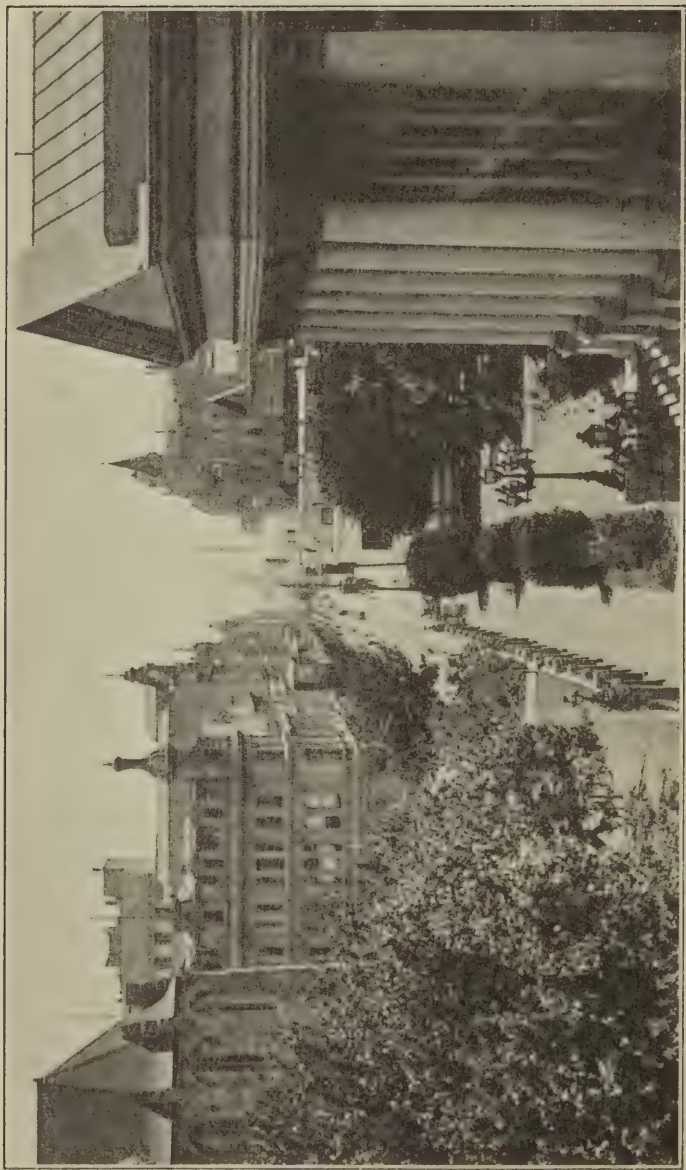
In sending forth this book, it is with a prayer that God will use it as a means of stirring up the hearts of many of our youth to respond to the call of the millions still waiting in Africa for the light.

W. H. BRANSON.

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Looking Up Adderley Street, Capetown, South Africa

INTRODUCTION

THE POLITICAL UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA

SOUTH AFRICA is often called "England's health resort." The greater part of the country is high and mountainous, and this, no doubt, is responsible for its delightful climate. Upon the plateaus are many cattle, sheep, goats, and in some places, ostriches. The beautiful, fertile valleys are well cultivated, and almost every kind of food for man and beast grows in abundance.

In traveling through Cape Colony, the Orange Free State, Natal, and the Transvaal, one sees many farms, with fine country homes. Large fields of corn, barley, oats, tea, and sugar cane grow in many places. Nearer the coast are orchards of peaches, oranges, apples, and pears. Besides these, pineapples, mangoes, cherries, grapes, figs, apricots, berries, and currants grow in abundance.

Many of the higher mountains are often covered with snow, which sometimes does not disappear until late spring. As late as October 25, which corresponds with April in America, I saw considerable snow in passing through the Hex River Valley, Cape Colony, about one hundred miles north of Cape Town. Snow, to a depth of six or eight inches, falls occasionally as far north as Johannesburg, one thousand miles from the Cape.

A COSMOPOLITAN POPULATION

Africa is not all black. In the political union of South Africa there exists today a high class of European civilization. The cities and towns have all the modern conveniences. In any of these cities one could easily imagine himself in one of the up-to-date cities of America or Europe. The houses are well built, the building material being largely brick and cement, with tile, slate, or corrugated iron for roofs.

The capital is divided between three of the principal cities — Pretoria, Cape Town, and Bloemfontein. The reason for this is that when the various provinces were united, an agreement could not be reached as to the location of the capital, each province desiring to have it within its own territory. So a compromise was reached, by locating the government offices in Pretoria, the parliament in Cape Town, and the law courts in Bloemfontein.

Johannesburg, in the Transvaal, is the metropolis of South Africa; Cape Town is nearly as large; and Pretoria, Durban, East London, Port Elizabeth, Pietermaritzburg, Kimberley, and Bloemfontein rank among its chief cities.

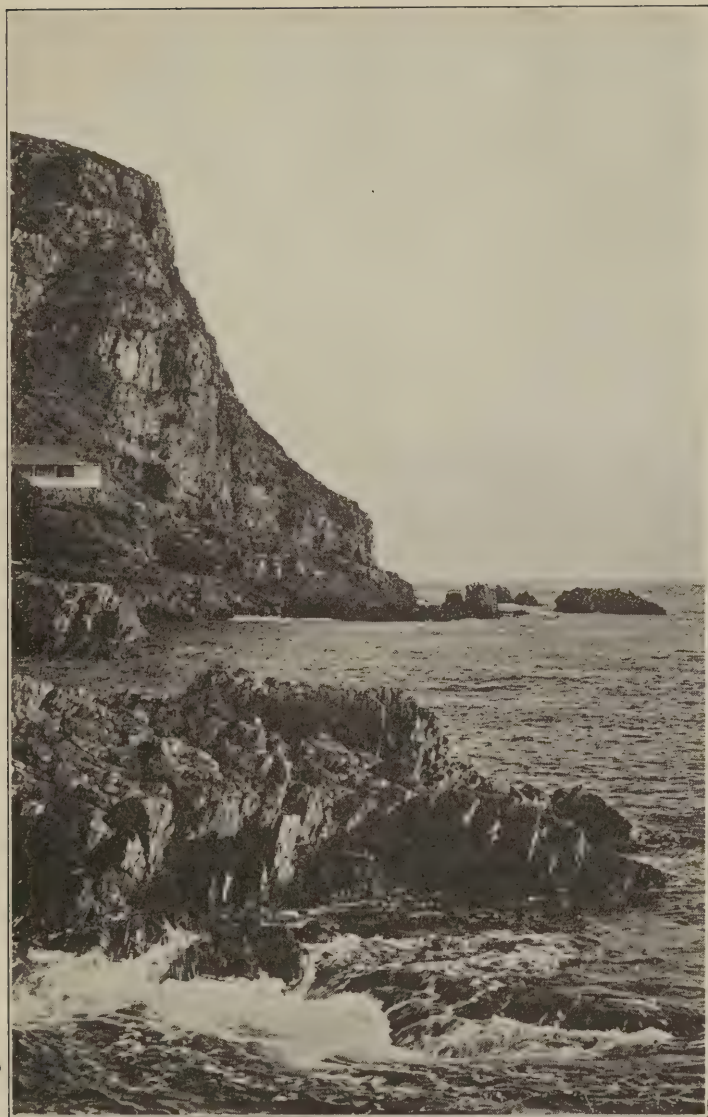
CAPE TOWN AND DURBAN

Both Cape Town and Durban have become very important ports. Large vessels from almost every part of the world call there to discharge and load cargo and passengers. The Royal Mail Line, from Cape Town to Southampton, England, ranks first among the many steamship companies, and every week one of its large passenger ships arrives from England, and another departs, laden with passengers and post.

The principal exports are diamonds, gold, wool, ostrich feathers, hides, fruit, and beef. Manufacturing has not been carried on on a large scale in the past, but is now assuming larger proportions. Clothing, boots, and sugar are among the leading articles made.

In most of the cities are found large, beautiful parks and botanical gardens, filled with a profusion of plants and flowers. White people predominate, but one meets many natives on the streets. One also sees a few Malays in bright red turbans, and Hindus in the garb of East India.

Motor cars, street cars, electric lights, suburban railways, modern business houses, churches, theaters, and beautiful dwellings are to be seen on every hand. I believe there are more automobiles in use in South Africa in proportion to the number of European inhabitants than in many parts of America and Europe. They are of every size, type, and style.



COURTESY, SOUTH AFRICAN RAILWAYS

Along the Rocky Coast, South Africa

THE RAILWAY SYSTEM

South Africa's railway system connects all the important towns. The trains do not run so fast as those in America, but one can travel in comparative comfort at an average speed of from twenty to twenty-five miles an hour. Even beyond the border of the Belgian Congo, far to the north, the trains travel twenty-five miles an hour. As traffic is usually heavy, each train carries from eight to twelve passenger coaches. These are divided into very comfortable compartments, arranged for four or six passengers, according to class, and provide a bed for each.

MANY NATIVE TRIBES

Of course, even South Africa is not all civilized. There are many native tribes among which civilization has made little progress. These live largely in immense reservations set apart for them by the British government. Many of them come very little into touch with the outside world. Others, however, desiring employment, drift into the cities and European farming areas to become laborers and servants of the white man.

The natives live in the most primitive style. The houses of some tribes are low, round, beehive-shaped huts, made of poles and thatched with straw. Others are plastered on the outside with clay. The interior of these huts is the rudest possible. There is no floor but the ground, and usually no furniture but some earthen waterpots, a kettle or two for cooking, and a few goatskins or sheepskins. There is no chimney, and only one opening, which serves for both door and window. The cooking is done in the middle of the one room, and the smoke gets out the best way it can.

It is not always because these people are so poor that they do not have more conveniences. Many of them have large herds of cattle, sheep, and goats. But they seem to feel that their way of living is quite as good as that of the white man, and requires less work and worry.

THE GOSPEL HARVEST

Some of these native tribes have been under the influence of the gospel for more than one hundred years. Yet the evangelization of the native population of Africa has only begun. Of the one hundred forty or one hundred fifty million natives in Africa, less than two million have accepted the gospel and united with Christian churches. This does not mean that the native is not susceptible to the gospel, for he is; but it does mean that very little has been done for him by the outside Christian world. Wherever the gospel reaches these people, a rich harvest is reaped. I consider, therefore, that one of the most urgent problems confronting the church, is that of seriously planning for the evangelization of the millions of inhabitants of this great continent.



Baptismal Scene at the Solusi Camp-Meeting



DEVELOPMENT AND ORGANIZATION OF OUR WORK

OUR early missionaries who went to the Dark Continent began their work with the European population of South Africa in the cities of Cape Town and Kimberley. Churches were established in these places, and the original buildings are doing good service today. As the work spread, the South African Conference was organized, with headquarters at Cape Town. As the years passed and the work was extended into the Orange Free State, Natal, and the Transvaal, the need of reorganization became apparent, and the South African Union Conference was organized, comprising the Natal-Transvaal, Orange Free State, and Cape Conferences. As the native territories farther north were entered and missions established, a second union was formed, known as the Zambesi Union Mission, embracing our work in South Central Africa.

The South African Union Conference served as a general organization to foster all the interests of our work in South and Central Africa, until 1920, when the African Division was organized. The sanitarium, educational, and publishing branches were all begun, and for many years these lines of work have had a large influence in the development of the message in that great continent.

PRESENT ORGANIZATION

Our organization at present is made up as follows:

The African Division, with headquarters at Claremont, a suburb of Cape Town, comprising the territory of South Africa, North and South Rhodesia, Southwest Africa, Angola, Portuguese East Africa, Nyasaland, Belgian Congo, French Congo, French Cameroons, and the French Sudan.

The South African Union Conference, with headquarters at Bloemfontein, comprising the political union of South Africa,

southern Bechuanaland, and the southern portion of Portuguese East Africa. This union now has four local fields and one unorganized field, as follows: The Cape Conference, with headquarters at Port Elizabeth; the Orange River Conference, with headquarters at Bloemfontein; the Natal-Transvaal Conference, with headquarters at Pietermaritzburg; Natal, the Bechuanaland Mission field, with headquarters at Mafeking; and the southern portion of Portuguese East Africa, which has not yet been entered. This union fosters both the European and the native work in its territory.

The Zambesi Union Mission, with headquarters at Bulawayo, South Rhodesia, comprising the following local fields: The South Rhodesia Mission field, with headquarters at Gwelo; the North Rhodesia Mission field, with headquarters at Lusaka; the Nyasaland Mission field, with headquarters at Malamulo Mission, Blantyre; and Portuguese East Africa, except the southern portion, a field which as yet we have not been able to occupy.

The Congo United Missions, comprising our work in the Belgian Congo.

The South Atlantic United Missions, comprising our new missions in Southwest Africa and Angola.

We have three principal institutions: The Cape Sanitarium, located at Plumstead, Cape; the Sentinel Publishing Company, at Kenilworth, Cape; and the Spion Kop College, at Ladysmith, Natal, besides the various native training schools and main mission stations throughout the division.

Thus every branch of the work is established and is contributing its share toward the upbuilding of the church of Christ in the Dark Continent. There are therefore at the present time in this division, one sanitarium, one junior college for Europeans, one publishing house, three native training schools, nine main mission stations, five outstations, and 152 outschools under native teachers. There are more than 1,400 white members, 4,000 native and colored members, and 4,300 believers not yet baptized, making a total of some 10,000 adherents. We have 84 white and 365 native workers.

THE TASK BEFORE US

When we compare the present situation with what our early pioneers faced, we can truly say that to those who "sat in darkness" a "great light" has arisen; but when we turn our eyes to the still unworked portions, the situation is little short of appalling. Africa is such a vast country, comprising, with her adjacent islands, some 11,500,000 square miles of territory, that to cover it with this message is no small task.

Of all the continents, Africa ranks second in size. It is three times as large as Europe, and half again larger than either North or South America. Bishop Hartzell has made the following comparison between Africa and some of the countries of the world:

"There is room enough on the lower end of the continent for the whole of the

United States; Europe can be placed on one side of Central Africa; China could be accommodated on the other half of Central Africa; and there is room for all India and Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, in the lower valley of the Nile and along the coasts of the Mediterranean; while there is plenty of room for Porto Rico and the Philippines on the island of Madagascar."



A Comparative Map of Africa



Off to Candahar Island, Zambesi River

EXPERIENCES OF THE PIONEERS

SOLUSI MISSION, in Matabeleland, thirty-five miles west of Bulawayo, was our first mission in Africa, and also our first among heathen people. It was originally a tract of 12,000 acres, secured in 1894, and opened by Elder F. Sparrow and family, Elder G. B. Tripp and family, Elder and Mrs. W. H. Anderson, and Dr. A. S. Carmichael. Elder Sparrow took charge of the mission farm in 1894, and the other workers arrived the following year. They spent the first three months in trading with the natives, marketing the grain, building houses, and preparing for the rainy season.

In March, 1896, a rebellion among the natives broke out, compelling the workers to leave the farm and flee for safety to Mangwe, a town sixty miles to the southwest. There they encamped, more or less exposed to the weather, with little food, almost no money, and no comforts, until late in July, when the men returned to the farm. In September, Sisters Tripp and Anderson followed.

A SEVERE FAMINE

The natives having failed to plant sufficient grain during the time they were fighting, a long, severe famine set in, which continued until April, 1897. During this time, when food was so scarce, the missionaries placed their dependence upon God's word, and their need was supplied. Elder F. B. Armitage and his family joined the corps of workers in September, 1897, and during the holiday season Elder O. A. Olsen and Dr. Kate Lindsay paid them a visit.

Sickness and death came to the mission early the next year, six members of their company being laid to rest between the close of February and the first of May. They were: Elder Tripp and his son, Dr. Carmichael, Brother Sparrow's little girl, Sister Armitage, and a native teacher. The exposure and hardship which had come to the mission family during the war and the famine which followed, were largely responsible for this heavy toll.

A large company of workers, among them Elder F. L. Mead and his family, arrived at the mission in April, 1899. Elder Mead took up the work laid down by Elder Tripp. Two outstations were opened, and the work was strengthened in many ways. Elder Mead was stricken with pneumonia in October, 1901, while on his way to a conference at Cape Town, and died at Kimberley. His wife, with her son and daughter, remained at the mission for a time, later going to Claremont, near Cape Town, where she also died, Feb. 10, 1904.

HEAVY BURDENS MADE LIGHTER

Hardships such as the pioneers endured, while not altogether in the past, have been greatly minimized in these later years. In many places, substantial brick dwellings have been built, replacing the leaky pole-and-thatch huts, with their dirt floors. Many conveniences of civilization have replaced the makeshift appliances with which the missionaries were at first obliged to get on, and our work as a whole on behalf of the natives of Africa is in a more prosperous condition than ever before. Government railways, which are constantly being extended farther and farther inland, government wireless stations and telephones, together with the opportunity of using the motor cycle and the bicycle for travel among the native villages, have contributed to lighten the burdens of the missionary in the Dark Continent.

In 1902, the year following Elder Mead's death, Elder M. C. Sturdevant was invited to connect with the Solusi Mission. Eight years later he was asked to open the Mashonaland Mission in Southern Rhodesia, northeast of Solusi. In narrating his experiences, he gives a glimpse of actual mission life in the heart of Africa. He says:

WHEN TRAVELING WAS DANGEROUS

In response to the call from Elder A. G. Daniells at the conference meeting held at Nashville, Tenn., in January, 1902, for some one to take the place of Elder F. L. Mead, Mrs. Sturdevant, our son Jonathan, and I set sail for South Africa,

March 5, 1902, via England, arriving at Cape Town, April 1, 1902. Those were the closing days of the dreadful Boer War in South Africa. The railway went only to Bulawayo, and traveling was difficult and dangerous. Every few miles were blockhouses, in which were stationed English soldiers to guard the railway and surrounding country.

We were compelled to wait one week at Cape Town before we could proceed inland, and our baggage had to be reopened and put up in small packages. We were permitted to send only a certain number of pounds each day. When the day finally came that we could start for the north, we were packed into a third-class carriage, where we had to make our abode for one full week.

After the first night, we were escorted by two armored trains, one going in front and one following, loaded with British soldiers. We could travel only by day until the last night, having by that time left the war zone.

CAMPING OUT WITH OX WAGONS

We arrived in Bulawayo April 16, at 9 P. M. What a relief it was to get out of our cramped quarters once more. We were met at the station by Brother Anderson and Lena Mead, with some of the native helpers to look after our baggage. We were taken to a camp just in the edge of town. Here we had our first experience of camping out with ox wagons by a camp fire, but it was such a relief from our cramped train life that we could look upon it only with pleasure.

There were two large wagons, pulled by twelve and sixteen oxen respectively, loaded with grain from the mission station, to be sold the next day. It did seem strange to us to see so many oxen for one wagon, but we were not long in learning the reason for all this, after seeing the African roads and the river drifts.

TRADING IN BULAWAYO

The greater part of the next day was spent in Bulawayo, selling the grain, and buying necessary things for the mission station. Late in the afternoon we started for the mission, some

thirty-five miles distant. We went nine miles that evening, and then camped for the night by a river. The rivers here have little or no water at this time of the year, but the chill and frost were severe. We shall never forget that night. Long before daylight, in the chill of morning, Brother Anderson gave orders to get up and move on.

We traveled until nearly nine o'clock, then outspanned for breakfast and to feed the oxen. Be assured, we were ready to break-the-fast. One more long "trek," and we pulled into the mission grounds at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, April 17, 1902. At home! What a relief, after one month and twelve days of traveling! And what a new home it was! So different from anything we had seen before in our lives. Yet how thankful to God we were to be in the mission field! Brother Anderson showed us two new rooms with walls of brick, newly added to his house, where we were to stay until other arrangements could be made.

Sister F. L. Mead was still in charge of the mission, after the death of her husband, and Walter Mead was in charge of the store. Lena, only a young girl at this time, helped her mother. Brother and Sister Anderson had charge of the school work and did most of the running about, looking after outside matters.

STUDYING THE NATIVE TONGUE

We were soon hard at work studying the language, helping in the store, and clearing up the farm in preparation for more agricultural work the coming season.

Three months later, Elder G. W. Reaser came to the mission, and the work was more fully organized. Sister Mead and her family were released to connect with the school work at the Cape. Brother Anderson was put in charge of the work as superintendent; Sister Anderson, of the day school; and I was assigned the care of the store and farm, directing the industrial part of the station.

While Elder Reaser was with us, we had our second baptism. Twenty-two persons went forward in this ordinance. Elder

Mead had baptized one native lad before this, Jim Mayinza, who has now become a native evangelist. He is our first ordained native worker, and God has done a wonderful work through him in turning scores of men and women to the gospel. Soon after this, our first church was organized in Central Africa.

Sister Mead left our mission the first part of August. Brother Claude Tarr came to help us in October, as Brother and Sister Anderson were soon to take a four months' leave for rest. Brother Tarr was to take over the care of the farm and general outside work. Mrs. Sturdevant and I were to look after the mission and school work.

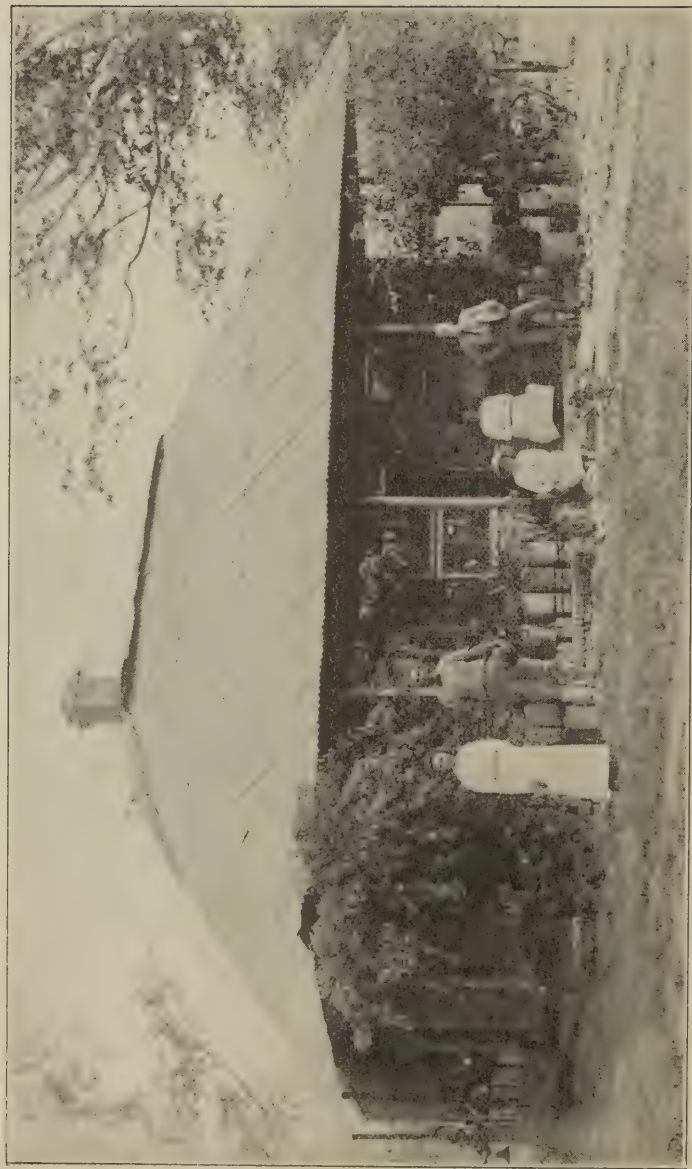
ATTACKED BY FEVER

This was a very wet season, and there was much fever among the natives. It required a great deal of work to care for the sick. I had two attacks of the fever, at one time despairing of my life. Our son Jonathan also was stricken down, and with other troubles setting in, died Feb. 10, 1903. This was our only child, and we miss him much, but submit all things to Him who knoweth best.

Brother Anderson was absent most of the time, looking up a new mission site north of the great Zambesi, and the main burden of the mission work fell upon the rest of the mission family. At the time of our arrival, there was a small boarding school composed of some fourteen native children, who were taken in by our missionaries at the time of the famine caused by the Matabele war in 1896. A day school was being conducted with some thirty-five in attendance. No night school had been started as yet, but one was opened soon after we came.

We labored on for eight and a half years at this mission, and for a great part of this time were the only white workers there, though at intervals help was sent to us when we were almost exhausted.

Because we were not troubled with fever as others were at the other station, when we would make a call for help, we would be told, "Hold to the work. We must send the help to those who are suffering from fever." The result was that



Superintendent's Cottage, Solusi Mission, Bulawayo, South Rhodesia

Persons in the picture are, left to right: Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Robinson, a visitor, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Walston.

we found ourselves broken down, but we had the joy of seeing the school, church, and outschool work grow rapidly.

At the time we left this mission to go farther inland, our boarding students numbered 100, our day school nearly 200, and we had started twelve outschools. Several of our trained teachers had been called to help at other main stations. By this time we had baptized 150 natives, who were living devoted lives and our regular attendance at the Sabbath services had reached nearly 300. Sabbath afternoons some of the teachers and older students would go out and hold meetings in the near-by kraals. In this way we were all the time sowing the seed for a harvest in the rising generation — the little children who were then growing up.

Since that time the work has continued to grow until today (1922) there is a church membership of 266, with 342 others in the baptismal classes, who are preparing for membership. The outschools have grown until there are now twenty-two schools attached to this mission, with an attendance of 982. A harvest of more than a hundred souls a year is now being reaped by this mission.

OPENING NEW WORK

October 12, 1910, Brother and Sister W. C. Walston came to take charge of this mission, leaving us free to go on to Mashonaland, about 500 miles farther inland by rail, to open up a new station. The last day of October we left old Solusi for our new adventure, leaving Brother and Sister Walston and Brother Victor Wilson to care for this work. It was not without a struggle that we turned our faces away from Solusi, and toward the unexplored field that lay before us, as our hearts had become knit to these people.



New Schoolhouse, Solusi Mission

“Our boarding students numbered 100, our day school nearly 200, and we had started twelve outschools.”

INYAZURA MISSION, MASHONALAND

THE trip of our missionaries inland from the mission near Bulawayo to Mashonaland, through a wild, undeveloped country, was not without dangers and difficulties. Concerning their experiences, Elder M. C. Sturdevant writes:

October 31, 1910, we left Solusi Mission in Matabeleland to open up our first mission in Mashonaland. Early in this year the Mission Board authorized me to dispose of a portion of the Solusi Mission farm in exchange for the same amount of land in Mashonaland, if the government would so grant, as our Solusi site was much larger than we thought was needed for our work there.

Accordingly in March of this year (1910) I went to Salisbury, the capital of Southern Rhodesia, to see the government officials and get permission to go ahead and choose a farm. After much earnest prayer and seeking of God, we were able to get several letters of recommendation from the officials in Bulawayo to the administration in Salisbury. With these letters we had easy work. The administrator received us with all favor, and gave me permission to go on inland near the Portuguese border, in search of a mission site.

LIONS, LEOPARDS, AND WILD DOGS

On this trip we worked hard and walked much through the wild bush and forests, being exposed to the wild beasts, which were very numerous at this time. This portion of the country was full of lions, leopards, and wild dogs. Monkeys and baboons and deer of all kinds were very plentiful also, coming down from the mountains and hills. The country was beautiful and fertile, and much better watered than Matabeleland,—a real farming district.

The farm we decided on was forty-eight miles from Umtali on the Beira and Mashonaland Railway, about six and a half miles from Inyazura siding. The name of the farm is—

Tsungwesi Ridge, after which we named the mission. The name has since been changed to Inyazura. An ever-flowing river goes through the center of the farm. An Englishman who had taken this farm from the government some two years before, but was now giving it up and returning to England, asked me why I did not take his farm, telling me he was that very day going to Salisbury to notify the government of his release, and he offered to speak a word in favor of my taking it over. We saw in this the providence of God, and gladly accepted his favor.

After many months' delay, this site was finally granted, and, as said before, Mrs. Sturdevant and I, with six of our Matabele young men and their wives and children, a company of twenty altogether, left Solusi the last of October, 1910, with a team of twelve donkeys, a wagon loaded with our goods, and three dogs and a gun for protection, to occupy this new station.

UNDER A TENT AND BUCK SAIL

We reached Tsungwesi on a Friday. This was a busy Friday, as we unloaded our stuff and pitched our camp for the Sabbath. No sooner was our tent pitched and our goods under shelter of the buck sail, than the rain came down. That night and Sabbath and the night following it rained in torrents. The rainy season was just setting in.

Sunday morning the sun shone out bright again, and we broke camp, loaded up our goods, and started with our donkey team over the veld, hunting a road to our new mission home. We outspanned at the second river to feed our donkeys and take some refreshment ourselves. Here I left my wife and the natives, and went on my bicycle to see if the house and native huts our English friend had built were still standing.

The grass fires had swept over the place just a week before our arrival, and we were told that all the buildings had burned down, but to our great joy, we found the house and four huts standing, though the fire had burned all around, even blackening the poles and sides of the house. The buildings were of poles and *dagga* (mud), with grass roofs. The windows and

doors had all been taken away, but there was a shelter left for our little band of workers.

This proved to be a very wet season. The work went on under great difficulties. No little fever came into our camp. Our native teacher's wife was taken sick, and at the end of the first six weeks we had to lay her and her little babe away.

This caused a great gloom to come over our little company of native workers, and they began to feel that I had brought them out into the wilderness to slay them, and some almost wanted to return home at once; but God overruled, and all soon took hold of the work again with renewed courage. Many of the difficulties connected with new mission life can never be told, but the blessings that also come cover all our sorrows.

A NATIVE SCHOOL IN THE DINING-HUT

We did not intend to start our school till our building work was well under way and farming ground prepared, but the natives came to us from all sides, begging us to start at once. The main native path from three large reserves passed through the mission farm, thus bringing us in close contact with two different classes of natives. So at the end of our first two months, Jan. 1, 1911, we opened our first Mashonaland Mission school in the native workers' dining-hut, as we had had no time to build a schoolhouse.

We put up a pole and *dagga* school building as quickly as we could, and soon our school began to grow. The first year was a very trying one to Mrs. Sturdevant and me, with our school work, brick making, building, and breaking up new land. We soon found ourselves overworked and our strength giving way.

A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE

At the end of the first year, on Christmas day, Brother Claude Tarr was sent to our help. What a pleasant Christmas gift this was to us! Brother Tarr remained with us five months, taking over the heavy part of the work. April 30, 1912, Elder R. C. Porter made us the first visit we had had from any of our leading brethren. He gave us great encouragement, and spoke well of the work we had begun. Just one month later, May 30, 1912,

Brother and Sister C. L. Bowen and their two children came from America to connect permanently with us in our work. We were very thankful for this addition, for the work had outgrown the care of one family.

These new workers took over the care of the school, and helped with the building. The following December, Brother Laurie Sparrow came to help Brother Bowen, leaving Mrs. Sturdevant and me free to take a much-needed furlough.

We first attended the South African Union camp-meeting held at Cape Town. Then with Elder Porter and others who were returning to America, we set sail for the homeland. We had then been in Africa eleven years, under heavy mission work, and greatly felt the need of rest. For three and one-half years I had not been free from the mission life, not for a day. Going to America at this time, we had the blessed privilege of attending the General Conference held in Washington, D. C., in 1913.

AN EPIDEMIC OF SMALLPOX

We had been in the homeland only a few weeks when we received word from Sister Bowen that smallpox had broken out among the natives, that their two children had had it, and that Brother Bowen had died of the dreadful disease. For six weeks the mission was entirely shut in by quarantine.

In the providence of God, Brother C. R. Sparrow had just gone over to the mission to visit his son, and was shut in with the rest. Had it not been for his help and advice, conditions would have been much worse than they were.

So while we were at the General Conference, having been only a few weeks in America, we were advised to return to our mission work much sooner than we had planned. Therefore we were in the homeland only five months, with our relatives and friends. Brother and Sister F. B. Jewell and son were chosen to return with us to help in the place of Brother Bowen. We arrived back at the mission Oct. 11, 1913, to resume our work.

We found the mission in a dreadful condition. Many of our buildings had been destroyed by fire, and nearly all the

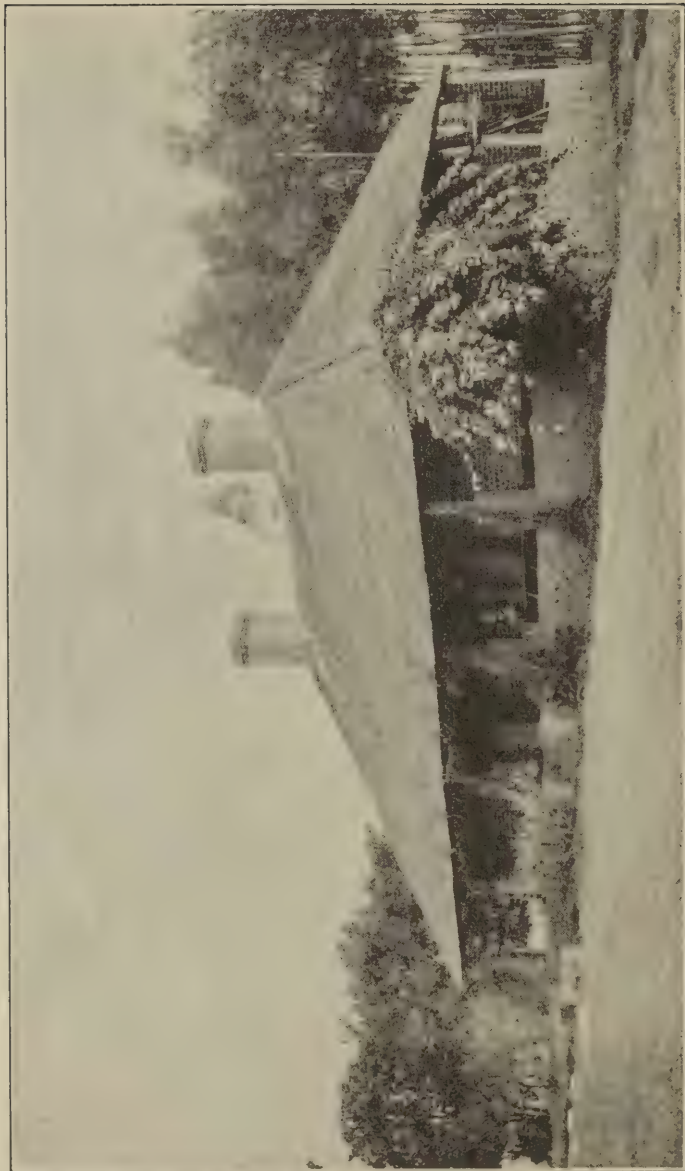
natives had fled. The working forces were nearly all gone. There were crops to be reaped and marketed, plowing to be done, and more buildings to be put up at once to house the natives, if we could get them to return. Dreadful evil reports had gone abroad, which made the recruiting of our school very hard. We saw the need, and began work with all our might.

Brother and Sister Jewell had been with us only a short time when their health became such that they were obliged to leave the mission and go to the Cape Sanitarium for treatment. This again left Mrs. Sturdevant and me with all the work of a large mission. We could not endure the strain, and soon found our strength giving out. Later Brother Hubert Sparrow was sent to our relief, and with a willing heart and strong body lifted heavy burdens from our shoulders. This brother was a most efficient helper.

A GROWING MISSION

The coming December (1914) we were advised by the South African mission board to attend the union conference to be held in Durban, Natal, and take a rest. The saddest part to us was that we were not permitted to return to our mission work on account of declining health, but we had had the blessed privilege of seeing the mission develop from wild bush and forest into a productive farm of 250 acres of cultivated land. Our last crop was a very good one. There was a large herd of fine cattle, and oxen for labor. We had built two European brick houses, a large church made of poles and *dagga* with grass roof, a store building, stable, and outhouse, and a brick dormitory for the native girls, with many huts for the boys.

Our boarding school pupils then numbered a few over one hundred, the day school a few more. We had been just four years connected with this mission, and had seen some Mashona natives give their hearts and lives to the Lord. Several good teachers had been developed. We had baptized sixty-eight in all, and laid the foundation for others to build upon. Thus ended our mission life in South Africa, yet our hearts and prayers will ever follow this work and those giving themselves to mission endeavor.



Hospital at Malamulo Mission, Nyasaland

"Kwitamule says that Livingstone, with his caravan, passed directly through what is now the mission station."

MALAMULO MISSION, NYASALAND

IN the time of Livingstone, the place which is now called the Malamulo Mission was part of a very large tract of land belonging to Makwiro, a native chief who lived on the Shire River. This chief is now dead, but one of his underchiefs, Kwitamule, still lives in his village near the mission. He has lived in this same region since that time, long ago, when the wonderful white man entered the land.

Recently this chief related to one of our missionaries in a spirited and intelligent manner the story of the coming of Livingstone, whose appearing added a new word to the Chinyanja language. They called him "Mzungu," a term so nearly like "Mlungu" (god) that it is commonly thought it was bestowed in the belief that he was a god. To this day every other white man is known as "Mzungu" in the black man's country, even though, unlike the devoted Livingstone, he may have brought only a black heart in his white body.

FOLLOWING LIVINGSTONE

Kwitamule says that Livingstone, with his caravan, passed directly through what is now the mission station, and his tent was pitched for a few days on a spot between the mission house and the brick church. To this spot Livingstone called Kwitamule with other chiefs for a conference, to request that they find for him additional carriers for his caravan.

"When the great and good white man was ready to move on," said Kwitamule, "I went with him across the little stream at the foot of your garden, and there we said 'Good-by.' I never saw him again. I was distressed that I could not go with him, but a great fever was on me, and I could not walk well."

The future held still other beautiful scenes for that little stream, for in it, later, were to be baptized, every year, scores of faithful followers of their Lord, who, in token of what it was to mean to them, would name it "The Jordan."

A COFFEE PLANTATION

After Livingstone, came other white men, for various purposes, and to one of these white settlers Makwiro sold this tract of land for a few bundles of cheap red cloth, and this man later sold it to a German planter, who immediately began its improvement, planting trees and clearing the ground for gardens, which he set out to coffee trees. He built a strong brick house with a galvanized iron roof, and a long building for a coffee store. Eucalyptus and citrus trees were planted to beautify the place; and such fruits as guavas, lemons, loquats, pineapples, and bananas were grown for his own use.

Later he sold the place as a going concern to the Seventh Day Baptists, who expected, by purchasing a plantation fully equipped, to establish a mission without the burden of annual appropriations to carry it on. The place was named "Plainfield Mission," after the headquarters of that denomination. As often happens with such enterprises, a bad season and a short crop curtailed the expected income, and the place was thrown onto the market.

The price paid to the German planter was £2,500, but when the Seventh Day Baptists found the operation of the coffee plantation unprofitable, they offered the estate to our Mission Board for a sum considerably less than they had paid for it. Brother and Sister T. H. Branch were sent out from America, and for nearly a year bore the entire burden of this mission, when Brother and Sister J. H. Watson arrived.

Within six months after their arrival, Brother Watson lay buried under the trees at the foot of the garden, having succumbed to malaria, and his wife and little son were on their way out of the country. Brother Branch and his wife were again left with the heavy cares of the mission. For four years more they faithfully labored on, without change or rest, until the coming of Elder and Mrs. J. C. Rogers, in May, 1907, when the Branch family returned to America to put their children in school.

THE MISSION OF THE COMMANDMENTS

Up to that time our Nyasaland Mission had been known as the "Plainfield Mission," but this name meant nothing whatever to the native mind. Within the first week after arrival, Elder Rogers called the native teachers together (there were only four at that time), and after prayerful consideration he and they decided upon "Malamulo Mission" (the Mission of the Commandments) as a new name. So now, up and down the land, all the natives know it as "The Commandment Mission." Its name is thus made to herald the message.

A school was opened, and the first term closed with an enrolment of sixty students, while at the beginning of the new school year, August, 1907, a company of 200 or more young people had applied for admission. The little grass-and-wattle shed that served as a church and schoolhouse, overflowed with the crowd that poured into it, and classes had to find a classroom under the shady trees near the little church.

Most of these young people came as boarders, working the fields to provide their food, and thus they were brought directly under mission influence. Of this time Sister Rogers writes:

"To God's blessed care we give the praise for the fact that so many of those who came to us that year, naked and ignorant as only poor Africans can be, are this moment faithful, intelligent coworkers with the European members of the staff."

OPENING WORK AT MATANDANI

This sudden and remarkable growth in the mission enrolment presented a new opportunity for the exercise of mission influence by the opening of many village schools, where the younger ones in the overcrowded central school could get a start before coming to Malamulo. Brother and Sister S. M. Konigsmacher had just arrived from America, and they went at once to open the first of these outschools at the newly purchased station at Matandani, a hundred miles north of Malamulo. That same year one of the most faithful of the four native teachers, with his wife and family, also went out into a native village where a school site had been granted, and his

life among his own people, in the midst of darkest heathen superstition, had a powerful influence for good. After that, these outschools began to multiply rapidly.

The vacation months of 1908 were full of the business of making a good, burned-brick church, which was greatly needed. The bricks were made from the clay of ant hills apparently a thousand years old. The clay was trodden into mud by native feet, shaped into bricks by native hands, and burned in fires made by the abundant wood on the estate. The finished building was furnished with mahogany furniture, which was made by native hands from trees grown on the mission farm. When this building was completed, there were just three things in it which were not the work of the natives,—the glass for the windows, the linoleum for the blackboards, and three wall maps.

FEW WORKERS

There has always been a lack of workers to keep pace with the expanding work. The Misses Ina and Etta Austen joined the staff in 1910, but the elder sister had to return within a year, owing to ill health, and the other at the end of two years, because of affliction in her family.

In November, 1910, Brother G. A. Ellingworth came to this field from the Bethel Mission, and in 1911 Brother C. Robinson from the Barotseland Mission took charge, as Brother Rogers' health had been sadly broken by the strenuous and unstinted labor he had given to the work. Sister Rogers stayed on for nearly a year, and then joined her husband on furlough, preparatory to pioneering in Northeast Rhodesia.

Elder and Mrs. Rogers saw the work grow from weakness to strength. They left a strong school, producing each year a corps of teachers to extend the work into the villages, and forty schools teaching and preaching the message to some two thousand young people in the school classes, and to hundreds of elderly people who would gather around the teachers at their services to listen to the words of salvation.

Brother Robinson continued the same lines of development, strengthening the village work, and raising the standard of the

teachers year by year. Miss E. Edie joined the staff in 1912, devoting her time to the girl boarders and the women in the near-by villages. Since Sister Edie went to labor in South Africa, the Christian women pay her a touching tribute by praying for their "Donna" who taught them to live clean Christian lives.

For several years the boys' dormitories had been overcrowded, so 1914 saw the erection of three long brick buildings to accommodate the boys, and a small cottage for the preceptor.

In 1915, Sister Irene Fourie, a graduate nurse, joined the staff, and started regular medical work. The close of that year saw a modest hospital building, with helpers ready to minister to the many physical ills that afflict the native, especially during infancy. Unfortunately, we were compelled to curtail this work, as it soon grew beyond the power of the staff and the funds available.

THE FIRST CAMP-MEETING

In 1918 the first camp-meeting was held for the native Christians in this field. This proved such a blessing to the people that it has become an annual institution.

The year 1922 opened with a church membership of 743, and with 1,194 more in classes preparing for baptism, making a total of 1,937 keeping the Sabbath. There were fifty-seven outschools, with an average attendance of 4,126. The average attendance at the Sabbath meetings was 5,491, and 1,132 young people were to be found in the Missionary Volunteer Societies.

The Malamulo Sabbath school has to be accommodated in two buildings, as the church cannot hold the 400 who gather each week, and a separate preaching service is also held in the vernacular school building. The dormitories are again overcrowded, many begging to be allowed to stay on any terms offered, and yet it is necessary to turn away at the opening of each term enough pupils to make a good-sized mission school.



The Difference

What the gospel does for the raw heathen

A WEEK AT THE MATANDANI MISSION, NYASALAND

FROM THE WIFE'S POINT OF VIEW

THE following graphic description of the daily routine of life at a mission station, is taken from a diary kept by Mrs. G. A. Ellingworth, whose husband is now superintendent of the Nyasaland Mission field:

FIRST DAY

This morning we planned an early breakfast, so that we could get away to our several duties,—my husband off to a hill school, and I to a little village in the valley, to make the acquaintance of the women. Some I found at home, but others were away at their gardens. Some of the women looked promising, and seemed responsive to kind treatment, and I hope to know them better later on.

On returning home I found a man waiting for “medicine” to take to his village for his child who has a sore on the leg. I explained that it was of no use to give him medicine, but that he must bring the child to me so that I could see what it needed.

After lunch two boys came from an outschool to have their ulcers dressed. Then I had classes with the teachers, who walk in from the near-by schools.

Later, when my husband had returned, we sat on the veranda enjoying the beautiful hills which surround the mission, when the native supervisor of this section of schools came along to announce his return from a tour he had just made to a number of the schools. He told of some of his experiences, and then went away after arranging to return and render a full report in the evening.

SECOND DAY

Just after breakfast, the man of yesterday returned with his child. The ulcer proved to be a very bad one. We thoroughly cleansed the leg with sunlight soap, and then dressed the wound. The patience of the child during the painful process was touching. We gave her an orange to reward her. Probably tomorrow, though she has borne the dressing well today, she will kick and scream rather than come again, and the parents will weakly submit to her wishes; and when next we ask why they didn't come as arranged, they will laconically say, "She refused."

Just as I had finished giving this treatment, a teacher came in from a school about seven miles distant. As my husband was away, I had to interview him and receive his monthly report, and give him his pay envelope. Then he told of his Missionary Volunteer Society. He reported nineteen live members in his school, and asked for stories to use on their "Program Day." I managed to find two suitable stories, and went over one with him, translating difficult portions so that he would get the meaning. He went away to translate it, and will bring it to me for revision before he attempts a public performance. Now it is lunch time, and the typing I promised my husband to do for him is not even touched.

After lunch I did the typing, and at 2 P. M. went down to the school session, and later had the four teachers for special instruction. Returning home again, I found the regular ulcer cases waiting to be attended to.

About sunset one of our teachers, who has a school a day's journey from the mission, appeared at the door and said he had brought a sick baby. We went out and found the baby with its mother. They had traveled since early morning to get help for the child, who was very hot and had diarrhea. We learned that he had been sick at intervals for months, but that he had been ill like this for only three days.

They loosened the little fellow from his mother's back, and we saw that something was seriously wrong besides this acute

illness, for the child was emaciated, and though two and a half years old, could neither walk nor talk. Perhaps he has chronic malaria, perhaps hookworm. However, our business is to treat this present diarrhea and fever, and later they must take him to a doctor. The thermometer registers 105.7° ; we must be very careful. We gave first a graduated bath, then a dose of castor oil, and off they went to the home of our hospital supervisor for the night.

THIRD DAY

As soon as I was up, the parents were here with the baby. It is still very ill, but the symptoms are more encouraging. Another warm bath, and a dose of bismuth is administered, and as the temperature is down to 101° , a dose of quinine also. We shall see him again at noon.

Soon after breakfast a woman came from the hills with a sick child. Then a man came for *mankwala* (medicine) for "itch." A man brought his wife to have a tooth extracted, but I told them to return in the afternoon, when my husband would be back.

Here is the baby again, and must have another dose of bismuth and another of quinine. I feel encouraged about him, as he is responding well to the treatment.

In the afternoon came the regular school items, then the ulcers, and just when I thought I was through, a teacher came to ask for medicine for his wife, who had burned her leg. Luckily the blisters were not broken, and I selected something from my meager store of medicines, and outlined a treatment.

Later came the sick baby again. He was decidedly better, so my husband told the teacher he could return to his school in the morning, but must leave the mother and baby here for ten days or so, that we may watch and treat him.

Finally the supervisor came in, and plans were laid for his next trip. As we knelt in prayer together to ask the Lord's blessing upon his efforts, we felt His presence very near to us, and our native brother asked most earnestly that he might be used of God in the saving of souls for His kingdom.

FOURTH DAY

The baby is much better; temperature down; no sign of the diarrhea during the night. He looks like a different child. Today we added orange juice to his diet.

Later came the child with the leg ulcer, having been two whole days without a dressing. True enough, she had "refused" to come yesterday, the parents affirmed in a casual manner, as though that was all there was to be said. I warned them that if they wanted the leg to heal, they *must* come regularly.

Later another small girl was carried in with her big toe eaten by a terrible sore, so that there was no nail left — a revolting wound. Poor child! it is a painful process, for me as well as you, though perhaps you don't believe that!

Just as I finished this, there was a messenger to say that our teacher at Donda school, about eleven miles away, had died suddenly the night before, his body not being found till this morning. It seems incredible, as this very man was here late yesterday to see my husband about his school. My husband is away, and so is the supervisor, but luckily the Missionary Volunteer secretary is home for a few days, so we have sent him to Donda to see to matters.

After lunch I went to the village to see one of the women, then back to the classes, and later on the ulcer cases demanded attention. There was a new patient this afternoon, but the sore was not a very bad one.

In the evening the secretary returned and made his report. It was only too true that the teacher was dead. The funeral is to be tomorrow.

FIFTH DAY

We had an early breakfast so that my husband could get off to the funeral. He had to walk, as the donkey is dead. I had planned to go too, but our little girl is ill.

Today the baby is doing splendidly and is quite playful. The two girls with ulcers arrived, but the father of one said he cannot carry her any more, as she is too heavy, and his village is too far. I asked him if he could arrange for her to stay with

one of our villagers for a while, but he said she would not be content to be away from home. I strongly advised him to take her to Blantyre Hospital, and leave her there for treatment. The wound needs dressing at least twice a day.

At noon the baby came for his midday quinine. After lunch we had the reading class. There was no regular school today, for the teacher and senior students went to the funeral. I finished with the ulcers at 4 P. M., and then my husband returned. The funeral was a Christian one, the Christians present outnumbering the heathen. In the village was the sound of singing of Jesus' love instead of the usual hopeless heathen wailing.

SIXTH DAY

The baby is so much better that it is a pleasure to see him now.

After breakfast a teacher came in to say that his three-months-old baby was sick. We inquired about its symptoms, and gave him a dose of castor oil for it, with directions to let us know later how it is getting on.

A woman came with a sick baby tied on her back. The impression we make on these mothers depends far more on the kindness with which we treat the little curly-heads on their backs than on all our art of prescription, and it is lucky for some of us that this is so. Fortunately, in most cases a dose of castor oil is all that is needed, and the mother turns up smiling next day, attributing wonderful powers to the medicine of the missionary.

Just before noon a novel deputation appeared. I went outside, and found about a dozen little boys seated on the ground, so I asked cook what they had come for, and with repressed amusement he explained that they had walked twelve miles or so because, though they had seen white men, yet they had never seen a "Donna" (white woman) nor white children. They gazed at me, and when my children came along, they stared at them, but not a word did they say, even to one another. This evidently was a momentous occasion. After they had gone,

I asked cook what their impressions were, but he said they would not venture a word here, but that they would talk when they got back to their village.

The afternoon was quiet and peaceful, and as the sun was sinking low and we heard the bugle calling, we turned toward the little church in the valley for the vesper service to welcome the Sabbath. We looked up to the lovely hills all around us, and felt a deep affection for the place, and we thanked God for the many opportunities for service that He had given us. Though the week has called for no heroic deeds, yet we feel that He would have us show these people how to live and do the everyday tasks that come to them in a way that becomes a Christian. We must show them how to live on the plains, if we want them to be ready to live on the heights by and by.



Missionaries' Homes, Malamulo Mission

THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY AT WORK

ELDER A. P. POND (now deceased) tells in the following graphic manner of his work as a medical missionary while at the Malamulo Mission, Nyasaland:

Medical missionary work is a boon to the natives of Nyasaland. The diet of the people of this country, the lack of hygiene in their village life, and the happy-go-lucky life they lead, all tend to lower their vitality. Consequently they cannot resist any unusual strain, privation, or inroad of disease.

The news that free medical attention can be obtained at a mission, is heralded far and wide. From thirty to a hundred people gather at our small hospital daily to seek a fresh lease of life. Most of them come with tropical ulcers. These running sores range in size from a half inch to six inches in diameter. Usually they are on the lower limbs, originating from some trifling abrasion, perhaps from a hoe cut or a thorn scratch which has become infected by filth.

Our method of treating these is to cleanse them carefully with some weak disinfectant, stimulate the tissues around them with heat and cold, and then apply a wet dressing of Dakins' Solution. We have seen some remarkable cures from these simple methods. On the other hand, we find some very obstinate cases which take months to heal.

Another frequent cause of disability is stomach trouble, brought on in many cases by gorging with great quantities of starchy food. The white sweet potato is one of the commonest articles of diet. It is easily grown, requiring, when planted in new soil, no attention until the time of harvest. When freely used, it clogs the digestive tract, and gives the missionary many opportunities to dispense Epsom salts.

GROSS IGNORANCE AMONG NATIVES

Dysentery carries off half the children that are born in the kraals. Infants are very early in life fed on the thick porridge the natives make of maize. Many of the children who survive

have abdomens greatly distended. One can easily imagine the suffering of these little ones from the flatus which causes this distention. It is a common experience for our medical missionary to be called out of his bed to ease the pain of some feverish little child.

Occasionally an epidemic of conjunctivitis sweeps through a village. As the natives have no idea of isolation, they are unable to check its progress. With these cases a drop of argyrol solution in each eye works wonders. Today we treated twenty-eight pairs of eyes for this complaint.

The missionary should be an expert in the use of forceps for the extraction of teeth. Unfortunately, the people of this land seldom come to us with an offending molar till it is very badly decayed, and consequently difficult to extract.

The mosquitoes, though not so numerous here as in many parts of the world, are the *Anopheles* variety, by means of whose bite the malaria germ enters the human system. Sometimes we have an unexpected run of malarial patients, and this depletes our stock of quinine.

The headaches these people suffer are fearful. Many boys are left very weak by the ravages of this disease. Happily, it seldom causes death.

SMALLPOX AND LEPROSY

Smallpox is no less severe in this country than in the land of the white man, but for some reason it is less dreaded. This is also true of leprosy. The superstition of the natives aids the spread of this loathsome disease. Almost every day we see some little boy who has contracted leprosy by being made to rub medicine upon the body of a leper. The native doctor informs the parents that there can be no cure unless a small boy applies the ointment. There are two lepers residing at this mission, but no one manifests any fear of the disease.

The natives sleep on bamboo mats spread flat on the floor. In the middle of the hut they keep a fire burning. Sometimes children are brought to us with terrible burns, caused by their having rolled into the fire, or with scalds from tipping over the earthen cooking pot which stands on a stone near the blaze.

The gratitude of the mothers as we apply the soothing picric acid solution, is reward enough for the missionary.

Some of these sons of the jungle stay for a long time in the hospital with us, so they have many opportunities to become acquainted with the Great Physician, and go away knowing how to tread in the steps of Him who "went about doing good."

MEDICAL WORK IN MASHONALAND

Concerning our medical work among the natives in Mashonaland, Mrs. Edith A. Hodgson says:

The natives always address the missionary's wife as "Mother," and this certainly best describes her position, as she is constantly called upon to attend to the aches and pains of her large family, not only of mission children, but of natives who come from miles around for medicine and treatment. We find that by these means, like our Master who went about healing the sick, we are able to gain the confidence of the people, and have opportunities to impress them with the story of the great Medical Missionary.

SUPERSTITIOUS NOTIONS

The natives, as a rule, have strange ideas as to the cause of pain. I have often been called upon to "kill the snake in the ear," or "the worm in the tooth." Their word for stomach-ache is *manyoka*, which means "snakes," and it is often difficult to convince them that it is not some living creature that is causing the trouble.

They also have strange and amusing ways of describing their ailments. For instance, one of our boys who was able to speak a little English, brought his small brother and asked for medicine for appendicitis. When asked to locate the pain, he put his hand under the left arm. This, he thought, was the name of the malady from which his brother was suffering, as he had "a-pain-in-de-side." Another boy brought his brother, who was subject to fits, and said that he had "died" three times, and asked if I could give him some medicine to prevent his "dying" again.

Scalds and burns among little children are the most common accidents brought for treatment. Just as they are beginning to walk, they so often step into the hot ashes or fall into the open fires. It is pitiable to see some of these poor little babies, and to hear their cries when their wounds are being dressed. They usually need our constant personal care to prevent septic poisoning, as the native mothers have very little idea of cleanliness or how to care for their children.

Colds, headaches, teeth extractions, and malarial fever are common, everyday occurrences, and need "Mother's" care. The natives of this area are all infected with malaria, and it is seldom that one of our mission family is not down with fever.

Not infrequently are we called upon to combat infectious diseases. Owing to their insanitary methods of living, the itch is common among the village people. I have known, not only whole families, but whole villages to be infected. Cases are brought to the mission in which this filthy disease has eaten great wounds into the flesh.

Terrible beyond description are the ravages of syphilis. Among this people, living as they do in filth and sin, it finds fertile soil, and yet they come innocently to "Mother" for help. Our only means of rendering help is to isolate them, and give the mercurial treatment recommended by the government. This in some cases gives temporary relief, and we send them away, knowing too well that this loathsome disease will reappear sooner or later in an advanced form. There is no more pitiable sight than to see these poor sufferers approaching, supporting themselves with their hands upon their knees, with this terrible disease in its tertiary stage, gnawing at their very bones. They plead for relief, and we are so helpless to relieve them!

Our large mission family does not escape the visits of measles, Kafir pox, dysentery, ophthalmia, and other diseases. Not only do these epidemics cause us much anxiety with our native mission family, but I have known the time when my husband and I and all our own children have been suffering with ophthalmia at the same time, it having been conveyed to us by flies from suffering natives coming to the mission for treatment.

If we had properly equipped dispensaries at all our missions, we could not only do more effective medical work, but our missionaries and their families would be saved much inconvenience and suffering, and the cause saved many precious lives. The four stones erected in our little European cemetery at this mission tell of the supreme sacrifice made by Inyazura missionaries in their efforts to bring life and healing to these benighted people.

Though the risks in such work are great, we do not lose sight of the greater compensation we find in the hope of one day meeting many of these people in the new world, where sin, sickness, and suffering will be forever done away.

NATIVE MEDICAL MISSIONARIES

Most of our native teachers at the main station receive a little training in medical work. They spend a few weeks in the hospital, and learn when and how to administer simple medicines, give simple water treatments, and dress wounds.

They find this training of great value to them when they go out to teach in the village schools. It also helps to break down prejudice, and lets the people know that the teacher is there to try to help them.

Andrew, one of the teachers connected with the Malamulo Mission, told of the great opposition he was meeting at his school, from some of the women. One woman, especially, was very bitter, and forbade any of her children to go near the school. If they did go, they got no food that day. Needless to say, they did not attend regularly.

After a time some of her children became ill with severe tropical ulcers. She tried native medicine men, but without any good results. As a last resource, she went to Andrew for help. He was only too pleased to help, and daily he faithfully bathed and dressed the sores. In a short time the ulcers healed, and the woman was overjoyed. She now insisted that all her children attend school, and she herself came regularly to the Sabbath meetings. Thus the "right arm of the message" broke down the opposition, and Andrew was able to teach the good news of salvation to another heathen family.



Some of Our Church Members at Emmanuel Mission, Basutoland

PIONEERING IN BASUTOLAND

NEAR the close of the year 1909, the South African Union Conference committee asked Brother and Sister H. C. Olmstead to go to northern Basutoland, and open up a new mission station in that populous native Protectorate. Accordingly, during November of that year, Brethren H. C. Olmstead, M. E. Emmerson, and M. D. Kalaka made a short tour into that country. In that mountainous section, the most common mode of travel is on horseback, and so Brethren Emmerson and Kalaka rode Basuto ponies, while Brother Olmstead kept up with them on a bicycle.

After looking over a part of the country and deciding upon the district in which the station should be located, they visited the great chief of northern Basutoland, Jonathan Molapo. He consented to an interview, and for two hours they laid their plans before him and discussed the matter. In Basutoland no land can be bought,—it must be granted by the chief, and therefore his approval was imperative.

Before this he had met some of our people, and had been somewhat prejudiced. But God answered the prayers of the three missionaries and granted them favor with him. Finally the old chief said, "You may look over my country, and when you find a suitable site for your mission station, come and let me know. Thanking him heartily, they continued their journey for a few miles and made camp.

A VISIT FROM CHIEF JONATHAN

The next morning a messenger arrived, saying that they must wait, as the chief was coming to see them. He came in a Cape cart, accompanied by some of his counselors and people on ponies. He said he wished to point out two sites, either one of which would be granted for a mission. Since they seemed fairly satisfactory, one was accepted, and the chief was heartily thanked for his kindness.

On the first day of January, 1910, Brother and Sister Olmstead, with a native interpreter, reached the vicinity of the mission site to begin operations. Their few belongings were transported in a small wagon borrowed for the purpose. Chief Jonathan had loaned a large stone shed with iron roof to "his missionaries," and this served as temporary quarters for the first few months.

LABORING AMID DIFFICULTIES

But the enemy had not been idle. Other missionaries had learned of our plans, and had interviewed the chief. They begged him not to grant us a mission site, saying that we would teach the people a different religion and bring in confusion among his subjects. After a long discussion with them, the wise old chief summed up his reasoning with them as follows: "You want to put blinds by the eyes of my people, as we do on the bridles of horses, so they can see but one way. I want them to see all around."

Then a protracted controversy arose among some of the lesser chiefs as to just where the mission should be located. Finally, after four months' waiting, a representative of Chief Jonathan came and pointed out a new site. Since it was a good location, this was accepted, and work was begun on it without delay. But a month later, word came from the chief that his agent had shown them the wrong place. Therefore he visited them himself, with hundreds of his people, and before them and a number of underchiefs he pointed out the bounds of the site he wished us to have, and said, "These are your missionaries, and there will be no more changes made in the location of their mission station." This was the largest and best site of the four, and on this the station was developed. It consists of twenty-four acres of good soil, and is twenty-five miles from Ficksburg, Orange Free State, and ten miles from a railway siding.

TWO YEARS IN A THATCH-ROOF HUT

As soon as a hut could be erected, the chief's stone shed was vacated and the smaller dwelling occupied. This had two rooms, with walls made of sods cut with a spade from the

pasture lands, and laid directly in the walls. The floor was of earth plastered over with a mixture of mud and cow dung, while the roof was of thatch grass. Owing largely to delays in receiving mission funds, the permanent cottage could not be completed, and therefore Brother and Sister Olmstead lived in this hut for nearly two years. There was no money for furniture, so boxes served as chairs, cupboards, chests of drawers, bookcase, legs to the bed springs, etc. As soon as one room of the new stone house could be completed, they moved into it.

When the stone shed was vacated, a day school was opened in it, with Brother Kalaka, a native convert, as the teacher. The enrolment quickly grew to forty pupils. The school was conducted in the chief's building for two years, then the partition was removed from the sod hut, and this served as a school-house until the permanent school building was completed. The hut had been vacated only a few weeks, when a whirlwind carried away the roof.

OPEN-AIR MEETINGS

From the first month, the workers conducted open-air meetings in the native villages near the mission. Other missionaries had been operating in Basutoland for sixty years, and the people were skeptical of the "new religion." It was more than a year before any braved the reproaches of their people and began to observe the Sabbath and attend a baptismal class. Persecution from their people tried them from the very first.

Medical missionary work was early given its proper attention at the mission, and every day a number came for treatments or simple medicines, or to have an aching tooth extracted. This is usually an important branch of missionary activity in Africa, and at Emmanuel Mission it was later developed by Brother F. Macdonald until it occupied the larger part of his time.

After a time Brethren Olmstead and Kalaka began a regular series of meetings in the villages within about five miles of the mission. Since the mission had no tent, the largest huts procurable were used, and these were nearly always packed to the utmost capacity, the people, except a few of the leading men,

sitting on the floor. With only one small door and a tiny window for ventilation, the air sometimes became so thick that the lamps would actually go out. The natives in these parts grease their bodies with rancid butter in order to make their skin supple and shiny, and to keep out the cold; and when they became warm from being packed so closely in the hut, the stench was almost unbearable. However, it was under these conditions that our evangelistic work was begun. As a result, the influence of the mission was widened, the attendance at the Sabbath services increased, and a few were led fully into the truth.

PLANTING TREES AND BUILDING HOMES

As soon as a fence had been erected around the mission site to keep out the horses, cattle, sheep, goats, pigs, and fowls belonging to the natives, it was plowed and a large part of it planted to fruit trees and vines, with a border of eucalyptus and other trees around the boundary fence. Chief Jonathan was much interested in tree planting, so a few trees were given him. The missionaries helped him to plant them and to prune his older trees. This, together with the general conduct of the mission and their attitude toward him and his people, served to strengthen his friendship year by year.

It was found that there was an abundance of good sandstone near the mission site, and as soon as funds were in hand for the erection of permanent buildings, this stone was quarried and cut into shape. Three splendid main buildings were then erected, consisting of two dwellings, and a church and school combined. Later there were erected a students' home, and a dispensary for treating the sick.

PERSECUTION FOR THE TRUTH

Several of the early converts suffered much persecution in living the truth. The wife of an underchief was forbidden to attend the Sabbath meetings or to keep the Sabbath. But in spite of frequent beatings, she always came, and refused to work on the Sabbath. Once her husband came into the meeting and dragged her outside, where he kicked and beat her and forced

her to go home. Although told many times by her husband to go away and leave him forever, she faithfully did her home duties and remained with him.

Then one rainy morning he threw her clothing outside the house, and commanded her to go. She returned to her mother's kraal to live. All her relatives told her that she had done wrong, and should do as her husband commanded. Soon the chief came and took her home again, saying that she must now obey him, and not go to church any more. However, she persisted in her loyalty to the truth and in attendance at the meetings, in spite of continued persecution.

Finally her things were again thrown out of doors, and she was driven away. This time she secretly went to the Orange Free State, and began work in the home of an Adventist family living there. It required three months of diligent searching by her husband before he found her again. Then one night he and his brother went and brought her home, and again she appeared at our Sabbath services.

About this time one of the husband's horses was badly gored in the side by an angry bull, and for many weeks Brother Olmstead went daily to treat the wound until it was well. Finally the chief called our missionary, and said that he was defeated, and would offer his wife no more opposition in anything she wished to do. Soon his eldest son accepted the truth, and then, one by one, all the members of his family.

FORCED TO BREAK THE SABBATH

Another woman was literally compelled by her husband, a village headman, to work on the Sabbath. But if he left the house on a Sabbath morning, she would hurry away to the services at the mission, two miles away. Thus she would sometimes arrive hours early, and again very late. Beatings with a leather thong could not stop her. But when he remained with her, she could not go, and was forced to work. The mission workers finally made her case a very special subject of prayer, and within two weeks the husband was taken sick and died. Thus she was free, and is still loyal to the message.

RANTSO SHAI

In the Herschel District, a native reserve outside of Basutoland, named after the famous astronomer, our work had a peculiar beginning. A Mosuto man by the name of Rantso Shai, who was working on the farm of Brother C. C. Cloete (a European), accepted our faith. To him it was the pearl of great price. When Brother J. R. Campbell visited the farm in 1915, he found Rantso full of zeal, and working for his fellows. Natives stopping overnight on the farm often listened to Rantso half the night, as he told them of the wonderful truth he had found.

Rantso had had no schooling, but could speak Xosa, Sesuto, and Dutch. He was also able to read the Bible in his own tongue. When asked why he did not give all his time to preaching the message, he decided to do so, and shortly afterward returned to his own home in the Herschel District and began work. It was not long before a number were ready to be baptized, and in course of time the Qubira church was organized.

Some fifteen miles from here, a native minister of another denomination was holding meetings on Sunday at Chief Mpoke's kraal. He asked the chief to build a hut for him where he could keep his clerical robes, and could change when he came to hold meetings. The minister said that he knew of a man who could build well, and so Rantso Shai was sent for to put up the building. Rantso, like Paul, had to work with his hands as well as preach, for he received no assistance from the mission.

"THE SABBATH CHURCH"

While Rantso was preparing to build, the chief asked him if he did not know of some other church which he could recommend, because he did not care for the church represented by the minister. Rantso told him of the Sabbath church, and of the mission at Emmanuel, and the good work it was doing. The chief said, "We will see which is the right church. Next Sunday you and the minister can tell us, and I and my counselors will judge."

On the day set, the minister spoke first, and occupied much time, but could give little convincing testimony from the Bible. He also tried to prevent Rantso, who was a layman, from speaking. But the chief was determined, and Rantso spoke, and gave a convincing talk from the Bible. The chief and his men were convinced that Rantso was right, and that the Sabbath is God's day. He immediately ordered the minister to go, and not to come back again, for he was going to have the true church and Rantso.

Rantso went immediately to Emmanuel Mission, and told Elder Campbell of the situation. In a few days, in company with another brother, Elder Campbell set out to investigate this unusual interest. Rantso hurried on afoot before them through the night, a distance of about fifty miles, to announce the coming of the Sabbath missionaries. The brethren were met about fifteen miles from the chief's place by his men, who escorted them to the chief's village. As they neared the village, they were greeted by a great company carrying a white flag. This was the sign of welcome. That night a meeting was held in the chief's house, and the next morning they were shown a good piece of ground, where a schoolhouse and church could be built.

A neat little building has been erected, which serves as both schoolhouse and church building. A good bell has been provided, which can be heard for miles over the hills, and of which the chief is very proud.

PREJUDICE AND OPPOSITION

The enemy has opposed our work here from the beginning. Some of the other chiefs, under the influence of other missionaries, have done their utmost to close up the work. Twice the chief has been hailed to court for allowing us to enter, but each time he has won the case, and the work goes on, although opposition is still active. We are glad the work is of God, and that opposition cannot stop the onward march of God's message.

Several have now been baptized at this place. A heathen girl by the name of Nobomvu, in her red-ocher-smeared blanket,

heard the message, and her heart was won to God. She discarded her red blanket for a dress. This did not meet with the approval of her heathen father and brothers, who were afraid they would not be able to demand so many cattle for her when she should be married. The opposition was quite natural, for the cattle received on the marriage of the daughter, help provide means for the marriage of the brothers. The brothers took away her dress, and compelled her to wear her evil-smelling blanket. But this heathen dress covered a true Christian heart, and she lived the truth in her home. Time passed by, and the missionaries were not aware whether or not she had given up her struggle for the truth, until some months afterward, when Elder Campbell visited this district to baptize the first fruits of our work there. Her father, seeing he could not change her purpose to serve the Lord, at last surrendered, and allowed her, without active opposition since that time, to keep God's commandments.

Nobomvu's little brother Berry is also a faithful Christian, and though his father has not yet allowed him to be baptized, he has the assurance that he is one of God's children, and is longing for the time when he can become a full member of the church.

AN OASIS IN A TREELESS COUNTRY

The work in Basutoland has continued to make steady advancement year by year, and the mission has retained the favor of Chief Jonathan Molapo and of the people. Frequently the chief sends a present of some kind to the mission workers, and they in turn sometimes send him a little gift of fruit. With its many fruit and forest trees, the station is a beautiful oasis in that treeless country.

At the present time the membership of the central church is about seventy, and the attendance at the Sabbath school and the Sabbath meetings averages double this number. There is an active young people's society, and the home missionary work of the members has not been forgotten. One of the more recent converts is Ledingwana, a favorite son of Chief Jonathan.

STANDING FIRM FOR GOD

Last year fifty people were baptized in the Basuto field. Among these were a chief and his wife. Another chief definitely took his stand, and made it very plain to his people and counselors that they could not from that time forward expect him to hold court on the Sabbath. Shortly after taking his stand, he was summoned by a higher chief to leave his home on Sabbath to attend a court, but he sat quietly at home until Sunday morning, preferring to meet the disapproval of his superior rather than dishonor God.

Thus the present truth is taking firm root in the land of the Basutos. This little country is one of the most thickly populated sections of South Africa, and its people maintain a kind of self-government under the protection of Great Britain. They are a high type of native, and seem to be very loyal to the gospel when they once accept it. They have large herds of cattle and ponies, and from these many of them become very wealthy. The country is exceedingly mountainous, and thus hard to work, as travel is difficult; but from this country many dark-skinned people will one day help to make up the Israel of God in the new earth.

When traveling with our missionaries in this rugged country, the words of the Lord spoken by Jeremiah come forcibly to mind: "I will send for many hunters, and they shall hunt them from every mountain, and from every hill, and out of the holes of the rocks."



Emmanuel Mission, Basutoland



Chief Ledingwana, Basutoland

This man, a son of Chief Jonathan, was converted through the preaching of Elder H. C. Olmstead, and despite many severe trials, has proved faithful.

THE CONVERSION OF CHIEFS LEDINGWANA AND RAMPA

VERY few of our people have perhaps ever read a story written by an African chief, and especially one who is a Seventh-day Adventist, and we are very glad therefore to be able to pass on to them Ledingwana's message, told in his own way. As stated previously, Chief Ledingwana is the son of Chief, or "King," Jonathan, and is now a baptized member of the Seventh-day Adventist church at the Emmanuel Mission, Basutoland. He has often suffered great hardship on account of the truth, but has always remained true to principle, maintaining his fidelity even when on one occasion his chieftainship was taken from him and given to his bitterest enemy.

He has proved himself to be a loyal friend to the mission, and his influence and faithful efforts in behalf of the work have greatly assisted our missionaries in gaining the hearts of the people in his territory. In the belief that the readers of this volume would be interested in a brief story of this man's experience since coming into contact with our work, he was invited to write such a story in his own words. The following is his reply:

LEDINGWANA'S OWN STORY

I first learned the truth from Moruti [Pastor] Olmstead, but paid little attention to it. Once Moruti Olmstead had a meeting in one of my villages. I was passing at the time to my gardens, and stopped to ask him for an explanation of his keeping a different Sabbath from that of the French Protestants. He gave the reason, and suggested my studying the Bible with him. I did so. Having given definite proof, he convinced me that he was keeping the day which God had commanded should be kept as a holy day.

Several times I accepted his invitation to attend the Sabbath services at the mission. Later, after Moruti Olmstead had left

Basutoland, the Lord made me ill with what is called appendicitis. I consulted many European doctors, but they failed to cure me. Some months after my first bad attack, I had a second attack. Then I sent for Moruti F. Macdonald. He took me to the mission, where I stayed some weeks. The missionaries prayed for me, and Moruti treated me almost constantly. I left the mission a well man, to attend a Bible school held at Bloemfontein. There I fully decided to serve the Lord.

TESTED AND TRIED

I did not then see the test the Lord had for me. I am a son of the second chief of Basutoland, and was my father's favorite. He had no objection to my becoming a Christian. When I was young, he sent me to Lovedale College to receive a Christian education; but after my conversion, some who were jealous of my position, turned my father's heart against me.

First he cut off a portion of my territory, and gave it to a rival, a half-brother. Next he tried to take away my chieftainship, and give it to my greatest enemy. Eight years before, this enemy chief and I had a battle in which some men on both sides were wounded. I fought him because he had killed two of my men. The British government punished us for fighting by sentencing us to imprisonment for one year. Now my father, Chief Jonathan, not only wanted to give all my territory to this man, but also to make me his servant.

All my friends wanted me to fight, but I would not. I had given myself to One who died to save men; then how should I meet Him when He comes again after I had killed His people! I received good counsel from the representatives of the British government. My case was tried in the native courts, and judgment was given against me. It seemed that I had lost all. The night after my trial I went on my knees and besought the Lord to give me satisfaction of heart, that I might know that this was His will for me. I did not pray that the judgment might be changed, for that seemed impossible after the case had closed.

But the man who condemned me showed a different spirit the day after the trial. He himself told me that he could not

sleep on the night after the trial, for he knew that he had been deceived, and that I was innocent. He said that he was afraid of God, and also of my departed ancestors, who, because they were royal, would injure him for condemning a relative who was innocent. (Such is heathen belief.) So he told my father that he would withdraw his judgment, and let the paramount chief himself try the case. This was done at a later time, and I was acquitted. Some of my enemy's territory was then added to mine. But my father was not yet reconciled to me. For many months I was not allowed to go into his presence.

FORGIVEN AND RESTORED

One day, quite unexpectedly, he sent for me. I went. On my arrival I was taken into his counsel-room. He was there with my brothers and his counselors. Probably two hundred men were present. He received me kindly, and publicly asked my forgiveness. I had never before known him to do such a thing. I also sought forgiveness for what I might have done that was wrong. He asked if I was satisfied to let him die while we were estranged from each other. I answered, "No." To show that I was again in his favor, he gave me some cattle.

Now I am fully restored in my father's favor as his son and as a chief. I have learned the lesson that it pays to obey the Lord and then to trust Him. I am doing what I can to teach my people that He is their God, and that soon they must meet Him.

CHIEF RAMPA'S PROCLAMATION

Elders J. R. Campbell and J. D. Baker conducted tent-meetings in 1921 at the village of Chief Rampa in Basutoland. The chief is a descendant of Moshoeshoe, the unifier and first chief of the Basuto nation. He had gained some knowledge of the truth through meeting our workers at the mines in Johannesburg, and had come to believe the Sabbath. He is quite well educated, and has some knowledge of the world, having been a sergeant in the native contingent in France during the late war.

Unfortunately, the weather was not favorable during the meetings. It rained almost daily; snow fell on the near-by

mountains, and the wind was cold. But in spite of weather conditions, our twenty-four foot circular tent was often nearly full, as many as 250 people crowding in. The pictures thrown on the screen illustrating the subject of the evening were much enjoyed, especially by the younger listeners; but for many the pictures were not the principal attraction. They were listening to words they had never heard before, and their eyes scarcely left the speaker to look at the pictures.

The chief became thoroughly convinced of the truth, and often at the close of the service he would stand up and exhort and plead with his people to take heed to what they had heard. One Sunday he called together forty of his counselors and headmen, and read to them the following:

"The People of my Father, I greet you:

"I inform you that I have been keeping the day of the Sabbath for quite a long time, the very one of which the Holy Scriptures speak, that is, the very one on which God rested. He sanctified it and blessed it. Now I cause you to know that I will not do any work on this day, even as you are my witnesses that I keep the Sabbath. I do not force any person to keep this day, but only I would be exceedingly glad if you could follow me in this matter. I say that from this day, the 20th of November, 1921, no person may bring his case to me [to be tried] on the Sabbath day, nor get a pass for selling his cattle.

"I do not ask you to advise me in this matter. I say, I moreover affirm, that as long as I live I will go on keeping the Sabbath, I and my house. Understand me well: I say I do not ask advice of you in this matter, because I am persuaded by the Holy Scriptures that the day of the Sunday is the beginning of the week, and of the Sabbath the ending of the week, that it is the very one on which we ought to rest.

"CARLYLE D. RAMPA."

We believe it is in the providence of God that influential men are raised up among the Basutos to help in the finishing of the work.

PIONEERING ON THE CONGO BORDER

No doubt many have wondered just what experiences our missionaries pass through in opening up work in new places in the mission field and in establishing our mission stations. The following story, told by Elder S. M. Konigmacher, of how he and his family went into a wild section of Northern Rhodesia, on the border of the Congo, and built up the Musofu Mission, will serve to acquaint the reader with some of the trials and triumphs of this work of pioneering on the frontier:

In the year 1916 I left Mission Siding for Broken Hill, the largest town in the northern part of Northern Rhodesia, to interview the district commissioner in regard to establishing a mission station on the border of the Belgian Congo. Arriving at Broken Hill in the night, I spread my stretcher under the veranda of the railway station to wait till morning.

After trying in vain to secure a place in which to live or permission to put up a pole hut, I pushed on to Ndola, 100 miles farther north. Ndola is the last stop on the railway before it crosses into the Belgian Congo. There were only a few houses, and all were occupied.

Returning to the Bwana Mkubwa copper mine, six miles to the south, I found the people living in pole huts, but could not find one to rent. While there I heard of a Mr. Jenkins who had a farm five miles out. He had a three-room hut which he occupied, and a brick shell 15 x 30 feet which had been used as a cattle kraal. Mr. Jenkins was favorable to mission work, and gave us permission to settle on his farm. The surroundings were not pleasant, however, as there was no water except that which came from water holes, and so I decided to look farther.

Finally I came in contact with a Mr. Morris, who agreed to allow us to occupy a pole hut at Chondwe Siding, where he had a trading post. This hut contained only one room, and was only twelve feet square. This was not a very promising outlook, but it was a shelter, and I decided to bring my family

here and make this our headquarters until something better could be found.

A WINTRY NIGHT BY THE RAILROAD TRACK

While at Ndola I had found an abandoned government site four miles to the west, through which flowed a beautiful stream of clear water. It seemed that this would make a good location for a mission, so after filing an application for this site, I went back to Mission Siding to get my family. When we returned to the siding from the mission with our goods, I had to wait forty-eight hours for a freight train. Mrs. Konigmacher and our son Arthur went ahead on the mail train, and were put off at Chondwe Siding in the middle of the night. Though it was winter, they had to spend the night beside the track in the open, as there was not even a waiting shed.

The hut which we were to occupy was just large enough for a bed, a small table, and a very few other things. The cooking was done outside over a camp fire. I made several trips to Ndola to learn whether the application for our mission site was granted, but received no encouragement.

Knowing we could not spend the rainy season in such quarters, I made final arrangements to go to Mr. Jenkins' farm at Mwatisi. Again we spent most of the night by the track, waiting for a belated goods train. I kept a big fire going while Mrs. Konigmacher and Arthur slept, for the lions were not desirable visitors, and I had no gun. When the train came, we got aboard, and journeyed safely to our destination. The next morning Mr. Jenkins came with boys to carry our loads. Mrs. Konigmacher rode a bicycle, and a boy carried Arthur on his back.

LIVING IN A CATTLE KRAAL

When our loads arrived, we swept the manure out of the old cattle kraal, and spread our stretchers on the dirt floor with the stars for a roof. We found a few old boards and made a door. Wire screen over the window frames was our only protection from the wild beasts. One night while there, a leopard took a dog which was sleeping in the yard. Lions

made frequent visits. Mr. Jenkins loaned us an old sail to keep out the heat of the sun. The whirlwinds blew off the sail. We then weighted it down with bundles of grass.

Finally after a trip to the Maswaka country, I found six boys who, with James, our first convert, returned with me and assisted me to put on a roof, plaster the kraal, lay a brick floor, and build a hut for a kitchen before the rains came on.

For fifteen months we tried every possible means to get a permit to do mission work, and finally our efforts were rewarded when, through the kindness of His Excellency Lord Buxton, the high commissioner, and His Honor Mr. Stanley, twenty acres were granted on the Musofu River.

Very soon after this we left Mwatisi for our new location. On this trip we had a tent, which added greatly to the comfort of the journey. We camped two nights on the way, once in a native village and the other time right out in the bush. We arrived at the farm on Wednesday, and by Friday we had a grass-and-pole house in which to make a temporary home.

OUR FIRST SABBATH

Our first Sabbath was a beautiful day. The sun was shining, the birds were singing, and the natives came from all directions. When we thought all had arrived, we gathered them together by the side of the hut for our first service. We were fortunate in finding two boys who could read a little, and understood Chinyanja. They also knew some songs, and Chiwanga could translate from Chinyanja into their language. Mrs. Konig-macher took the women and girls, and I taught the men and boys. We showed them the beautiful pictures of Jesus on the chart.

Just as we were closing our service, we saw another delegation of natives coming around the kopje, and we had service all over again. Many asked for medicine for their children, and some wanted teeth extracted.

The pole hut, 15 x 30 feet, was just finished and thatched, but the clay floor was not fully dry when we moved in. It was none too soon, for the rains had begun. While in the

grass hut, we arose one night and pitched the tent over the beds to protect us from a shower, as only bundles of grass had been thrown on the flat roof to protect us from the sun. A bonfire dried out the house and kept us warm. Again the mosquito wire on the windows was all the protection we had from wild animals.

We lived this way for a year, and the smoke nearly ruined Mrs. Konigmacher's eyes. A leopard once visited our kitchen and scratched around for something to eat, but did no damage.

TWELVE SLATES FOR ONE HUNDRED PUPILS

At the end of the first month, after our house was finished and we became somewhat settled, we built a pole-and-grass schoolhouse. In a few days 100 pupils were enrolled. As we had only one primer and a few other books in the vernacular, and twelve slates, you can see it was a task to conduct any kind of school.

We arranged our school session to accommodate the village people, so they could work in their gardens in the mornings and come to school in the afternoons. We conducted separate classes for the native teachers.

As soon as temporary homes could be provided for students, we opened a boarding school, into which thirty boys were received the first year. They cleared away the thorns, weeds, vines, dead trees, and undergrowth along the stream, drained the lowlands, planted a small vegetable garden for the mission, and mealie fields for themselves.

The boys were anxious to go into the villages to tell their people the good news. Daniel went to Lipensye to hold a service on the Sabbath. As he saw the people going to their gardens, he took their hoes away from them and said, "This is the Sabbath, come and pray." He had not yet learned religious liberty principles.

OUR FIRST TEACHER

Chiwanga (Matthew) was a natural evangelist. Before the mission was established, he had taught many village people to read the New Testament.

He had a dream in which he saw two messengers clothed in white, the one being much brighter than the other. As he was praying, the angel with the most glory told him to rise, that a mission was coming into his country. The Musofu Mission was established soon after this, and he came to see us at once. He gave up a good position at the mine, for he believed in his dream, and felt that God was calling him to work for Him. He assisted us in our services, taught in the school, took full charge of the mission when I was away, and later made a tour of the outschools.

Often we have heard him singing songs of thanksgiving in the middle of the night. His success among his own people has been most remarkable. On one occasion he found an old man deserted by his people, and dying in his hut. Chiwanga cleaned out his hut, which took several hours, trimmed his nails, which had grown like bird's talons, cut his hair, and went into the bush to find medicine for his sores. After treating him several days, the man was able to get up. Matthew went on his journey, and when he returned he found the old man walking.

THE "FLU" EPIDEMIC

When the "flu" came and nearly every one was in bed, the people gathered in Matthew's hut to see him die, but though we were both stricken, we had prayer together. God in His mercy heard us, and Matthew was restored. Many severe tests have come to him. When his children died, he was taunted by his people, and told it was a judgment from the spirits because he had left the old life and become a Christian; but he has never wavered.

CONVERSION OF A LEPER

On my first trip to the Musofu River, I stopped in a small village near the chosen mission site, and found a young man by the name of Chilema lying in a miserable hut built of logs which were all leaning toward the center like a wigwam. It was evident at once that he was a leper. I entered and prayed with him, for he could not come to the center of the village to

the service. Chilema stopped smoking, and learned to read and write from the boys who could walk to school. When it was time for the offering to be taken, he would send in eggs or grain for his part. His reports came quite regularly to the Missionary Volunteer Society.

When Elder B. E. Beddoe visited us, Chilema was brought to the Sabbath services in a machilla. His filthy rags were exchanged for clean clothes. After the service he was carried to the river, where thirty-five had gathered to witness before their friends their desire to walk in the new way. Chilema was transferred to a chair, and was let down into the water, and thus baptized. Though he cannot walk on this earth, he cherishes the fond hope of one day walking the streets of gold in the city of God.

PROGRESS

Only four and a half years after we began our work at Musofu, two boys who could read the vernacular when they started were ready for grade four. Four boys who did not know one letter from another had then completed grade two. They can read their own language well, write a clear, plain hand, repeat many passages of Scripture, and know more than seventy songs. Their work in arithmetic is equally good. This shows what can be done by patient, persistent effort.

A Sabbath school has been organized, with nine classes. The officers are natives, and conduct their own review. A Missionary Volunteer Society meets every Sabbath, and has some very interesting experiences to report. A baptismal class of thirty is instructed each Sabbath afternoon. We now have a church membership of more than sixty, and most of them can give a good answer for the hope that is within them.

In the latter part of 1921 we had a hundred boarders, eighteen of whom were girls. One hundred sixty were enrolled in the school, and on one Sabbath 269 attended Sabbath school and service. Eleven brick buildings, large and small, had been erected, consisting of two brick dwelling-houses, a brick church with two classrooms in the rear, one dormitory with five rooms

for the boys, one for the girls, a hut for the head teacher, and several small buildings. There were forty pole-and-grass huts, a carpenter's shop, grain bins, dining-hall, teachers' huts, and lion-proof cattle kraal.

Nine head of cattle doubled their number in two years, and were looking sleek and fat. The boys in the shop made all the furniture and the frames for doors and windows, from logs cut on the place. Good boards a half-inch thick, eighteen inches wide, and eighteen feet long, were sawed from the blood-wood logs. Six outschools were started among three different tribes, and a self-supporting school on Dr. Stohr's cattle ranch.

In the Friday evening prayer and testimony meeting many speak of how God has delivered them from sin, protected them from wild beasts, snakes, and from getting lost in the bush, and healed them of disease.

THE LION'S GLORIOUS SOLO

This mission is in the wilds, and wild animals and snakes are quite numerous. While lying on the bed one day, we saw a snake inside on the window sill nine feet away. At another time one tried to crawl under the cushions on the couch; another appeared on the mat at our feet. Once I thought an old rag was hanging on a porch chair, but when I stretched out my hand to lift the chair, the rag began to move. During the "flu" epidemic, we killed a big black mamba six feet long, which had gorged itself on a high-priced hen.

A big tarantula was dug out of its hole near the house. Natives say its bite means death. I kicked one out of my trouser leg with my bare foot. Another thought my sweater a soft, warm place to sleep. Leopards were so bold as to push open the screen door and take Arthur's dog. They will steal skins drying in the yard. Hyenas pulled poles out of the doorway of the goat kraal, and scattered them several yards away. One would scarcely believe a hyena could do such a thing.

The lions have stampeded the cattle, slept in the front yard and in the garden. They once came into the back of the com-

pound at six in the evening. One sang a glorious solo as he circled around the house on his way to the cattle kraal. I stepped outside and fired a shot in his direction, and the boys from the compound answered, "Twa tota" (We thank you). Another night three lions kept up a concert till after midnight. While this was in progress, one of them slipped into the compound and scratched at Samuel's hut. He chased him off with a firebrand. But the lion returned, clawed a hole in the side of the hut, pulled out some clothing, thinking perhaps he was getting Samuel or his wife, and took it off into the bush, where he tore it to shreds.

One day, Arthur and I, with about seventy boys, went over to the *vlei* (a kind of marsh) to see the results of a royal battle between three lions and a sable bull. The horns of the sable were lying near the dead lioness. The antelope had evidently gored the lioness, and was then killed by her two male companions.

OUTSCHOOLS AT MUKONJE AND LUKOSHI

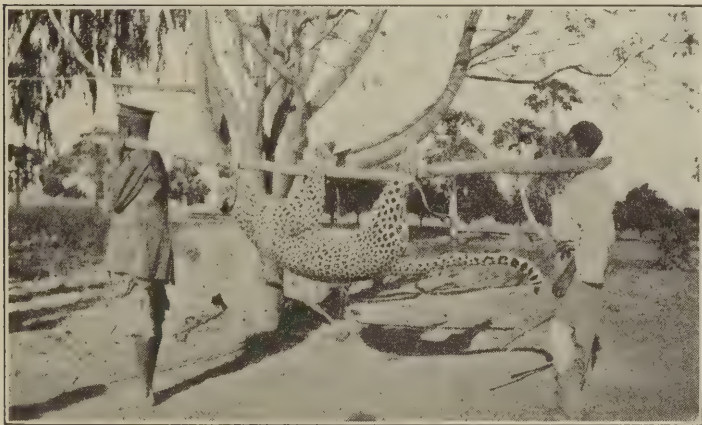
The first outschool was established at Mukonje's village about sixty miles southwest of the main station. On visiting this school, I was pleased to find two classes reading the Gospels. One couple promised to come to the station to prepare for the work of carrying the gospel to their own people.

While sleeping in the schoolhouse, I arose in the night and placed the logs used for seats in the windows, for we heard a hyena crying. We were told one had entered a schoolboy's hut and bitten him. Though the boys were near, I could expect no help from them, for they were sound asleep.

At Limbaula the lions were very bad. Three women who were cutting grass for the new church said they heard one growl. We went out, but could not see anything. That evening as we gathered around a big bonfire to hold a service, all eyes kept shifting toward the bush. Though we were nervous, yet it was a joy to hear the boys and girls sing the songs they had learned in school. Oh, how they sang, and then we had a short gospel talk, and another song, after which

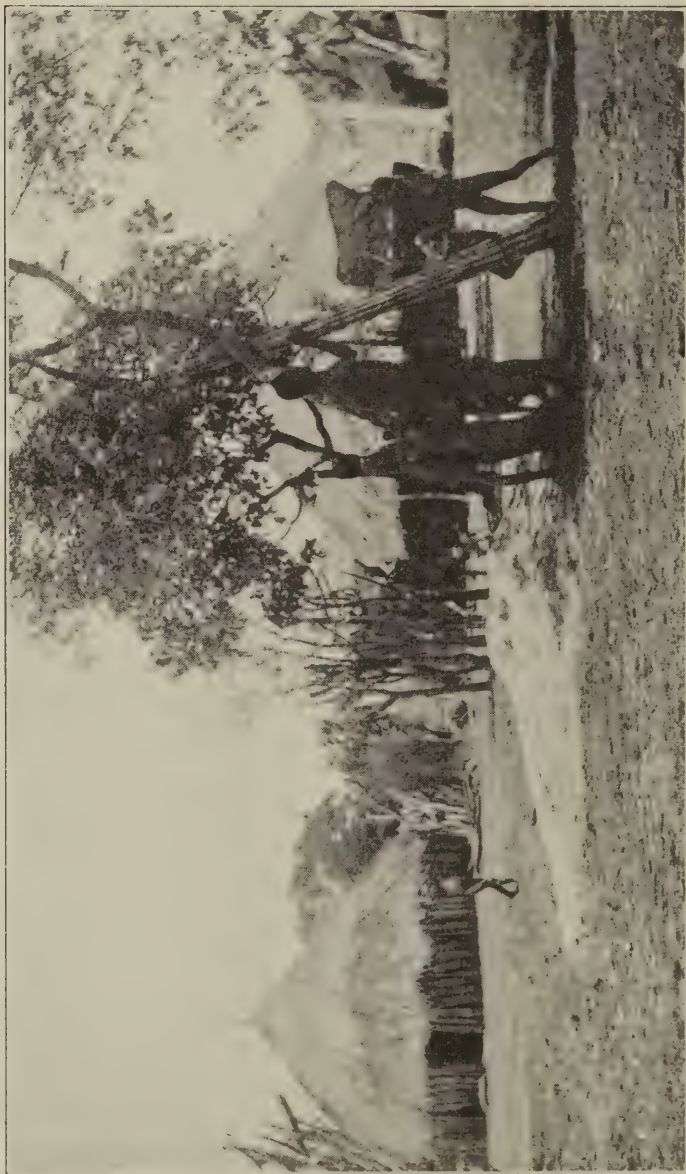
we separated for the night. We were given a strong hut to sleep in, and advised not to trust to the tent. During the night we heard something at the door, but when I seized the rifle and lighted the lantern, I could see nothing there.

At Lukoshi we were delighted with the fine outschool building. It was well plastered, and had curtains made of reeds at the windows. The pupils had already learned to repeat the commandments, and the general progress was surprising. Considering the many centuries these natives have been in gross darkness, they respond in a marvelous way to the gospel, and prove worthy of help by turning from their wicked ways. Surely that will be a glad day when God shall gather His elect from the four winds of heaven, and we believe some Maswakas will be among the number.



Bringing Home the Game

This leopard weighed 186 pounds, and measured 6 feet 4 inches from tip to tip.



A Batonga Village

MUSOFU MISSION, CENTRAL AFRICA

SOON after coming to the African field in 1920, the writer took a trip north to the Musofu Mission, Northern Rhodesia. This mission had been in existence at that time for some three years, and during the greater part of the time, Brother S. M. Konigmacher and his family had been laboring there alone.

We arrived at Walamba siding about midnight, and were met by Brother Konigmacher and about twenty native boys.* It was twenty-three miles to the mission station, so we did not attempt to go that night. We found that a cheery camp fire had been started at the edge of the near-by forest, and a small tent had been pitched for the accommodation of the visitors. However, as it was only large enough to hold two persons, and since there were now four Europeans in our company, including Brother Konigmacher, two of us had to make beds beside the camp fire. These beds each consisted of a grass mat and a blanket. The native boys had constructed a rude arbor from the branches of trees, under which they made their beds.

When we awoke in the morning and looked about us, we found that we had left behind practically all traces of civilization except the railway, which served as our only connecting link with the outside world. We had been put off in the midst of a great black nation; and when we realized that this one mission, with its two European families, was our only outpost in all that vast section, we wondered how the gospel of the kingdom would ever reach all those millions of people.

EATING FROM BARK DISHES

We arose at 5 A. M., and breakfast was soon prepared, consisting of bread and butter and canned ground cherries. The natives of our company made porridge of Kafir cornmeal, and

* All native men are called boys.

ate it from bark dishes which they had peeled from a near-by tree. As soon as all had finished breakfast, Brother Konigsmacher gathered the company together and conducted morning worship. How those black people could sing! We learned that they had known nothing about singing in this way until our mission was planted among them, but now it is one of their chief delights.

After worship we were ready to start for the mission. There were three bicycles in the group, and these were allotted to Brethren W. E. Straw, Konigsmacher, and myself, while Brother W. B. Commin, being the lightest of the company, was carried in a machilla,—a canvas hammock swung from poles and carried by four native men. The rest of the men carried the tent and our baggage. As our company moved forward over the narrow, winding footpath, the woods fairly rang with the songs of the natives. As we passed through some villages en route, others joined our company, so that by the time we reached the mission we had with us a small army, singing and shouting and bidding us welcome.

LUMBER SAWED BY HAND

We found this mission well situated in a beautiful grove of majestic trees. We were surprised to see the general improvement and progress which had been made in building. Two brick dwelling-houses had been erected, also a large combination church and schoolhouse, besides a number of smaller buildings and huts for the native students. Every brick used had been made on the place, and every piece of lumber had been sawed by hand from the forest by the mission students and helpers. There are no sawmills to prepare the lumber. When we went inside, we found that even the articles of furniture, such as beds, chairs, tables, and desks, were also handmade. The wood most generally used is mahogany.

We visited the school, and found about 140 students. These students repeated in unison, with scarcely a mistake, the ten commandments, the fourteenth and twenty-third psalms, the Lord's Prayer, and many other scriptures. There was every

evidence that this school was doing good work, and that God was richly blessing the efforts of those who were laboring there.

The morning after our arrival, I was awakened by strains of music. It was the school students at morning worship. The beautiful strains of "Jesus, blessed Jesus, sweetest name on mortal tongue," floated across the campus from the school chapel. Three years before this, many of these same people had never heard of Jesus and His love, but now most of them had gladly accepted Him, and their chief delight was to sing the songs of Zion which expressed their love for their newly found Saviour.

SUPERSTITIONS

The natives in this section are very superstitious. Returning after a funeral, the pallbearers will stop at the edge of the village and wait until some one comes with a firebrand or medicine, which he spreads at their feet to keep the evil spirit from returning to the village. The corpse is usually trussed up like a sack of meal. The women throw themselves on the ground as it leaves the village. Only the men go to the grave. Flour is sprinkled on the corpse, in the grave and over it.

All manner of charms are worn. If twins are born, one is usually killed; and if the upper teeth come through first, the child is killed. When planting the cassava, the natives say that if the hand is warm the root will be sweet, and if it is cold the root will be bitter.

The Batongas, the people among whom the Rusangu Mission to the south is located, knock out from two to six of their upper front teeth. If you should ask them why they do this, they would reply, "We are cattle people, not zebras." They think it quite unbecoming to a people rich in cattle to have upper teeth when cattle do not have any. In the early days they depended almost wholly upon their cattle for a living, but since the advent of the European with his plows, they have taken to raising large quantities of grain.

One thing that surprises the visitor among this people is the way they greet a person. A stranger is never greeted as

he enters the village, or if he is, it is a sign that he is not wanted, and must proceed on his way. When he arrives, he is left alone a few minutes, and then begins a most profuse greeting. First he is asked if he is awake, and if he awoke of himself. He then asks each of the villagers the same questions, and numerous others, such as, "Is it cold?" meaning, Is all well? "What are you talking about, and what are you eating?"

NATIVE FEASTS

What the people are eating always appeals to a stranger, because he knows he will be welcome to join in the feast. These feasts are very often held in the villages, and some of the men, who are not very industrious, will sometimes spend the whole winter going from village to village and partaking of the feasts, while the wife and family stay at home and work.

Some of the native tribes of Africa are very fond of smearing themselves with red clay. They also use it mixed with oil in their fantastic hairdressing.

THE AUBURN-HAIRED MISSIONARY

One of our missionaries found that his auburn hair was a great attraction to the raw natives of the interior. Once while sitting round the camp fire, he was talking to his boys about his homeland. The head boy said, "Yes, teacher, we think that you are a big chief in your own country. When we go with you around the villages and the people see you, they ask us, 'Is your master a chief in his country?' We say, 'Yes, he is one of the big chiefs there.'"

I told him, "No, I am only a poor man."

"Oh, yes," he replied, "we know that you are not rich now, but that is because you are a missionary; we think that you are honorable in your own country."

"Mfundisi [teacher]," one said, "I have been to Bulawayo, and have seen many, many white men; some with black hair like ours, some with white hair, and others with hair of other colors, but I never saw any one with hair as red as yours. You must be a big chief."

Quite near the mission two of the old prophets and rain makers are buried, and the natives for miles around go there to worship and pray for rain. Numbers of them pass through the mission farm, and as they go back and forth to the rain makers' graves to pray for rain on their parched gardens, they often look longingly at the green fields of grain at the mission. Some of them realize there is a Being who is able to send rain on the mission land, but the greater number feel that it is because the white man's medicine is much stronger than theirs, hence the better crops. A native once asked a missionary to give him some of the medicine he used to get such good crops.

As these people come under the influence of the mission, a great change takes place in their habits and ways of living; and when they become converted, they long to go out and tell the glad news to others.



Our School at Rusangu Mission, North Rhodesia

Missionaries Wilson and Walker at the left.



Native Evangelists



A Primitive Hut, Ganda, Angola

CHRISTIANITY WINS IN HEATHEN KRAALS

FROM Mrs. Helen Walde Wheeler, of the Musofu Mission, comes the following interesting story of experiences in connection with their work there:

"Itinerating in the bush of Central Africa" is a well-known expression to many readers. But actually to make from time to time a 250-mile trip by bicycle along these narrow, crooked footpaths, with only a few native carriers as companions, brings many an interesting experience to the missionary.

It is not alone the footprints of the lion and the howl of other wild beasts; not the malaria mosquito nor the tsetse fly; not the jiggers, fleas, and ticks, robbing the tired missionary of comfort by day and sleep by night; nor the many different streams to be crossed; nor the heavy showers that drench the traveler,—it is not alone these that lend to the trip an atmosphere of adventure. The real thrill, like that which comes from reaching the very summit of some lofty peak and looking over the valley below, is felt when one witnesses the complete victories Christianity wins in these heathen kraals.

To see a native transformed, his once-beclouded mind realizing clearly God's great love for him, a poor heathen; his heart, once fearful and tormented by spirit worship, now fearless and strong in the faith that God is good; his body, once under subjection to Kafir beer drinking and other vile practices, now free and clean, ready to work for his fellow beings,—this brings a thrill of joy to the heart of a missionary that far outweighs the so-called sacrifices he has made and the privations he has endured.

Such was our joy when twenty-five fine young people from one village came to join the baptismal class at the mission. They had forsaken their evil ways, and were now eager to learn more about the Christ who had set them free. Other villages were hearing the call, and in a few months our roll call had increased remarkably.

One day four young people came twenty miles to join the baptismal class. Their faithfulness in winning others is in itself a sure evidence of their complete conversion. Today, from twenty-one villages, 140 persons have come into this class preparing for baptism. Where a few months ago they were still slaves to their heathen customs, they now rejoice in the truth of God, and walk ten, fifteen, or even twenty miles every week to attend Sabbath services at the mission.

HUNGRY FOR THE BREAD OF LIFE

And now they call for schools. We are unable to answer all these calls, but, like the importunate widow, they keep coming. At our recent camp-meeting the believers from the village which sent us the twenty-five candidates for baptism, came in a body, and through an able speaker presented their request for a teacher.

When we see such hunger for the bread of life, and hear the petitioners promise to provide a home for the teacher, build a good schoolhouse, and walk many miles to gain permission from the government for the establishment of such a school, we cannot ask them to keep on waiting. Oh, how they thanked us when we told them a teacher would be sent as soon as arrangements could be made!

A REMARKABLE DREAM

Not only is the missionary to the African natives expected to be able to do and to know everything, but he is often called upon to interpret dreams, some of which are very remarkable.

Jane was one of our leading members at a certain mission, and often conducted the women's meeting. At her conversion she had put away Kafir beer and the use of tobacco, for the Kafir women are inveterate drinkers and smokers. It is a common thing to see them about their work, smoking long wooden pipes. This woman had also turned from other heathen customs, and so far as we knew lived a faithful Christian life.

On one occasion she came to Elder W. Hodgson in great distress of mind, and with tears streaming down her cheeks

said that after hearing his last sermon she had had a dream that greatly disturbed her mind. Could he tell her the meaning?

He told her that he did not attach much importance to dreams, as people who eat heavy meals late at night, as the Kafir people do, often have strange and distressing dreams. But he had to admit that God had often spoken to His people in dreams.

So she related the dream, in which she said she and Sister Mary (another leading sister) had been cleaning her house. They had taken everything out, and whitewashed the walls, so that the house was beautifully clean within. Then two women came in smoking their pipes. The smoke was so dense that it began to darken the walls, whereupon she and Sister Mary were so grieved at having their work spoiled that they drove the two smoking women from the house, and would not let them enter again.

The dream had so impressed itself upon her mind, and she was so sorely troubled about it, that she decided to ask "mfundisi" to interpret it. Seeing the opportunity to make this an object lesson to her and the others who had gathered around listening, Elder Hodgson said that possibly, after her heart had been cleansed from sin, she had allowed something to enter that had defiled the temple of the Holy Spirit, and pointed out how this would grieve God.

Poor Jane was so convicted that she cried out between her sobs: "Inyaniso! inyaniso! mfundisi [It is true! it is true! teacher]. I have been smoking secretly, and my heart is defiled. I thought no one saw me, but now I know that God saw me."

There and then she reconsecrated herself to the Master's service, and sought a fresh cleansing from all that defiles the temple of God.

"THE HARVEST TRULY IS GREAT"

About a year ago the Solusi Mission ventured into a new line of service,—that of doing evangelistic work in the towns. Jim was sent to Bulawayo to work. As he sold literature and gave Bible studies to the people, they became interested, and

several accepted our faith. Many of these are well educated, and five of them are already actively engaged in teaching the gospel to others.

But this is not all. As these people heard the message in Bulawayo, they in turn told their people and friends in other districts. Then Jim would be called to go and teach them. These people in turn would tell others, until it became impossible for one to follow up the work. Jim said, "O, I wish I could cut myself into fifty pieces, so I could get to all these places and teach the people the ways of God!" If we had fifty able workers, a mighty work could be done here. Some of these natives, by their earnestness and zeal, set our white people a good example, and God is blessing their labors.

Last year we sent out an evangelist, and as a result we have been forced to send out three more, and still there are calls unanswered. It is hard to hear whole districts calling for some one to come and teach them the truth, and be unable to respond. One man made a pitiful plea for help, but we could not send any one then. He said, "I thought surely I would take some one back with me to teach my people. Now I must return with no one, and disappoint them."

This same man came to me at the meeting and said, "I am going home and count my cattle, my goats, and my chickens, to see how many are the Lord's. Then I shall give the Lord His own." This shows true conversion. It proves that the man is in earnest. He came from Bush Tick, where lives the big Matabele chief who recently accepted our faith, and who, although himself not yet baptized, is holding a regular weekly baptismal class of twenty-four members because we can send no help.

One of our boys, on his way to the Solusi meeting, took a trip farther to the south and west into an unentered country. While there he held several services, and four accepted the message. Now these with their people are calling for help.

"The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few: pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He would send forth laborers into His harvest." Luke 10:2.

PRESSING ON AMID DIFFICULTIES

How God repeatedly delivered from danger and death His servants who trusted in Him, is interestingly told by Elder William Hodgson:

Andrew was one of a number of Christian natives who were led to accept present truth and come to Inyazura Mission, Mashonaland, for further training. Being a man almost fifty years of age, he made slow progress in school, but gained a good knowledge of Bible doctrines, and became a loyal and faithful, if not a bright student. He was given the responsible position of overseer of our mission girls in their manual labor.

After spending a year with us at the mission, although we wished him to stay another year, he decided to return to his home kraal, where he had left his wife and family. There he prepared a prayer hut, where he met daily and on the Sabbath with his family and any others who wished to join him in the study of the precious truths with which he had become acquainted.

About that time the old chief of the Mahongwe tribe died, and a new chief was to be appointed. This, of course, is a very important event in the history of any native tribe, and is attended with many and varied ceremonies, some of which are of a most revolting nature.

HUMAN SACRIFICES

It is an ancient custom of this tribe to sacrifice two human lives. Certain parts of their bodies are taken, and with the similar parts of the body of an animal, are stewed together. The broth is then given to the new chief to drink, and amid wild and frantic dancing and singing he is proclaimed a great and mighty chief.

Now that the country is under British rule, such things are prohibited, and can be done only with the greatest secrecy. They are usually intrusted to the subtle skill of the witch doctor.

Although the government has done much to put a stop to such evil practices, it is impossible for an earthly government to change the hearts of men; and notwithstanding the fact that the British commissioner slaughtered two oxen and made other provisions for a great feast, they were not satisfied until they had at least attempted to fulfil the traditions of their heathen ancestors.

WAYLAID IN THE BUSH

Before many weeks had passed, Andrew returned to the mission in a very distressed state of mind, with the request that he might be allowed to remain, and this time bring his wife and children with him, for, he said, the mission was the only safe place for him now. On inquiry, it was found that several times he had been waylaid in the bush by three men who approached him with the intent to take his life.

Knowing of the desire of the people to carry out the customary ceremony in connection with the appointment of the new chief, and recognizing these men as emissaries of the witch doctor, he discovered that he was the marked man, and escaped only by being able to outrun his pursuers. He could not say why he should have been chosen, except that since he had become a Seventh-day Adventist he was very unpopular among the people of his neighborhood, who had sought to drive him from the village. The witch doctor was wise enough to choose an unpopular person; and the reason for his being attacked in the bush was that should his mutilated body be found, his death could be attributed to wild beasts.

Having no reason to doubt his story, as these customs are too well known to the missionaries in Mashonaland, the mission wagon was sent to Andrew's kraal, and his family, his grain, and his few belongings were brought to the mission. Here they found a refuge from the cruelties of heathen customs and the diabolical practices of the witch doctor.

His children are now in our school, and Andrew himself is continuing his studies, and at the same time giving faithful and valuable help at the mission station.

To those of us who are called to carry the advent message into the dark places of the earth, the gracious promises of God's Word are most precious; and where the darkness is most dense, the lamp of truth shines brightest, and truly becomes a lamp unto our feet and a light unto our path.

The statement of D. L. Moody, "If the people will not come to church, the church must go to the people," applies to none more than to the missionary in Africa; and in order to get to the people, he must be prepared, like Paul, the first great foreign missionary, to pass through "perils of waters," "perils by the heathen," "perils in the wilderness," "in weariness and painfulness," "hunger and thirst." But like Paul, he may be ever conscious of the presence of the angels of the Lord, leading, protecting, and delivering him in times of danger.

IN THE LAND OF LIONS

One expects the missionary in a tropical country to write of his encounters with lions and leopards. But it is not my business to hunt wild beasts, so I do not put myself in their way. I believe that God has put within them a fear of man, and they will seldom attack him unless he ventures dangerously near their haunts. Although we have crossed and recrossed their footprints on the trail time and again, have been told of their presence in the neighborhood, have heard their roar, and have had to make large fires, sleeping in the open with the loaded gun near by, while they doubtless have been prowling around or crouching in the long grass or thickets as we passed; yet in the providence of God we have been protected from them.

It is not the wild, ravenous beasts that the traveling missionary in a tropical country dreads so much as the malarial fever. The very nature of his work — traveling as he often does on foot, climbing mountain passes, wading rivers, and crossing swamps where the grass is often twelve or fifteen feet high, and which in the mornings is so covered with dew as to make one wet to the skin while passing through it, in the daytime exposed to the heat and at night sleeping in the open, exposed

to malaria-infected mosquitoes — makes it impossible always to escape this dread disease.

STRICKEN BY FEVER

I remember on one occasion I had to pass through some very rugged country. The native paths over the mountains were so precipitous that I could not take a mule or even a pack donkey. This journey in the terrific heat of the sun so fatigued me that it brought on a very severe attack of fever. When I reached the outpost, I could not stand. The fever caused vomiting, so that I could not retain quinine, and a hot bath was positively out of the question. I appointed one of the boys to conduct a meeting with the people, and then gave them some instruction how to fix up a stretcher in case I should become delirious, as is usually the case when the temperature runs very high, so that they could carry me to the railway, eighteen miles distant. I then committed myself to the Lord.

In the morning I was thankful to find that my temperature had dropped, and although weak and feeble, I was able, by resting betimes, to press on, carrying the gospel message. It is at these times that one is comforted and strengthened by this assurance: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!"

CROSSING A RIVER IN A BUCKET

In the beginning of 1918, which was an exceptionally wet season, it was necessary for me to make a trip away out into the Mahongwe country in Mashonaland to complete the building of an unfinished brick church that was being damaged by the heavy rains.

I had spent the Sabbath in Umtali, attending Elder Sturdevant's meetings. My family was located there at that time. On Sunday I started off with my bicycle and a bag of provisions strapped to my back. It was a long push to the top of Christmas Pass, and before I reached the summit, the storm

clouds gathered around the tops of the mountains, and then broke in a furious storm. This delayed my progress and made the road so muddy and slippery that it was too dangerous to ride down the other side of the mountain.

I made my way to a point on the Umtali River where there were some gold diggings and a footbridge across the river; but owing to the delay caused by the storm, I did not reach the river until after dark, and then only to find that the footbridge had been washed away by the floods.

I discovered that the miners had stretched a cable across the river, on which ran a pulley wheel attached to a large bucket. The miners' and boys' quarters were all on the farther side, and I could not make my voice reach them, for the rushing, flooded river roared between us, and everything was too wet to make a fire and thus attract attention.

There being no shelter on this side, and as I was wet through, I decided to attempt a crossing. I pulled on a loose rope, and pulled the bucket to me. I tied my bicycle to the side, put in my provisions, and seated myself astride the bucket. The great weight carried me swiftly to the middle of the cable, but I found that to pull up on the other side was a much more difficult task than I had anticipated. There I hung in mid-air and in dense darkness, with the surging torrent beneath me. At times I thought I should have to hang there all night; but after strenuous efforts on my part, pulling on a greasy cable, and I believe by superhuman power from above, granted in answer to my call, I managed to reach the other side.

CARRIED UPON STRONG SHOULDERS

On I pressed in the dark to the next stream, which was now a flooded river. At this point I met a strong young native man, a perfect stranger to me, who offered to help me across. He first carried my bicycle over, then came back and took me upon his shoulders, landing me safely on the other side.

The next stage of the journey was to be made on donkeys. I got two natives as guides, and a young Dutchman to assist me in the work on the building. All went well until we came

to the Odzi River, where we hoped to cross by a footbridge at an electric power station where power is generated and transmitted over wires many miles away to the Penhalonga mining camp for crushing ore. But those donkeys *would not* cross the bridge. So there was nothing to do but send one boy back with the donkeys, and with one boy as guide to proceed on foot.

We soon found that our guide was not sure of the road, and as he took us many miles out of the way, we were again benighted far from our destination, with yet a number of streams to cross. We had to call upon natives on the way to show us the crossings.

Continuing our journey, we found the unfinished church, and soon had it protected from the weather. Eventually it was completed.

“ JUMP! ”

One of these streams ran through a narrow, deep gorge. The stones were covered and the current was strong. The native leaped to the middle of the stream and stood upon a submerged rock. “ Jump to this stone! ” he said. My young friend jumped, and with difficulty managed to get a footing. Then I jumped, but it being dark and the rock submerged, my foot slipped, and I went down into the current. Had the Dutchman not grasped my coat, I should have been carried downstream and drowned, or dashed against the rocks and killed.

In all these experiences I have found the Lord ever true to His promise, “ When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.”

CROCODILES AND LIONS

A request for teachers had come to us at Inyazura Mission, from beyond the Sabi River, and as I was preparing to go to investigate these calls, my boys informed me that we must pass through a very dangerous country. It was full of lions, they

said, and the rivers full of crocodiles. So we decided to take two guns.

Philemon (or Panganayi, his native name by which he is better known) is licensed to carry a gun. He is a born hunter; his father had been one of the hunting party conducted by Selous, the famous big-game hunter in the early days of Rhodesian history. Nothing pleased Philemon better than to be on the trail with a gun; but it so happened that we had very little use for the guns on this trip, for were we not out on the Lord's work, with His angels clearing the way before us?

On these missionary tours we usually camp near a village. A European could not sleep in a heathen Mashona hut even if he wished to do so. The huts are dark, without windows or any other means of ventilation. The goats and chickens all sleep in the house at night with their owners, for protection from wild beasts, and most of the huts are infested with vermin.

So we prefer to select a tree or bush near by, and there make our camp fires and sleep in the open. As soon as the fires are well going, our boys begin to sing hymns. 'This draws the people, old and young. When they are comfortably seated around the fires, we take the opportunity to tell them the story of the Father's love and His promise of eternal life.

A TROOP OF BABOONS

Once on this trip we felt tempted to use the guns as we passed a deserted village about 100 yards from the path. The village had been taken possession of by a large troop of baboons. The old ones sat about on the rocks, basking in the sunshine, much as the native men do; the little ones played about like children, while others ran in and out of the deserted huts. They barked at us as we passed, but were loath to leave their new-found home. The sight was too human-like and interesting for us to make up our minds to shoot. These animals, although they will seldom attack a person, are very destructive to the natives' gardens, and we are asked by the natives to fire at them as we pass, to drive them to the mountains.

When we came to the Macheke River, I found it to be the most dangerous river I have ever crossed. At that point it was no less than 200 yards wide. We waded through the main stream waist deep, and although I had the help of two boys, the current was so strong and the bed of the river, being solid rock, was so slippery that I could not keep on my feet. The natives with their hardened feet, being used to walking without boots, are able to get a better grip on the rocks, although it is dangerous even for them to cross in so strong a current.

As we broke camp the morning after crossing the Macheke, I was feeling very ill. Before we had gone many miles, I found that the dreaded fever had a grip on me. We halted to speak to a group of people reaping their fields, and I lay down with my head in the shade of a small bush. There I had to remain prostrate for the rest of the day. Fortunately, I had two lemons with me. With one I was able to prevent nausea, and with the other, after the boys had boiled some water, I had a hot drink to promote perspiration. By evening I was feeling relieved.

We moved nearer to the village for the night, where we held the usual camp-fire service, and proceeded on our journey the next morning. As we passed through one village, the old headman assured me that I was the first white man that had ever been to his village. He had heard of Elder Sturdevant, but had not seen him.

By pressing on, we made up for some lost time, and managed to reach Mawiti's kraal by nightfall. Mawiti is a subchief, and although a heathen, is a very fine, large-hearted man. He was well acquainted with Brother F. B. Jewell, my predecessor as director of Inyazura Mission, and he proved to be my friend also. He fed my boys, and gave me a hearty welcome to stay at his village as long as I wished.

I was glad to have another good night's rest before crossing the Sabi River into Chief Mambo's country. I selected a camp site near a large bush, got one of the boys to cut a bundle of long grass for my bed, and was soon at rest, hoping to sleep off the fever before morning. I slept until sunrise.

When I opened my eyes, I noticed a strange object in the lower branches of the bush. On closer observation, I found that a venomous snake more than four feet long had shed its skin as it passed through the branches just above my head. It seemed as if the snake had left this to show me, as David did with Saul, that he had been within striking distance, but could not harm one who was under the protection of the Lord.

Thus while pressing forward to the ends of the earth with the gospel of the kingdom, amid dangers and perils on every hand, we know that "He is faithful that promised," "Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end." And in response to His great commission, we press on to the completion of the work, knowing that although "many are the afflictions of the righteous," yet "the Lord delivereth him out of them all."



Transport Service



Camp on the New Mission Site, Caprivi Strip, Southwest Africa

AFRICAN HERALDS OF THE CROSS

THE loyalty and fidelity of some of our native workers is marvelous. One teacher recently told of being sent with another worker to a far-away district, to open up school work in this new section. He said:

“Two schools were opened, with thirty-five and sixty pupils, respectively. Soon afterward a famine arose in that country, and we were unable to obtain food. Many days we had to hunt for wild honey in order to have anything to eat.

“One day my companion teacher said to me, ‘We must leave this place, or we shall die of starvation.’

“But I said, ‘No, the One who owns me will know what to do with me. Other people are still living here, and we can also.’

“So we remained a few weeks longer. Again my companion came and said, ‘Now we must go.’

“I said, ‘All right, you may go if you like, but I shall stay. If these people die, I will die with them, but I cannot leave them. They must hear the gospel.’

“I took charge of both schools, going to and fro between them through the rains to keep them going. The people said, ‘You will die doing this.’ (This is a fever country.)

“But I said, ‘That does not matter. God knows about me, and I trust Him.’

“The two schools have grown till now the attendance is 166. I became very weak before vacation time, but I am still alive, and now I know that God was working for me.”

On the last Sabbath at one of our Nyasaland camp-meetings, a call was made for those to rise who were willing to consecrate their lives to the service of God, to go anywhere He might send them to give the message. Almost every one in the large audience arose. It was a very solemn occasion. After this meeting, the head deacon of the main station church, who is

also a teacher in the mission school, handed Elder Ellingworth the following note:

“DEAR FATHER:

“Beginning with the first day of our camp-meeting until today, my heart is troubled about this work, and today I have chosen to give myself a sacrifice, even to leave all for this work’s sake. I want to answer the question the Lord asks in Isaiah 6:8, ‘Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?’ I am not satisfied with being just a hearer; I am ready to leave house, garden, mother, even children, that those afar off may hear the gospel.

“I am your helper,

“SIMON KALILOMBE.”

This well represents the spirit of both workers and people at this meeting. We feel sure the gospel has found lodgment in good soil in Nyasaland, and that this field will produce a plentiful harvest for the kingdom of God.

YOUTHFUL MISSIONARIES

When we call for volunteers to leave home and go out into distant lands, away from their family and kindred, these people respond nobly. They are willing to go anywhere and do anything for the cross of Christ. We have had men, this last year, who have gone into the famine-stricken areas and lived there without anything whatever in the way of food except what they could gather in the woods,—wild honey, weeds, and things of that kind,—because there was no food in the villages. They would die of hunger rather than give up their post to go back home and leave those people in darkness. Some of them would have stayed there until they actually died, if they had not been called away by the missionaries in charge. They believed that God had sent them there, and that they should remain and teach the gospel to the people.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCES

We have many evidences of the special providential workings of the Spirit of God. Students go out from our mission schools, and are lost so far as the mission is concerned,— that is, we lose track of them. But after a while we hear of an interest springing up over in another village, and when our workers go over, they discover that some student who has gone home from the school, who has been in the mission perhaps one or two years, has started a work over there on his own responsibility.

On one of our trips we met a young man who said to Elder J. Victor Wilson, "You must come home with me. I am in trouble."

Elder Wilson asked him what the matter was, and he replied: "I have a big school over in my village, and the authorities are after me."

A native is not permitted to operate a school unless he can show that he is directed by Europeans, and this young man was working on his own responsibility.

Elder Wilson said, "I cannot go, for I must go back with Elder Branson and Professor Straw."

But we said, "You go on with him, and we will go back alone."

He went, and later reported that he found fifty students in this boy's school. A number of them had accepted the message. The boy himself was not a baptized believer, but had been at the mission station a year, had imbibed the inspiration of this message, and was teaching it to the boys of his village. He is now back in our station, receiving special training.

WITH OUR NATIVE EVANGELISTS

The following letter, written by one of the native evangelists of South Rhodesia to Elder W. E. Straw, then superintendent of the Zambesi Union, reveals the spirit of these native workers, and answers the question so often asked, "Do missions pay?"

"Just before the close of our good institute, I thought best to go to my old home at Bush Tick. As Brother Jim Mayinza has wished for a long time to go and hold some meetings there,

he urged me to go that way. So on the 4th of April we left the Solusi Mission for Fig Tree station. In order to reach home next day, we needed to take the goods train which passes Fig Tree before midnight. But we were told, even before we left Solusi, that the natives are not now allowed to take goods trains. What should we do? Brother Jim said to me, 'We must go and pray to God about it, that He may overrule so we shall be allowed to take the goods train.'

"On coming to the station, we saw the station master, and told him our wishes, but he said he could not help us.

"After that we went and prayed, asking the Lord to help us. My plan was that if we should miss the train, I with the other teachers would go to Gwelo, my present home, the next day. But Brother Jim didn't want that.

"When the train came, we all ran toward it — many of us. I made known our wishes to the guard. He only said, 'I was told that I should not pick up any one.' I said that we wished to catch the train leaving Bulawayo early the next day, and that we had seen the station master, to which the guard said, 'The station master has nothing to do with the train.'

"Then Brother Jim said, 'Can't you take two boys?' And the guard said, 'All right, you two can go.' So we did go. All the others were left behind. We saw clearly that the Lord wanted us to go and visit Chief Majinkela, one of the leading *indunas* (chiefs) of the Matabeles. His grandfather came with the king of the Matabeles from Zululand.

A VISIT TO CHIEF MAJINKELA

"We reached the chief's kraal on the evening of April 5. That evening we held a meeting with the people. In the morning we told the chief that we wanted to hold two meetings every day, and he must tell the people, which he did. At noon we had one meeting, but not many people came. In the evening more came, and our attendance kept growing every day.

"The interest deepened till the house was too small to hold them; and then a larger house was given us. The Spirit of God did indeed help old Brother Jim to break the bread of life

to these hungry souls. These people had heard God's words many times, and they have a good brick church building; but after Brother Jim spoke to them, I heard some old grandmothers with white hair say, 'These words are as good as though we hear the word of God for the first time.' At the close of the meetings twenty-four took their stand to keep the Sabbath.

"After each meeting Brother Jim would give time for the people to ask whatever questions they liked. This was a good occasion to all, for their questions brought forth many points which otherwise would not have come up.

THE CONVERSION OF MATALAZANA

"Shortly after meeting, Jim and I would go out of the house to give the people a chance to talk about what they had heard. We usually went away from the kraal to pray for God to give light to the people.

"What most impressed the chief about us as a people, I think, was this: Last year his younger brother, Matalazana, went to the Solusi Mission to school. When he came home on vacation, he was altogether a changed young man. When we had our institute, all the pupils at the Solusi Mission were away on their vacation, so when we came to this chief's kraal, we found this young man there holding a meeting with the kraal people each evening.

"The chief told Brother Jim that he believed we had 'big truth,' because it had wrought wonders in his brother. He said he was a troublesome boy, and caused the chief much anxiety; now he was a good boy, and had left off drinking and smoking. I am sure that the preaching of Brother Jim and this young man's life did much to influence these people to decide for the truth. The Lord is about to do great things for our field if we will only let Him.

MEETINGS AT BEMBESI

"Leaving Bush Tick, we went to Bembesi to meet Elder H. M. Sparrow. We had good meetings with the Fingu people. Here there is much interest. We were all glad to

see Brother Samuel Kona, one of the leading native ministers, accept our faith and start to keep the holy Sabbath. People said that as this man had received the Sabbath, they would follow him. Even the big chief said to Elder Sparrow, 'You have a strong minister in your church.' One man said to me today, 'You will have a big church at Bembesi, because the son of our big chief has joined your church.'

"I was very glad to be with these good workers, Elder Sparrow and Jim, and see how they do their work. It is a good thing for us young workers to watch the men of experience do their work. I was much impressed to see how the work was going in this part of God's big field.

"I could not spare the time to work on with these brethren in their field, because the work was calling me in my field. Elder J. N. de Beer was waiting for me to come back, so we could hold some meetings in the big Selukwe Native Reserve. We held them after I returned, when thirty-two converts followed their Lord in baptism. Surely the dear Lord is about to do great things for this, one of the oldest fields where our people began to work for the heathen.

"I am indeed glad for the institutes which you give us every year. These institutes are doing much for us native teachers. Now the work is beginning to rise up.

"I am glad indeed that God is helping the leaders to organize the mission field like this. The future is bright for our field.

"Dear brother, I remain now,

"Your boy in Christ,

"ISAAC XIBA."

A YOUNG TEACHER

A little girl between thirteen and fifteen years of age left the Solusi Mission station, and the missionaries lost track of her; but one of our native evangelists, who calls himself "Doctor," was out preaching in this girl's village, and met her at one of the meetings. She said, "I want you to visit my school."

He said, "What! do you have a school?"

She said, "Yes, I have been running a school here ever since I left the mission."

So he went over and visited her school. She was holding it out of doors under a tree, with no schoolhouse and no books except the primer she had taken home with her. But she was teaching those people to read. And that is not all, she was teaching them this message. Her heathen mother and six other persons had definitely accepted the message as fully as this little girl could teach it to them.

A WOMAN EVANGELIST

On another occasion a woman went away from the Somabula Mission into a district which we had not been permitted to enter. We were anxious to send in evangelists and teachers, but the government authorities had not given us permission.

It is an almost unheard-of thing in Central Africa for a woman to preach; but this woman, after returning to her home, seeing the heathenism all about her, and finding that our men could not enter that section to work, felt she was called of God to preach this message to her people. So she went out into a village, called the people together, took her Bible, and began preaching to them.

She then went from village to village, and God's Spirit was with her, and a great interest was created. About two hundred people definitely decided that this message was true. Then they went to the authorities, and urged that our missionaries be allowed to enter. They won the day; so now we have schools in those villages, and 200 believers who have accepted the gospel as the result of that woman's work. I met her at the camp-meeting, and I assure you she is an interesting character.

IGNORANT OF OUR PEOPLE, BUT PREACHING THE TRUTH

At the Bethel Mission, in Kafirland, the brethren told the following very interesting experience:

Some of the students were out holding a meeting one Sunday afternoon in a village seven miles from the station. They had

been holding meetings there every Sunday for several weeks. This Sunday afternoon another man, a native, was holding a meeting in another part of this same village, and preaching that the Lord is coming the second time, and that the seventh day is the Sabbath. Some of the people who had been over and heard our boys preach, went up to him and said, "You are a Seventh-day Adventist."

He said, "Who are they? I never heard of such a people."

"Why," they said, "they are the people who preach as you preach,—that the seventh day is the Sabbath, and that the Lord is coming again."

"If there are any such people in the world," he said, "I should like to find them."

"Well," they said, "they are holding a meeting right over here, now."

He went over with them, and our missionaries met him. They had a long visit, and heard his story. He told them he had bought a book from a canvasser ("Bible Readings," in English), but he didn't know who the canvasser was. Out of that book he had read the message he was preaching. When he began to preach, he was disfellowshipped from his church, and was cut off as a worker, for he was an ordained minister in one of the mission societies. He said, "I have definitely dedicated my life to the preaching of the message that I found in that book." And he also said, "I have built a church house thirty-five miles from here, and have dedicated it to the preaching of the Sabbath truth."

INTERESTS ON EVERY SIDE

Thus God is going before His servants, and interests are springing up on all sides. People are accepting this message and calling for help.

Some time ago I received a message from the brethren in Nyasaland, saying that people were coming to them from Portuguese East Africa, that great stretch of country along the east coast. People who had come in contact with the native missionaries in Nyasaland, had taken the message back to Portu-

guese East Africa. They had taken literature with them, and as a result there are converts to the truth whom we have never been able to visit.

ON THE TRAIL OF LIVINGSTONE

It was my privilege to visit our mission workers on a strip of new territory called the Caprivi Strip, lying along the Zambesi River between Northern and Southern Rhodesia. It is about three hundred miles in length, and varies in width from one to one hundred miles,—a country where no missionary had ever gone until our representatives went there.

Chief Chikamatonga, the chief of that strip, sent out a call about two years ago, through the British authorities, for a missionary. He told them to pass the word on to the different mission societies, and let them know he wanted missionaries in his territory.

The word came to Elder W. H. Anderson, who was then living in Mafeking, to the south. He started the next week, so he was the first missionary in the field. He visited Chikamatonga and a number of other chiefs, and made arrangements with them to occupy that territory. The chief agreed with him that the Adventists should have the whole country; and it was arranged for two of our native workers to go there and begin work at once. These native workers had no sooner reached the chief's village than he sent 120 natives out to gather material for putting up buildings; and in a few days they had a little schoolhouse and a dwelling-house all ready for the work to begin.

When we visited there, this new work had been in progress about a year; and for two or three months we had had two young men, Brethren Willmore and Bulgin, in that territory, arranging for the establishment of a permanent mission. So the work was begun. We went by way of the Zambesi River in a paddle boat 100 miles to get to the place. We were following exactly the trail of Livingstone a good part of the way. He did not cross the river or establish any work in the Caprivi Strip, however, but worked on the north side of the river.

A VILLAGE OF BELIEVERS

We spent three or four days in this place, and on the Sabbath day, as we were making preparations to go from our camp over to the large village where a chief lived, thinking we would hold a service with them, we looked out and saw the chief and his whole village coming over to us. They came and sat down under a great tree growing on the banks of the river, and the interpreter said, "Now, we are ready for the Sabbath service to start." This village had already begun to keep the Sabbath as the result of the work that had been done there. So they had come over to worship with us on the Sabbath day.

THE PLEA OF THE CHIEF

After the sermon the people were dismissed. I was sitting by the table where I had been speaking, out in the open, when the old chief came and sat down at the end of the table, and his interpreter stood between him and me, and said, "The chief wishes to speak to you."

I said, "All right; what does he want to say?"

So the chief began to talk. He asked me all kinds of questions. Bear in mind, our workers were the first missionaries those people had ever seen. They knew nothing about God. This man began to ask me about God,—whether He was a real being, whether He hated or loved people like them. He asked me about the future, and the future home of those who serve God. He asked me about the condition of man at death,—every point, almost, that would trouble a man. He questioned me very closely, and then turning and looking into my face most earnestly, he said:

"I am very happy that you have come to teach my people about God. I know other countries have missions, and are taught of God; but until now no one has ever come to this country to tell us of Him. We have been long in darkness. Our eyes are very dark. We have been waiting long for the missionary to come and teach us how to find God. Our eyes had grown weary in watching for His messengers. I long to find God, and to know of the future.

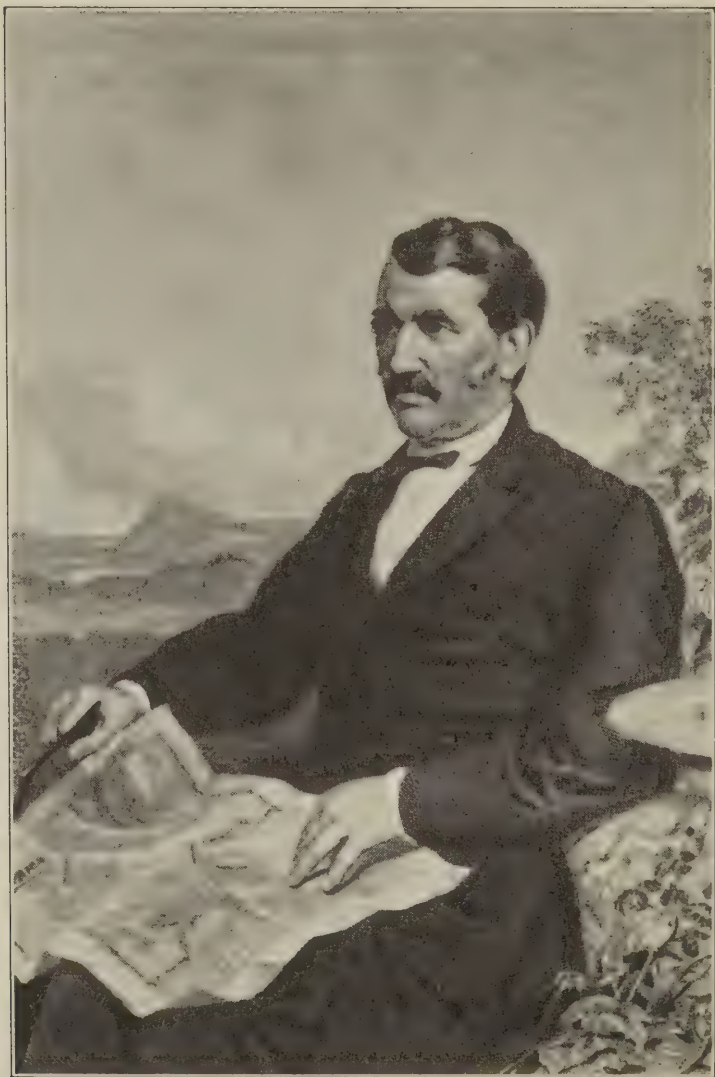
“As you go back to your country, will you not appeal to your people to send more missionaries, that all my people may know God? For my people are dying, and they know nothing of this God that you are telling us about.”

As he looked so earnestly into my face, his words touched my heart, and I said, “My friend, I will. I will plead your cause before my people everywhere I go, until they take this burden on their hearts, and respond by helping us to send more missionaries into your country.”

Not only are this chief and his people pleading for a knowledge of God, but there are thousands of native people in Africa who are literally crying out for God. Ethiopia is stretching out her hands to God, and God has made His people responsible for sending them the light.



Chief Majinkela, and One of Our Leading Believers



David Livingstone

NORTHEAST RHODESIA

THE territory known to us as Northeast Rhodesia lies almost entirely within the boundaries formed by longitudes 29° and 33° E. and latitudes 9° and 14° S. The altitude ranges between two thousand and six thousand feet above sea level, and the climate is generally considered healthful for Europeans. This does not mean that one may be careless, for even here tropical diseases, such as malaria and sleeping-sickness, will overtake one who does not observe proper precautions. But with care one can keep reasonably free from disease.

A range of mountains called the Muchinga Mountains, runs in a northeasterly and southwesterly direction across the center of the entire country, forming a watershed between the great water systems of the Zambesi and the Congo. Northwest of this range the country is high and undulating, with few hills; but southeast of the range the country is more broken by mountains and valleys.

This section is well watered, especially in the north and west, where some of the chief headwaters of the mighty Congo have their beginnings. The country is almost covered by forest, and the trees are of many kinds, some yielding beautiful woods suitable for building and furniture making.

There are many tribes, the chief ruling tribe being the Awemba, who occupy the central portion. These are a war-like people, who in the recent past, raided the weaker surrounding tribes, especially in harvest time. They depended upon the success of their raids to provide themselves with food.

WHERE LIVINGSTONE'S HEART WAS BURIED

In this country lies buried the heart of that great pioneer missionary, Dr. David Livingstone. It was here that he ended his life's service, and was found dead in the little native hut where he had taken refuge during his illness.

Missionary work by Protestant societies has been in progress in some sections of this country for twenty-five years or more, but the first of our own missionaries to enter were Elder and Mrs. J. C. Rogers, who, in 1914, came from Nyasaland to select a site and establish a station. Owing to the ill health of Sister Rogers, they were compelled to abandon their efforts and return to the coast.

In 1919, Elders W. E. Straw and J. N. de Beer entered from Southern Rhodesia, and found their way to a people (a branch of the Achishinga tribe) living on the south bank of the Kalungwisi River, for whom, as yet, no work had been done. The nearest Protestant missions belonged to the London Missionary Society, one station being about fifty miles north and the other sixty miles south. The local chief, Kabanda, and his headmen welcomed our brethren, and expressed their longing for a mission station and schools.

In March, 1920, Brother and Sister H. J. Hurlow were released from the Nyasaland field, where the work had become well established, to answer the earnest call to this new field. As soon as matters could be arranged, they were on their way. We will let Brother Hurlow himself tell of the experiences they passed through in traveling the one thousand miles necessary in order to reach their destination, and in establishing the work upon their arrival:

SIX HUNDRED FORTY MILES ON FOOT

It was the 19th of July before we were able to close our work at Matandani Mission, Nyasaland, and begin our thousand-mile journey across Central Africa to our new field. On all this journey the only modern means of conveyance we had was the steamboat on Lake Nyasa, which carried us three hundred sixty miles, or the entire length of the lake. The rest of the journey had to be made on foot or in the machilla.

Our first stage was from the western border of Nyasaland, west of Blantyre, to Fort Johnston, from there by steamer to Karonga at the northwest extremity of Lake Nyasa, from

there west by road to Fife, then southwest to Kasama, northwest to Mporokoso, then west to the Kalungwisi River.

A CURIOUS CARAVAN

Mrs. Hurlow rode the machilla most of the way, while I preferred to walk a great deal of the time, as I found this easier than the continual jolting of the swinging hammock. We traveled early in the morning and late in the afternoon, resting in the middle of the day on account of the heat. Our furniture also and all our personal effects had to be carried by the native porters.

It was really a curious-looking caravan that might have been seen wending its way along the little narrow native footpaths in the early morning, and that camped under the shade of some friendly tree as the day advanced and the sun became hot. We finally arrived at our destination on September 22, a little more than two months after we had left our home at the Matandani station, Nyasaland.

A NEW MISSION ON THE CHIMPEMPE RIVER

We found the site that had been selected by Brethren Straw and De Beer, and heaved a sigh of relief as we realized that we could here make our camp for the last time, and not have to plan to move on again in the morning. The site is beautifully located on the bank of the Chimpempe River, and near a great waterfall. We set about at once to do what we could to provide temporary quarters before the rains came on, as it was almost time for the rainy season to set in.

Our first duty on arriving was to erect a mud-and-pole house. Just three weeks after our arrival, the rains broke, accompanied by terrific thunder and lightning. But the Lord helped us, and by the end of the fourth week we were out of our tent and within four walls covered by a thatched roof. Then followed houses for the two native teachers and their wives, who had accompanied us from Nyasaland. One of these teachers and his wife left three of their young children behind at their home, taking only the baby, in order that they might

the better answer the call to act as missionaries in a strange part of Africa.

SPEAKING THROUGH AN INTERPRETER

We erected a big shed, to serve as store and workshop, and for a time this was used for Sabbath meetings as well. We began meetings on the first Sabbath. We could not speak the language, but had a house boy, whom we had engaged on the journey to look after our culinary department and to act as interpreter. We found him to be a Christian, he having attended one of the missions in north Nyasaland.

We believe the Lord sent this boy to us, for he is an earnest seeker for truth. The second Sabbath he was with us he threw away his tobacco, and since that time he has been learning and accepting more and more of our faith.

Through him we made an attempt to speak to the people. They were not used to being in a religious service, and talked freely to one another during the meeting. As we had no hymns in Chibemba, we began singing one of the Chimanga'nja hymns we had sung in Nyasaland, but were promptly told by the people that we must sing in *their* tongue.

By the next Sabbath I had procured some small hymn books and New Testaments from the London Missionary Society's station, and since then the work has been growing. The people have been coming to the meetings very regularly, and there are sixteen names on the register of the Bible class we have formed.

LACK OF MEANS A BARRIER

In March last I had to leave the station to attend committee meetings at our Rusangu Mission, six hundred miles distant, and was delayed in returning, with the result that I was away a little more than three months. On my return I found a few natives who had come from different directions within a radius of a hundred miles of the mission, with the request that they be permitted to enter school. Some of them had had a little schooling at other mission stations, others had come from

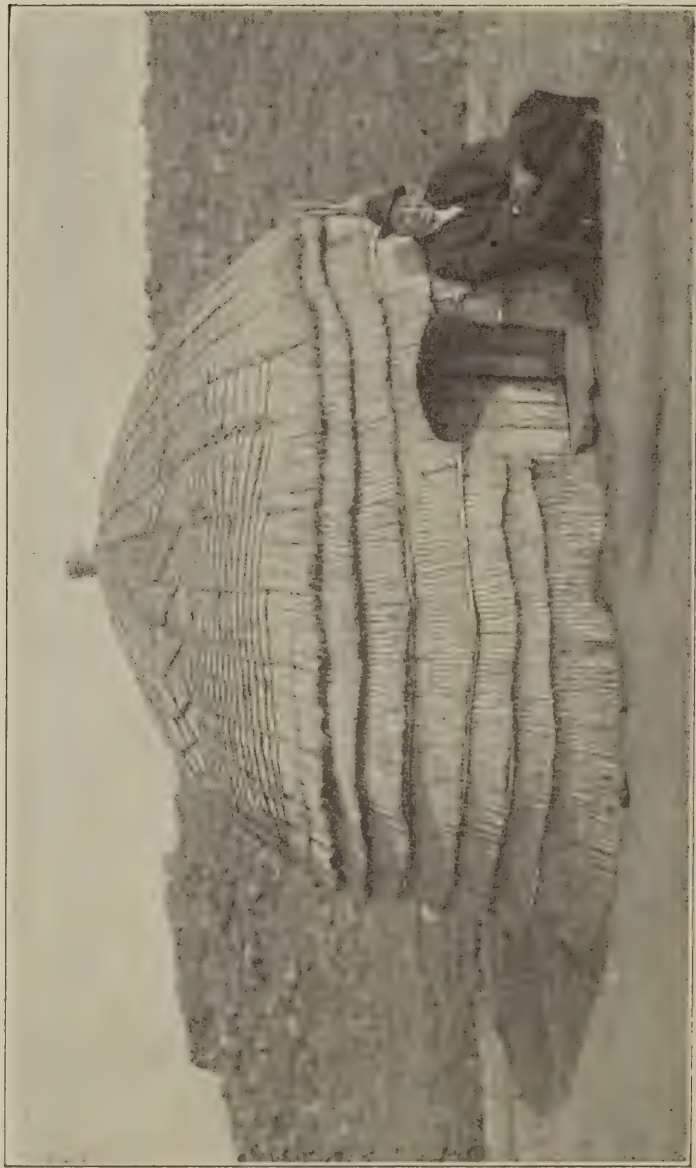
a district where there are only Roman Catholic missions, and no schools. But all were anxious to attend school.

These were the forerunners of many who would have followed, but we could not take them in, and had to send them back. Some of them had brought their wives, and had been waiting weeks for my return. It pained us to turn them away, but we are obliged by circumstances to go slowly just now, because of the shortage of funds. Next year we hope to open our boarding school, and then these people can return with their friends.

THE FIRST SABBATH SCHOOL

Last Sabbath we organized our Sabbath school with 101 present. It was a blessed day. It seemed more like Sabbath. Previously we had been unable to have Sabbath school for various reasons, one of the chief being an insufficient knowledge of the language on the part of those who would be called upon to take the classes. But last Sabbath we were able to form and conduct six classes. It was surprising how the people took to the Sabbath school idea.

Unlearned and unused to attending any religious service, they talked loudly and laughed at the least provocation,—on rising from prayer or sitting after a song, changing for classes and returning. They struggled with each other to secure or retain a place, and were unable to remember and repeat more than five or six words of their memory verse. Thus they attended their first Sabbath school. But our faith is strengthened by this meager beginning, and we believe that in a short time we shall see many of these same people develop into earnest, sober Christians.



The Author, Seated by a Zulu Hut, Zululand, Natal, South Africa

HERE AND THERE

GOD SUPPLIES THE NEEDED STRENGTH

A NATIVE teacher at one of our Central African mission stations felt impressed that at vacation time he should go out on a canvassing and evangelistic tour. It was his chief topic of conversation for weeks. Some felt that the time had not yet come, and tried to turn him from it, but this made him the more determined to demonstrate that the field was ripe for just such work.

At the time, this teacher was suffering greatly with one of his legs, and had to be wheeled to and from school in a wheelbarrow. When he tried to put any weight on his leg, it gave him great pain. It was pointed out to him that a man in his condition could not expect to go out into the district. But his faith was strong in God, and he knew he would be helped. As vacation drew near, his leg became worse instead of better, and we all expected to see him go to bed, instead of trying to canvass.

Vacation time arrived, and passes were issued to all who wanted to go to their homes. Along with the rest of the boys came this teacher, leaning heavily on the arm of one of the strong young men for support, his face plainly showing that every step gave him great pain. He asked for his pass and a supply of books, but was told that it would be unthinkable for him to go any distance. Still he was determined to go, and finally was given the books. Off he started, and it was expected that he would soon be back, glad to lie down. Nothing was heard from him for several days, and all wondered what had become of him.

Two weeks later, the Friday evening prayer and social meeting had just started, when in walked our canvasser. In the testimony meeting he was one of the first to speak, and related some wonderful experiences. He told how in great agony he had left with his books. But he had told the Lord how much the people needed what was in the books, and that he had faith

in His power to heal. After going a few hundred yards, the pain in his leg had entirely disappeared. He was able to sell all his books, and had had some excellent meetings with the people. He had been greatly blessed in many ways. At one place the headman of the village called him to the cattle kraal, and showed him two very fine cows, telling him he could have them as a token of his (the headman's) appreciation of the blessings he had brought to him.

When the work was to be started in the Congo, this teacher gave two heifers to help begin the work. They were sold for £16, and the money was sent on to assist in opening the work. Many a time he has been known to sit up all night to teach the truth to a passer-by, knowing it might be the man's last chance to hear the gospel. All who go to his home are given some seeds of truth to take away with them.

PROTECTION FROM THE STORM

At the time that Brethren J. R. Campbell and Charles Sparrow were colaborers at the Zulu Mission, an incident occurred which they felt was evidence that the Lord cares for and takes a special interest in His children. One afternoon while Brother F. R. Stockil was visiting them, Brethren Campbell and Sparrow walked out with him to a mealie field about a mile from the mission house, where a number of natives were busy hoeing. Suddenly a dark cloud gathered over Spion Kop Mountain, making it appear true to its native name, 'Tabamnyama, meaning "the dark or black mountain." A severe storm soon followed, with thunder and lightning in quick succession.

A grand but awesome sight was the storm of hail and rain, driven by a strong wind over the river flats, and cutting off retreat to the mission buildings. The natives fled to what meager shelter the river bank and land washouts afforded.

The three white brethren, while debating what to do, noticed a large mealie tank driven at high speed by the wind, which soon landed in a depression in the mealie field not many yards from where they were standing. They ran to the tank and

quickly climbed in through the manhole on the side; and although the old tank rocked in the fierce wind, and the din of the beating hail was so great as completely to drown their voices, a safe refuge was afforded for more than half an hour while the storm raged. After the storm the three emerged dry and safe. The tank had been blown from the yard of an Indian tenant on the mountain side two miles away.

A RED KAFIR'S CONVERSION

Several meetings were held at a heathen kraal, and the whole family seemed interested. The wife decided to become a Christian, but for a long time the husband held back, his heathen customs having such a grip on him that it seemed impossible for him to break loose.

One day, after listening to a study on the "Ten Virgins," this man decided to yield his all to Jesus. He rolled his beer barrels down to the river, smashed them, and threw them where he would never see them again. He also smashed his pipes, and threw them away. Then he came and announced his decision to obey the truth. This was true conversion.

THE VOICE OF PRAYER

An old native sister stood up in the social service and said: "Before the missionaries came, I was an ignorant heathen, with no ambition in life. Now my people are Christians, and in my home is heard the voice of prayer. My greatest ambition is to know the truth, so that I can teach it to others."

She often holds prayer meetings with her neighbors. Thousands of testimonies like this are heard by the African missionaries constantly. Yet some people ask, "Do missions pay?"

THE POWER OF SONG

Roman, one of the outschool teachers, came to the Malamulo station to visit and report on his work. While there, he listened to the students learning the hymn, "Do you know why I love Jesus?" and he learned the chorus. When he returned to his school, he taught it to his students. They sang it everywhere, at school, at home, in the villages, at work, and at play.

Five of Roman's old students, who had previously been members of the Bible class, but who had dropped out in order to follow their heathen ways, were so touched by the hymn that they decided to return to school. Roman wrote us of his joy, and asked us to send him a copy of the verses, saying, "If the chorus only has had such an influence over the boys, what will be the result when we can sing all the hymn?" We gladly sent him a copy.

A few weeks later, at the native camp-meeting, he reported that seventeen boys and girls had been converted by the singing of that hymn. Such is the power of song, even among Africa's dark-skinned listeners.

FOUND A "SENTINEL" IN HIS HUT

Far out and away from civilization, in a remote section of Rhodesia, John Ngono, a Fingu, was farming in the Selukwe Reserve. This man was a minister, and his large family had been brought up in the Christian faith. He was the recognized leader of his people.

Ngono first heard of Seventh-day Adventists in 1913, when one of our missionaries held some meetings with several Fingu families in this district, but he regarded them as Jews, and would have nothing to do with their teaching. Since he was the leader of the people, it was impossible to induce any of them to accept the message because of his attitude, and for a time that particular district was practically abandoned.

One day, as Ngono was looking through one of his huts, he found a copy of the *African Sentinel* magazine, and not knowing that it was a Seventh-day Adventist paper, he read it eagerly. Such a deep impression was made upon his mind that he re-read it several times, and then began telling his friends about the wonderful things he had learned. Where this paper came from no one knows, nor does any one know how a second copy was later brought to his home, but nevertheless it came. Perhaps some native had received a copy of the magazine, and on passing that way to ask Ngono what he thought of its teaching, found him gone, and simply threw the paper into

the hut and went away. Anyway, the papers came, and this second copy was read with as great eagerness as the first.

In 1920, Isaac Xiba, our leading evangelist in the Selukwe Reserve, was impressed to attempt some work for the Fingu people, and was joined by the other teachers in praying that the Lord would direct them to some leader among this people who would respond to the message and help in carrying it to others. Their effort was begun by distributing literature from



Ngono and His Family, of South Rhodesia

hut to hut, and this soon brought them directly in touch with a man named Samuel Kona.

This man at first manifested considerable opposition to the message, but Isaac succeeded in giving him a Bible study on the Sabbath question, and this was so convincing that he decided to obey. Upon parting from Kona, Isaac was asked to take a letter to Ngono, who was a friend of his, and Isaac took advantage of this opportunity to leave several tracts for Ngono to read.

In reading these tracts, Ngono readily perceived that the teaching was the same as that he had read in the two copies of the *Sentinel*, and he now became convinced that he must keep the Sabbath. He wished, however, to learn the attitude of his family toward the matter. To ascertain this, he told them he would whip Isaac if he came to their home again trying to teach this peculiar doctrine. Fearing that he would carry out his threat, his wife and children admitted to him frankly that they had decided to obey the new teaching, and begged him to reconsider his attitude toward it. He then told them of his own struggle, and that he, too, felt convicted that he must obey God's commands.

It was the privilege of the writer to witness the baptism of this entire family of six in a beautiful stream near their home. Ngono is now the pastor of a Fingu Seventh-day Adventist church in his neighborhood, and greatly rejoices in the truth he has found.

Samuel Kona also accepted the message, and has become an evangelist. Thus the silent messenger placed in an African hut wrought the salvation of many people.

MARY'S LOYALTY TO THE MESSAGE

One of the first to accept the truth in the Transkei (Kafir-land) was Mary. How the message found her and her family is told by Brother W. C. Tarr, as follows:

One cold Sunday morning I felt impressed to visit a house on the top of quite a steep hill, about two miles distant from Butterworth. I found a man, who proved to be Mary's husband, in a sheltered place at the back of an aloe fence, asleep, with his face on his open Bible for a pillow. After waking him, I told him how pleased I was to find a man who had been studying his Bible, even though he had fallen asleep while doing so.

After I had explained my mission, he invited me into his house, where I found Mary. I then gave them a Bible study on the second coming of Christ. By their rapt attention I could see they were interested. I was asked to come again, which I

did quite often, and to my joy it was not long before Mary decided to throw in her lot with our people. But Solomon, the husband, did not embrace the truth until about two years later.

Mary did not remain satisfied with having received a knowledge of this truth herself, but immediately set to work to bring to others the light she had received. Wherever she found interested ones, she would ask us to call upon them and give them the truth. She soon had her father, Dambuza, interested, and very soon we could boast of having the oldest Sabbath keeper in South Africa. We found him to be close to one hundred years of age, but hale and hearty, and still able to read and do a fair amount of work.

Mary next took us over to see her sister, Anna Qora, and though holding a position as leader in the woman's band of another church in that section, she decided to give up this office and join the ranks of the Adventist people.

Since that time many of Mary's relatives and friends have come into the truth, and I believe that when Jesus comes she will have many stars in her crown.

Shortly after Anna accepted the truth, the European minister representing another denomination in that part, called upon her to try to persuade her to renounce the Seventh-day Adventist faith. He reminded her that she was the recognized leader of the woman's band, and that they were all disappointed that she had failed them. He urged her to return, but her mind was made up. When he found that flattery availed nothing, he next tried threatening and abuse, even going so far as to debar her children from attending the public school. He finally told her that her mother and sister and many of her relatives who had died and gone to heaven, would now, because of God's displeasure at what she had done, be consigned to hell. But Anna did not believe in this diabolical doctrine, and it only caused her to become more firmly established in the truth.

The good work went forward in the Transkei, and very soon Bethel Mission was organized and a strong church established. Today we have a school there of about one hundred students.



Dr. A. H. Kretchmar (left) and W. H. Anderson (right) Visit the Queen and Her Daughter, Kanye, Bechuanaland

This woman has authority over 40,000 souls.



The Queen's Mansion, Kanye

MEDICAL WORK OPENS THE WAY

THE following interesting narrative concerning the opening of the Bechuanaland Protectorate to us through the work of a missionary physician, comes in a letter from Elder W. H. Anderson, showing what can be done in new and difficult fields:

The Protectorate has been a closed country to us ever since we began work in this field three years ago. As it is native territory, the native chiefs are in control, and all of them had made agreements with the missionaries working among them that they would not allow any other mission society to come in. That apparently made it impossible for us to enter. I visited all the native chiefs, and they told me that it was impossible to get an entrance. The way looked dark, but I knew that the time had come for the closed doors to swing open, and I thought and prayed over the matter, that we might find a way to open them.

Then I thought of trying the medical work as an entering wedge. One year ago, Dr. A. H. Kretchmar, of the Loma Linda College of Medical Evangelists, arrived to make the attempt. The government was very anxious to have a doctor at Kanye, about seventy-five miles northwest of Mafeking. Here was the chief town of the Bangwaketse people. I urged the doctor to accept the appointment, and went to Kanye with him to see the chief and the people. It was agreed that the doctor might come among them and practise medicine, but they required him to sign an agreement that he would not mention his religion.

Now Dr. Kretchmar had come to Africa to be a missionary, and for them to ask him to sign an agreement to do no missionary work was almost too much for him. However, I urged him to go ahead and sign the agreement, and much against his own judgment and entirely against his desires, he finally consented to give it a trial.

BURSTING THE FETTERS

The doctor began his work among the people, and took a real Christian interest in them. It was not long until they noticed that he did not work on Saturday. They asked him why, but he told them they had made him agree to keep still about his religion, so he could not tell them.

Then they went to their missionary of another society and asked him about it. He told them that the doctor was a fine man, that he was a capable fellow, and that his medicine was good, but they must keep away from his religion, for it was a strange religion. That only aroused their curiosity, and they went to the doctor and demanded that he tell them why he did not work on Saturday. He finally told them, and at once the news was carried to the queen, who is the real ruler during the minority of the chief.

The next day they called the doctor to the queen's place. The favorite daughter of the queen was sitting on the floor with her Bible in her lap, trying to find if there was any authority there for keeping Saturday. She was as far as the second chapter of Genesis, and there she stuck and called for help. The doctor explained in a few words, and then left them as soon as possible. He had dropped a seed of this truth, and it started to grow.

In January, 1923, the doctor went to Cape Town to attend the meeting of the union conference committee, and was away from Kanye six weeks. The people were afraid he would never come back. After his return he told them that unless his church was allowed to enter Kanye, he would leave. That started an uproar. They wanted to know why.

The doctor explained the situation to them, and told them his purpose in coming to Africa, and now his purpose was about to be defeated, so he was going where he could be a real medical missionary.

They wanted the doctor at any cost, so they asked him what they would have to do to keep him there. He told them they would have to admit his church and allow him to be a real medical missionary.

AN URGENT INVITATION

They talked it over, and then wrote me a letter and asked me to call and see them at once. I did so, and they called in seventeen of the headmen of the tribe, and put the matter before them. They considered it for half a day in our presence, and when the vote was cast, fifteen were for our going in, and two against it.

After that they wrote an official letter to the government, asking permission for us to begin work among them. They also advised me to start work at once, for there would be op-



Hospital and Dispensary of Dr. A. H. Kretchmar, Kanye,
Bechuanaland

position, and they wanted me to get started before the opposition had time to organize its forces against us.

In less than a week I was there ready to start meetings. They gave me a church building 30 x 60 feet for the meetings, and for five weeks it was packed every night. At the close of the five weeks we had organized a Sabbath school of forty-three. Dr. Kretchmar is the superintendent, and his wife has charge of the children's department.

Ninety or more have handed in their names for church membership, and have been formed into a baptismal class. Among these is the favorite daughter of the queen. The queen

said she was too old to do anything for the truth in an aggressive way, but encouraged her daughter to do so.

AN EFFORT TO CREATE PREJUDICE

Last Sunday the head deacon of another mission church called on the queen's daughter, and for more than an hour pleaded with her not to leave the church of her childhood and the church of her father to follow the Jewish religion. She asked him to



Our Church Building in Kanye, a Gift of the Queen

find in her Bible where the Sabbath was called the Jewish Sabbath, and also where the law was for the Jews. He did not try to find it, but pleaded with her to follow her father and her church.

Then she told him she had been deceived, but now she saw the truth. He urged that if she left the church, being a Bible teacher in the church and an influential woman, she might lead many with her. She told him she was "finished" with him, and that she would use all her influence to draw as many with her as she could. Now in her Bible classes she is teaching this message to every one she can.

Dr. Kretchmar is busy all the time doing Bible work among the people. He is very enthusiastic, and when the church is organized, he can point to most of the members as being souls he has personally brought into the truth.

About twenty miles from Kanye is another large native town of about 8,000 people. The doctor is going over there today to ask the chief to allow us to start work among his people. The doctor has been their physician for the last nine months, and now is sure that he can be their spiritual adviser as well. He will do all he can to swing open the door there for this message.

THE QUEEN'S "OWN SON"

We are very glad for the good work the doctor has done here, and for the influence of his godly life among the natives. They all love him, and the queen calls him her own son. I wish we had a dozen men like Dr. Kretchmar out here doing real medical missionary work, using their medical training as a helping hand to win the confidence of the natives, that they might be used of God to save souls.

How glad we are to see the work advance! How it rejoices our hearts to see the message enter new fields! But the greatest pleasure that can ever come to the missionary is when he sees souls accept this message and with him prepare to give it to others. This is our joy in Kanye today, and as we enter into the labors of Dr. Kretchmar there, we share his joy with him.



Married Women, Ondonga, German Southwest Africa
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THE LAND OF THE ONDONGAS

DURING the year 1922, Elder W. H. Anderson, one of our pioneer missionaries to Africa, spent six months traversing the countries of Southwest Africa (formerly German) and Angola, or Portuguese West Africa, searching for suitable locations for mission centers in these countries, for plans had been laid to open these fields during 1923. He traveled hundreds of miles by donkey wagon, oxcart, boat, and on foot, and found many interesting tribes who gave him a hearty welcome, and urged him to send teachers to them.

In reporting from the northern section of Southwest Africa, Elder Anderson wrote an interesting description of the Ondonga tribe, located in that country. These strange people have, until now, been unknown to us. During this year (1923) a missionary has gone forward to Southwest Africa, and is now engaged in language study preparatory to opening up work among these people and their neighboring tribes.

A POWERFUL OVAMBO TRIBE

One enters the country of the Ondongas about one hundred miles after leaving Tsumeb, Southwest Africa. They are the chief of the Ovambo tribes, and the most powerful of them all.

The country is separated from the south by more than fifty miles of desert, in which there is no water except in the rainy season; and after one reaches the wells where there is water, for the first thirty miles on the north side of the desert the water is salty, and it is almost impossible to drink it after the month of May in a dry season like this, or after the month of July in a wet season such as they had here last year.

The country is very flat, and there are no *kopjes* (hills) in any part of it. Most of the soil is very sandy, suited for the growing of *nyoutis*, sweet potatoes, and beans, but hardly strong enough to produce good mealies (corn). Still they do grow mealies here, and also some Kafir corn.

The southern part of the country is almost denuded of trees, but there are some grand old fig trees that have been left standing, and also many palm trees, such as we find growing on the Kafui flats in Northern Rhodesia.

The whole country seems to be very level. I have not seen the course of a single river as far as I have traveled through it. On the other hand, there are numerous pans and salt basins, which are filled with water in the wet season, and there are also large numbers of geese, ducks, egrets, crested cranes, storks, mud hens, and many other waterfowl; but at this season of the year all these pans have dried up, and the birds are gone. In fact, much of the country that I have passed through reminds me of the Bwengwa district on the Kafui flats in Northern Rhodesia.

Of course these numerous pans make fertile breeding places for the mosquitoes in the wet season, but at this time of the year I have not seen or heard a mosquito during the two weeks I have been here.

THE NATIVES

In size the natives are much like the Mashukulumbwe. The latter are fine, stalwart men and women, although not so large. The Ondonga men are well developed, and seem to be very strong. Many of them are exceptionally tall. I have seen several that would stand six feet six, and some of them are large in proportion to their height.

The clothing of the men is much the same as that of the Barotses. They wear the cloth passed over a belt, through between the legs, and then over the belt at the back, and spread out again behind.

The girls dress in much the same fashion. They wear a bit of cloth in the same way, but in addition to this they wear around their hips several strings of ostrich egg-shell beads. The shell of the ostrich egg is broken into small bits, smaller than a 10-cent piece, then a hole is bored through the center, and the shell is strung on a string. When the string is about five feet long, they tie it around the waist.

The cloth the married women wear is a little longer than that of the girls, and their hair hangs to the ground. While working, they tuck the hair into the belt at the back, so it will not be in the way. It is weighted at the end so it will stay in place, and not be blown about by the wind.

The girls are promised in marriage when they are small, and the husband-to-be pays the marriage dowry. When they are old enough to be married, they go to a school, which is held every other year, where they are prepared for the marriage ceremony.

When the preparation is concluded, the girls come out and dance, and the men catch every one his wife as the Benjamites did with the daughters of Shiloh. I have never heard of a case where any man caught any other than the girl to whom he was betrothed, and for whom he had paid the marriage dowry when she was a child.

The Ondongas are a wealthy people, owning hundreds of horses and thousands of cattle, sheep, and goats. It is estimated that the whole tribe numbers about 25,000, but that is only an estimate,—no census has ever been taken. It is also estimated that they have 200,000 cattle, sheep, and goats. The country seems to be overstocked, as the feed is very scarce. The cattle are small, however, like those owned by the Batongas. Still they are very hardy, and lately the natives have been buying a much better grade from the farmers in the south. The chief has many fine, thorough-bred bulls, which in time will greatly improve the herds. Incidentally, he also owns a Ford automobile. The chief is a powerful man, standing about six feet high, and being well proportioned. He seems to be intelligent and progressive.

The Ovambos have a custom that no heir to the throne may leave the country, neither may a chief leave his people. This prevents them from obtaining the education they might have if they were permitted to travel and see something of the world. Just now the chief has gone to Namatoni to greet the prince. It is the longest journey he has ever taken in his life.

EARLY MISSIONARIES

The Finnish missionaries came to this country fifty-two years ago, and one of the pioneers is still living here. This speaks well for the healthfulness of the country, as he has been home only twice in all that time, and never expects to leave the country again. They now have twenty-two missionaries in this field, counting the women (they are all married), but not counting the children.

They have a training school, with an enrolment of thirty-two boys and six girls. They require that the pupil shall pass the third grade before being admitted to the training school, and then he is given three years in the school before he can become a teacher or an evangelist.

The entire Bible is available in the tongue of the people, being published by the British and Foreign Bible Society. They also have two readers, Old and New Testament stories, and a catechism. The Finnish missionaries do not seem to have developed their educational work in a very strong way. Industries were formerly connected with the missions, but years ago they were discontinued.

None of the missionaries speak the English language, but all speak the German. I am told that the chief is very anxious to have English taught in the schools. His interpreter is not an Ovambo. He told me he had spent three years in school in London. He speaks broken English, but seems to understand it much better than he can speak it.

PRIMITIVE AGRICULTURISTS

The tribesmen are great agriculturists, but use very primitive methods. They farm like the Batongas, with a small hoe, scratching the ground only a few inches deep. If there is plenty of rain, they have plenty of food; but if a drouth comes, they starve, as they are doing this year. I hear from the government officials that the chief desires the establishment of industrial missions. By this means we may be able to find access to the homes and hearts of the people.

The kraals are very primitive, and are a real labyrinth when one tries to enter. I am reminded of the "Mystic Maze" at Del Monte, California, with one entrance, and such a complicated arrangement of passages that it is very hard to find the exit after you have entered. In passing into the kraal last night to see the chief, we went through three huts before we came to the small inclosure in which he had the interview with us. Then when we started out, I had to wait for my guide to pilot me, for I could not have found the way out alone.

The huts are small, and the entrance looks like the burrow of a rabbit. It is just large enough for one to crawl through. Inside is a small raised place where the occupants curl up and sleep at night with the door closed. There is no chance for ventilation. Although they live out of doors all day, the habit of sleeping in these almost air-tight places makes them an easy prey to all kinds of pulmonary diseases. Tuberculosis is very common among them.

The chief has asked me to wait here until he returns from his visit to the prince. He has promised to have a long talk with me then, to see if arrangements cannot be made whereby we may enter the country with our missions. I feel sure that if we start here, we shall have the bitter opposition of the Finnish church; but these people must have this message, and we are prepared to give it to them. I pray the Lord to give us favor with these powerful chiefs, that their country and their people may be ready to hear this message.

This chief rules one fourth of all the people of Ovamboland, and if we make a start here, we can extend our work into the other parts later. Or it may be we shall have to begin in other parts, where at present there are no missionaries, and later enter here.



Horse Car Operated from Windhoek to Rehoboth,
Southwest Africa

W. H. Anderson, and Mr. and Mrs. Ovid Bredenkamp and child are seated on this novel conveyance, ready to start in search of a location for our first mission in Angola.



On the Trek to Our First Mission Site, Angola, Portuguese
West Africa

Elders J. D. Baker and W. H. Anderson are in the foreground.
Photograph taken by Elder T. M. French

OPENING NEW FIELDS

ON his return from Southwest Africa and Angola, late in 1922, Elder W. H. Anderson reported that both these countries were open to us. Several believers were found in each of these lands, and urgent calls came to us from leading chiefs to establish work among them. It was decided, therefore, to attempt to occupy these fields without delay.

The South African Union Conference volunteered to release one of their experienced workers, Elder J. D. Baker, from the Emmanuel Mission, Basutoland, to go into Angola; and the Zambesi Union Mission agreed to release Brother Ovid Bredenkamp to open up work in Southwest Africa. Both of these unions also agreed to release several natives to accompany these missionaries, and act as teachers and evangelists.

About the middle of May, 1923, Elder T. M. French, field secretary for the African Division, and Elder W. H. Anderson started out with these workers to assist them in securing definite locations and getting settled in their new fields of labor. Upon his return to the office in Cape Town, Elder French wrote of the trip as follows:

A TRIP TO ANGOLA

It was a tedious journey from Upington to Windhoek, Southwest Africa. More than a hundred miles of railway had been washed out and hurriedly rebuilt; so the train crept slowly along by day, and stopped at night. After spending a few days at Windhoek, we left for Tsumeb. It was a rough journey of two days over the narrow-gauge railway from Usakos. Tsumeb is a small town in the northeast of the territory, with a very rich copper mining industry.

After trekking across by ox wagon, a few days were spent at Grootfontein. Good grazing land is found here, but the uncertain financial situation has ruined the farmers.

In all parts of Southwest Africa we found the population very much scattered. In fact, most of the natives outside of Ovamboland to the north are settled near the various towns. The small reserves that exist at present are so temporary in character, owing to the fact that the government is planning to proclaim new reserves, that it would be unwise to think of locating anything of a permanent nature on them. So we suggested opening the work with evangelists and teachers in and near the various towns of Southwest Africa.

AMONG THE NAMAQUAS AND HOTTENTOTS

After we had studied the native population and the general situation, we advised Brother and Sister Bredenkamp to settle at Windhoek, and begin studying the Ovambo language. Here is a large native population, with Namaquas, Hottentots, and half-castes. It affords an excellent opportunity to make a beginning among the various tribes of the country.

READY FOR A SCHOOL

Windhoek is at the center of the country, and has a large native population, in fact, the largest in the Southwest. The natives are very anxious to have an English school, since none is being conducted at present. Some months ago they offered to raise a substantial sum of money toward a building. We felt, after looking over the field, that it might be well to open a day school in Windhoek, conducting evening classes as well, thus making a beginning in this place.

A public effort for Europeans would also be a good thing in Windhoek. Then, of course, a native effort could be conducted later. There is no apparent reason why we should not very soon have there a good European church as well as a company of native believers.

Ovamboland has a large native population. This country is closed to us at present. However, when we were at Groot-fontein, word came to us from Chief Martin, the paramount chief of this northern section, that he was waiting for a teacher.

We have sent word back to him that we have our teacher all ready to send in as soon as he makes the necessary arrangements with the government.

We were joined by Brother Baker at Walfish Bay, traveling by steamer to Lobito Bay, Angola. We landed there on the 12th of June, and spent more than a month in Angola. Lobito has a fine harbor, and work is proceeding on a \$13,500,000 contract for the construction of docks. The town is built on a narrow sand spit.

Four days were spent at Benguela, preparing for the interior journey. It was an interesting experience, buying provisions without an interpreter. Our wits were exhausted in making signs. English food was scarce. In fact, the tinned goods available were several years old, and hardly edible. In the hotels the principal food was spoiled fish and garlic, and we were glad when we were ready to be off to camp life in the interior.

An effort was made to reserve berths on the only passenger coach of the train going inland. However, we understood that it was not the custom to reserve berths, so we simply climbed into the train and sat down. After being comfortably seated, the conductor came along and asked us to move out, which we hesitated to do. However, upon learning that the beds belonging to the seats were sold to others, we saw there was nothing to do but occupy the observation section (the rear end of the coach). As we watched the fiery trail of the wood-burning engine during the long hours of the night, we were reminded of the march of civilization into the heart of Africa, preparing the way for the gospel.

Our first destination was Ganda. Here we found a very fine class of natives. The country has excellent soil and a good rainfall. We were pleased with this district, and pegged out a farm for our mission station, but later learned that the Swiss Missionary Society had arranged for a site there. When this information was received, we felt that since the country was so large and there was much unentered territory, we should look for a site elsewhere.

TREKKING IN THE MOUNTAINS

On our way we had met a very progressive administrator who spoke English. He gave us an earnest invitation to come into his district near Lepi, and open work. He said no mission work was being done in his district, and that he was very anxious for American missionaries to come in. After looking about Huambo a few days, and visiting the Congregational training school, we returned to Lepi to see this administrator. He received us cordially, and told us the district was wide open for us to walk through the land and select anything we wished.

We went through the country, and found a beautiful site in the basin between a large circle of mountains, about eight miles from Lepi and four miles from the railroad, where a small town is springing up. It is approximately 6,000 feet above sea level. Thousands of natives live in a very small area near this location. The governor will give us up to 500 hectares of land, which would be about 1,200 acres.

We found in this country many beautiful mountain streams, flowing the year round. The timber is good and the land fertile. It is very healthful here, and quite free from malaria. The water is very good, so our missionaries ought to have reasonably good health. The natives are a very fine type. They have had no mission or school work done among them. We feel that this is an ideal field for opening our work.

GOOD MOTORING IN ANGOLA

There are good roads running out from this place to other centers of Angola, so one could reach almost any part of the interior by motor car. With a good training school established here, we believe that the entire Angola field might be served by the one institution.

In an interview with the governor-general, he made it very plain that, while the government does not interfere with the teaching of religion, certain requirements in school work must be met. The government requires the Portuguese to be taught in the schools, and prohibits the teaching of the native languages.

The instruction in Bible is the exception to this rule. Bible instruction and preaching may be done in the native tongues. The government will not allow any printed matter in the native tongue, unless it is paralleled with the Portuguese.

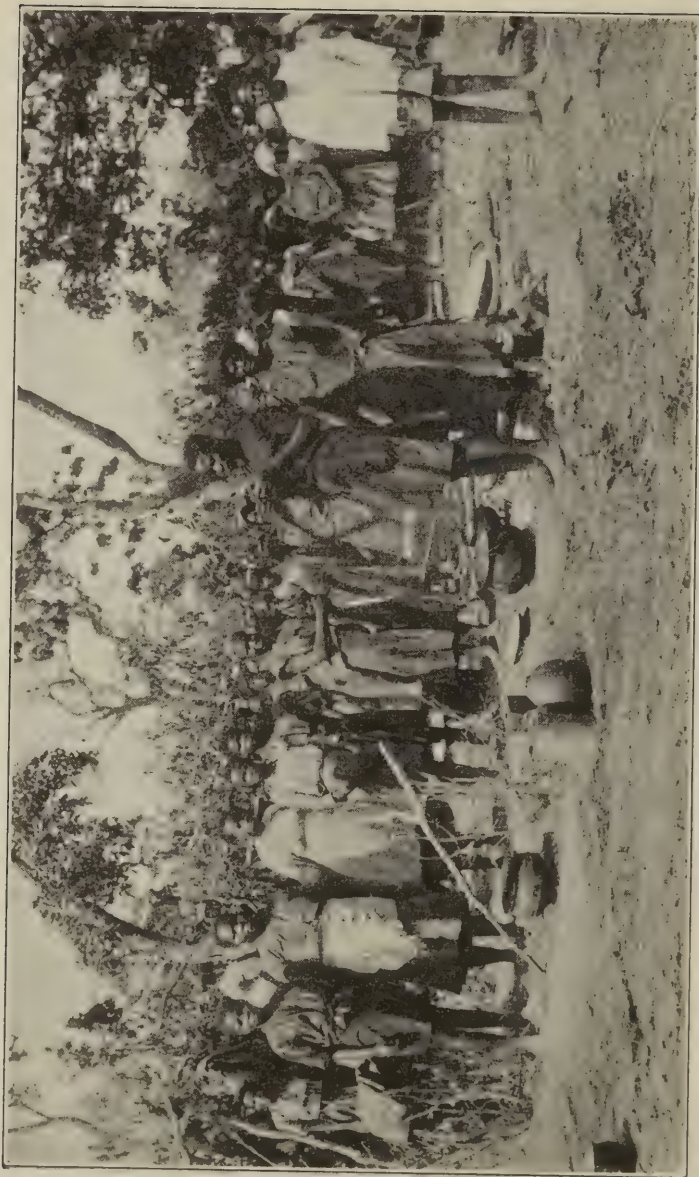
The government also requires the teaching of industries, and inspects the schools regularly to see that its standards are met. The school must therefore be equipped for teaching woodwork and carpentry as well as agriculture to the boys, and sewing, dressmaking, and housekeeping to the girls. We should provide teachers who can handle these lines of work in an efficient way.

The government also requires the native teachers who are employed in opening outschools to pass an examination in Portuguese. I believe this is the only restriction with reference to outschools. We are free to do medical work among the natives, but there are some restrictions upon practising among the Portuguese residents.

HOPING TO "PEG OUT" A MISSION SITE

The governor-general gave us a very cordial invitation to his country, and we assured him that we would endeavor to meet the requirements of the government. In harmony with his advice, we made formal application to open mission work in the country, and Brother Baker is awaiting the formal reply to the application. As soon as this is received, he will "peg out" his site, and make a request for a grant of land.

Angola is a very promising mission field. There are fully ten million natives in this colony, and very little has been done for them thus far by any society. They are in their primitive state, almost untouched by European civilization, and afford an excellent field for us, with a fairly healthful climate on the plateau. We feel that our work in Angola has a real future.



Native Campers, Somabula Camp-Meeting, 1923

CAMP-MEETINGS IN CENTRAL AFRICA

THAT the native peoples of Africa, accustomed as they are to a care-free, out-of-door life, should find joy and benefit in attending camp-meetings, may seem strange to those who live in civilized lands. But the annual camp-meeting for the African has become a regular part of mission life in the interior, and none enjoy themselves more on these occasions than these dark-skinned people. In some places the meetings are attended by great throngs, who come from all directions on foot, whole families and sometimes almost whole villages tramping over the fields and through the forests for many miles to the place of assembly. Here they make themselves comfortable under booths or in improvised pole-and-grass huts.

A local camp-meeting of 3,600 would be considered a wonderful gathering, even in countries like America or Europe, where the message has been preached for many, many years, and where Christian civilizations have prepared the way for our work; but to witness a gathering of this kind in one small local field in East Central Africa, where heathenism has reigned supreme for millenniums, is nothing short of a miracle of God's grace.

At such a meeting in Nyasaland, East Africa, in 1924, it was estimated that considerably more than three thousand of those in attendance were our own believers, while the others were still in heathenism, but were attracted to the meeting by the influence of their believing friends.

The meeting was held in three sections, in order that more faithful work might be done for those who attended. One section met at the Malamulo Training School, another at a new outstation some eighteen miles away, and the third section at the Matandani outstation.

Until 1923 these annual camp-meetings were held in one section at the main station, but the attendance became so large

that it was decided to divide, and in that year a second meeting was held at Matandani. Still the meeting at the main station was too large, so in 1924, in order to relieve the congestion, a third meeting was arranged. To our utter astonishment, however, we found that with these three divisions, the meeting at the main station was as large as before the division was made.

NOT AFTER THE "LOAVES AND FISHES"

When these annual meetings were first started, in 1918, those attending were supplied with food by the mission. It was thought so many of them had to come from such long distances that it would be a hardship to ask them to carry sufficient food for the journey and also for the meeting. However, when at the second meeting, in 1919, more than a thousand people attended, it was feared that many had come simply for the "loaves and fishes" (corn and sweet potatoes), and it was decided to discontinue the plan of providing food. Since that year none has been given.

Some feared that this would break up the camp-meetings, and that thus we would lose far more in results than would be saved in food. However, it was soon demonstrated that these people were seeking, not the temporal, but the spiritual food they received at these gatherings, and for only one year was there a slight decrease in the attendance as a result of the changed policy.

That our readers may get a concrete idea of the growth of the work in this field, we give a list of the number attending these annual gatherings from the beginning, in 1918:

ATTENDANCE

| | | |
|------------|-------|--------------------|
| 1918 | 731 | Food furnished |
| 1919 | 1,048 | " " |
| 1920 | 757 | Food not furnished |
| 1921 | 1,014 | " " " |
| 1922 | 1,764 | " " " |
| 1923 | 2,272 | " " " |
| 1924 | 3,628 | " " " |

SOMABULA AND SOLUSI

Writing of the Somabula and Solusi camp-meetings, after his visit in 1922, Elder G. B. Thompson said:

When thinking of camp-meetings, we usually have in mind carloads of equipment, such as family tents, large pavilions, departmental tents, tables, chairs, large freight bills, and days of pitching tents and removing them. But the native camp-meetings in this far-away land are altogether different.

I have just attended one of these meetings, held at Solusi, following a good institute in Bulawayo. About six hundred native believers were present at this meeting. No tents were pitched. Those who came from a distance slept in huts or in native kraals, wrapped in blankets. They prepared their food in the simplest manner possible.

As the church was too small to accommodate all who came, most of the meetings were held in the open air, the speaker standing on the porch of the home of Brother and Sister F. B. Jewell, and the audience sitting on the ground or on stones.

In addition to the regular devotional and preaching services, meetings were held daily with the native teachers and evangelists. They seemed to appreciate these very much. More than six hundred candidates are in the present baptismal class connected with this mission. A large part of these, no doubt, will in time be baptized.

MANY CAMP FIRES

As we were driving in the night to the Somabula Mission, about twenty-two miles from the railroad, we saw in the distance many camp fires burning in the woods. When we reached the place, we found that these were camp fires of our own people, more than two hundred of whom were encamped there on their way to attend the meeting. I was greatly impressed with the sight. These people are just coming out of heathen darkness, but there was no hilarity or unseemly conduct. Instead, they were gathered around their camp fires under the supervision of natives teachers, singing songs of praise to the God whom they have learned to know and believe in for salvation from sin.

The next morning I stood on the mission grounds and saw these people come in in groups from various directions, some in carts, but most of them on foot, singing the songs of Zion. During the day about eight hundred arrived,—a very large camp-meeting, indeed. Booths were made from the branches of trees, and here, in primitive style, the natives ate and slept in as much comfort as in their kraals at home.

As I saw all these hundreds encamped, I felt that our gifts to missions had not been in vain, that our faithful laborers who had pioneered the way, suffering the isolation, privations, hardships, and dangers of mission work in this land, had built well, and that a much greater ingathering of souls than we have yet witnessed will be seen in the future.

There is a neat church building at the station, but as this was much too small, the seats were moved out under a large tree, and here, sitting upon seats and on the ground, the people gathered daily to worship and be instructed from the Word. God richly blessed in all the meetings. Daily instruction was given to the native evangelists and teachers, which we believe will enable them to do more faithful and efficient work in the future. A corps of native workers is being developed here, who we believe will be a strong band of soul-winners.

The examination of candidates for baptism and church membership is a very important and painstaking work. None are baptized who have not been in the baptismal class for one or two years. Thus they are thoroughly instructed in the doctrines of the message. They are given a most searching examination, that it may be known whether or not they are really converted, and living Christian lives. Those who do not give this evidence are not baptized until further labor is bestowed upon them.

NATIVES GIVE TO CONVERT THE HEATHEN

At these camp-meetings we take pledges for foreign missions. The converted native talks just as much about foreign missions and converting the heathen as do our people in America or Europe. And they know a great deal more about what it means for a heathen to be converted than we do, for they themselves

have come out of heathenism. They can look down into the pit from which they have been lifted, and see perhaps a father, a mother, or some other relative or friend, who is still in darkness. Oh, how they long to bring to them the light! It stirs one's heart to be in a testimony service and hear these people talk about the burden on their souls to reach those in heathen darkness, and to hear them tell how glad they are that the gospel of Jesus Christ has entered into their lives.

When we give mission talks, we tell them about the heathen in some other part of the country, and ask them to give special offerings. They have their regular mission goal that they keep up every week; but they give in a special way at camp-meeting. At the Solusi camp-meeting in 1922 we took up an offering, and when it was over, I asked the brethren to give me a list of the things brought in by the 500 natives present (the offerings given by the Europeans are not counted in this list):

There were twelve head of cattle, four sheep, one chicken, and £27 cash. They gave what they had. Some had cattle and nothing else; so a man would rise and say, "I will give an ox;" and another would say, "I will give a heifer;" and another, "I will give a sheep." Thus they made their offerings. They arranged with the mission superintendent to sell these animals, and turn the money into the treasury.

I asked the brethren to estimate very conservatively how much the offering that morning was worth, and they reckoned that the cattle would bring at least \$180, that the sheep would bring \$10, that the chicken was worth 25 cents, and that the £27 would figure about \$135, making a total offering of \$325.25, given by 500 natives.

When you take into account that most of these natives work for from \$2.50 to \$3 a month and furnish all the clothing and food for their families, you will understand, I think, that that was a very liberal gift on their part.

OFFERINGS FOR OTHERS

At one of our camp-meetings was a man who had been a minister in another church for about twenty-seven years, a

native of great influence and considerable wealth. He had just accepted our message, and he, with his wife and six or seven children, was baptized on one of our trips through the Somabula Mission territory. When we were taking up the offering, this man arose and said, "I am so thankful to God for bringing me this truth that I want to make an offering. I will give a large ox."

The meeting continued. After a while he began to get fidgety; things weren't going as well as he thought they ought to. He arose again and said, "I have been thinking it over. I want to give another ox for my wife." Soon afterward he stood up again and said, "I am not satisfied yet. I have several children. I will give another ox for them." Then along toward the last he looked around, and noticing there were some who had not given anything, he said, "It would seem very strange to think that there is any one here who cannot give anything, but it is possible; so I will give a pound for them." That man made a real sacrifice, when one considers how meager is a native man's ability to give compared with those in other countries.

REMOVING ORNAMENTS

These are an earnest people. One morning at the Somabula camp-meeting, Clarence, one of our evangelists, had been asked to take the devotional service. We had divided the services among our native evangelists, so we were free, and some of us decided we would go over and listen while he preached. One of the natives sat in the corner with us, and in an undertone interpreted for us.

We found that this man, of his own accord, had decided to preach on the wearing of jewelry and other ornaments. He thought that many of the people there were not doing as they should. Many of them were not church members; but they were in the baptismal class, and he wanted them to get ready for baptism. He preached a very strong sermon on the wearing of adornments, and on pride and idolatry, for many of the adornments they wear are nothing short of idols.

That was an interesting service. By the time he was half through, things were happening all over the church. Women were tugging at their anklets, trying to pry the anklets loose and get them off. Others were pulling bracelets off their arms; and others were taking rings out of their ears. There was action there. They were not waiting and saying, "Yes, I believe that is all right, and I may do it." They were doing it! And when the meeting was over, they brought their trinkets and ornaments to me.

Some of the natives have their legs covered from the ankle to the knee with copper wire and brass trinkets, and their necks and arms loaded with beads. It is just as much a sacrifice for them to give up these things as it ever is for a woman in America or Europe to give up her diamond rings.

PAYING HIS TITHE

One man, who has accepted the gospel with his whole heart, when he arrived home from the camp-meeting at Solusi, went into his kraal and took out as his tithe, three cows, three goats, and several bags of grain. This is a marvelous thing for a native to do, as most of them do not want to tithe anything they had before accepting the truth. He says when he worshiped the spirits, he always gave the best he had; and now that he has learned to know the true God, why should he not give the Lord that which rightfully belongs to Him? This man's whole household has accepted the gospel.

ONE DAY'S SABBATH SCHOOL OFFERING

When I was visiting one of the mission stations, I was anxious to see the taking up of their Sabbath school offering, for I wanted to know whether the natives had really caught the vision of a great world-wide movement and the spirit of sacrifice.

It is their custom to put a table near the doorway. As they go out, the deacons stand there and see that everybody passes out between them and the table, and puts something into the collection plate, if he has anything to put in. I stood near

the table. After the meeting was over, we counted £3 1s. 1½d. (a little more than \$15), received at that station wholly from the natives themselves. These people give to missions, and give liberally, for they believe in missions with all their hearts.

A RAPIDLY GROWING WORK

At one of the Sabbath meetings at the Nyasaland camp-meeting in 1924, when a call was made for non-Christians to accept Christ and the gospel, more than two hundred heathen came forward and gave themselves to God, renouncing their heathen customs in the presence of eighteen hundred people.

There were 295 persons baptized at the camp-meetings in the Nyasa field in 1924, bringing the baptized membership of the field up to 1,240, with an additional probationary membership of fifteen hundred or two thousand.

What a marvelous change the gospel has wrought! These people a few years ago were strictly heathen, pagan in religion, and their children were growing up without education or ambition. Today the call to Sabbath service rings out from a hundred hills where our outschools are located, and each week some three or four thousand gather in various companies, ranging from twenty to three hundred, to hear the gospel preached by our teacher-evangelists. Several thousand of their children are in our schools, and their one ambition is to prepare to go as missionaries to those who are still in the darkness of heathenism.

AN INADEQUATE LABORING FORCE

To care for this rapidly expanding work, our force of European workers is altogether inadequate. There should be at least six families and a nurse to carry forward the work now in hand in Nyasaland, whereas at present there are only three. Elder G. Ellingworth, the field superintendent, with the assistance of his wife, is obliged to look after the main station and training school, in addition to his already heavy field work. To man this one station properly, requires two families and a nurse. Calls have been sent in for additional help for this field to relieve this critical situation, and we trust recruits will

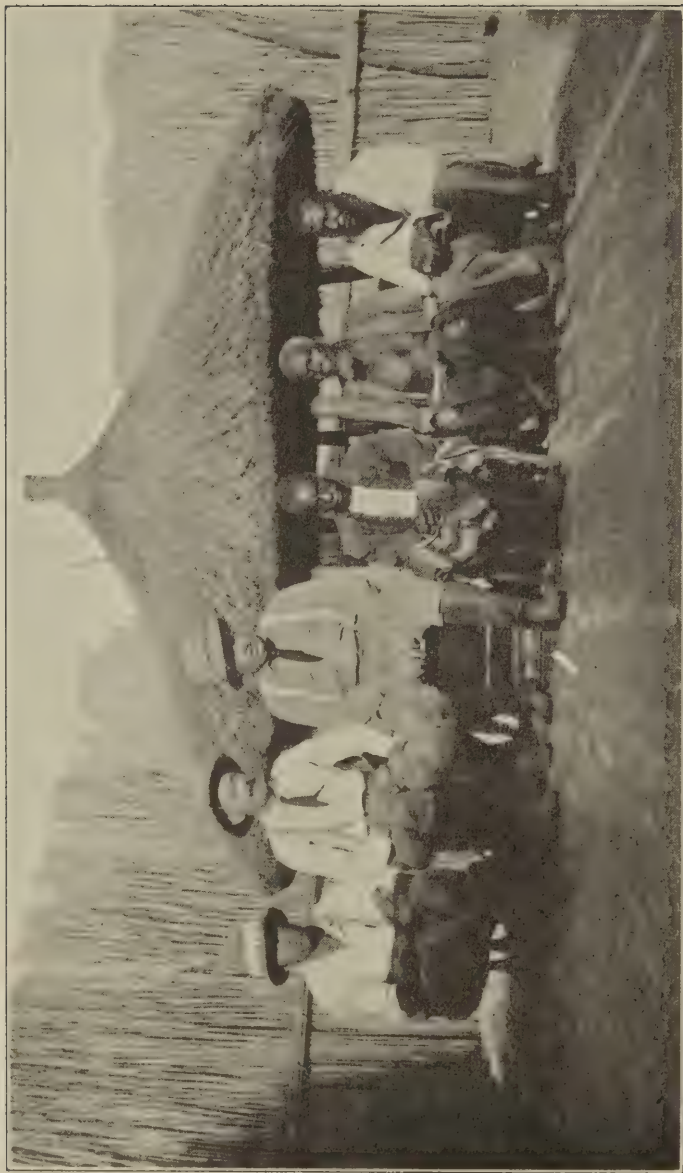
be arriving in the very near future, and before any of the present force break under the strain. The two outstations in this field are in charge of Brethren W. L. Davy and G. Pearson.

As we saw the intense earnestness of the throngs of people attending these meetings, as we listened to their testimonies, as we heard them pray, as we watched their quiet, reverent deportment, while they told of their longing to see the message carried to their people in yet unentered sections, we could not help wishing that our people in the homeland could sit with us, if just for one day, and behold what a miracle of grace God has wrought here in the wilds of Central Africa, as a result of their sacrifice and devotion to foreign missions.

One of these sectional meetings was held in such a veritable wilderness that after the sounds of the last meeting of the day died away, the hills would resound with the roar of the lions, some of them coming within a few yards of our camp, and entertaining us while we ate our evening meal. Yet in this wilderness, shut away from the world, hidden by hills on every side, God is preparing a people for His eternal kingdom of glory. What a glorious privilege to have a part in this blessed work of transformation, either by personal contact with the people or by the giving of our means that others may go!



Natives en route to Camp-Meeting, South Rhodesia
Some of the more well-to-do take their luggage in the donkey cart.



Conference with a Paramount Chief, Caprivi Strip

The chief is seated second from the right. The Europeans are (left to right): G. L. Willmore, W. E. Straw, W. H. Branson.

THE WORK OF THE OUTSCHOOLS

THE outschool is a very important part of mission activity, especially in fields where the mission school is the pioneer gospel agency. A mission station is the center of work in a new field. Its director is almost invariably a white man, who, with his family, lives at the station. One or two other white workers are usually associated with him as soon as the work is well under way, if not from the beginning. A school is conducted at the main station, which usually provides facilities for boarding students as well as for those living in near-by villages who come to the classes and return home at night. This school becomes the training center for native teachers, evangelists, and other workers.

As soon as teachers have had sufficient training, the work of locating and establishing outschools is begun. In Central Africa, permission must be obtained from the government before any such schools can be started. The outschool is located on a native reserve, on government land, or on some large farm privately owned. It is usually in some central place, where the native population is numerous.

Besides government permission, the consent of the tribal or community chief is obtained, thus encouraging friendly relations with his people. As a rule the government will not approve the location of a school if the chief objects.

In the multiplication of missions and mission schools by a number of denominations, it not infrequently happens that some society has obtained from the chief exclusive rights to work among his people. Usually he keeps his promise, even though he may very much desire to admit a denomination which comes later. We are often solicited by a chief to start school work for his people because he has learned what our teaching and religion have done for others.

Prof. W. E. Howell visited the Central and South African mission field in 1922, and made a study of our outschool work. Writing concerning it, he says:

An outschool is taught by a native teacher, who builds a dwelling for himself and his family near the school, has his own garden, and gives his time to serving the school and the community. If his wife has had training in our schools, she often assists in the teaching. It is gratifying indeed to see how neat the dwellings and premises are usually kept by these Christian families,—a real model and uplift to the community. The school and its surroundings are also kept clean and in good repair.

BEARDED MEN IN SCHOOL

The outschool is attended by natives only, and as a rule without age limit. It is common to see a bearded man, or a woman with a baby on her back, sitting in a class with boys and girls just old enough to begin school. I have seen a grown man toil almost to perspiration to spell correctly a word in his Bible lesson or to get the sums on his slate right. I have heard a woman repeat memory verses from the Bible in marvelous number and with great accuracy while carrying and perhaps coddling a baby on her back. The little folk are as a rule quicker to learn. A spirit of real earnestness pervades the school, and the teacher has little difficulty in discipline.

If our faithful givers to missions in the homeland might only hear the spiritual and advent songs ring out in unison from the throats of these dusky children of nature, hear them read and recite extended passages of Scripture, with references, and see them bow reverently for prayer, always responding with a unanimous "Amen" at the close, and then see what a marvelous change is wrought in their lives and homes from such teaching, truly no gift of self-denial would be begrudged, but rather inspiration would be gathered to double it.

On Sabbath, and sometimes on other days, the teacher goes with his pupils into some native kraal near by, and holds services, speaking to the people on the wonderful truths of

the gospel for this time. Often, too, one of our native evangelists comes along and joins the teacher in holding meetings in the neighborhood. Those who become interested are invited to the school to join the Bible class for further instruction.

THE BAPTISMAL CLASS

As soon as any members of the school show a desire to become Christians and begin to keep the Sabbath, they are put into a baptismal class, in which special instruction is given them for one or two years, in preparation for baptism and church membership. In this work, and in fact in all his school activities, the teacher is aided by the visits of an inspector sent out from the main station. By the end of the school year, the teacher and inspector have made up a list of persons whom they deem eligible for baptism. Then, generally, the teacher comes up to the annual camp-meeting, bringing his trophies for the kingdom with him. The candidates are there given a final examination in the presence of the teacher before they are accepted for baptism.

Our outschools are like a net thrown out into the sea of black humanity, to gather in those who shall be heirs of the kingdom with us. To see this large and substantial fruitage in the heart of Africa with my own eyes, and to feel the power of the Spirit's presence while these blood-bought souls were being buried with their Lord in baptism, was one of the greatest privileges of my life. I want to say to all who are helping in this blessed work with your prayers, your money, and the gift of sons and daughters, You have not received the grace of God in vain, nor are you giving in vain.

AMONG THE OUTSCHOOLS IN NYASALAND

Elder G. A. Ellingworth, superintendent of the Nyasaland Mission field, tells of one of his many trips among the outschools of that field:

On my way to the Matandani Mission I visited a number of our schools near Blantyre. It was impossible for me to visit each of the schools under Brother H. J. Hurlow's care, so we arranged to have a general rally at the station for the week-end.

Early Sabbath morning, companies of our people came through the woods or down the hills, singing the songs of Zion. As there were more in attendance than the church building could accommodate, the services were held in the square outside. Afterward Brother Hurlow baptized more than thirty in the stream that gives to the station its name. In the afternoon we partook of the Lord's Supper, and closed a full Sabbath by ordaining Brother Lawson as deacon. Lawson is one of our senior native teachers, who has been a great strength to the work at Matandani. He and Isaac Golowa go with Brother Hurlow to the new field.

NORTHEAST RHODESIA

On my return I spent one day at Malamulo to get fresh carriers and replenish my food box, and then was off again on a donkey to another section of schools.

A fifteen-mile ride brought me to the first school, where Philip had 114 pupils, all ready to begin their daily lesson. This first and all-important lesson is Bible, followed by the recitation of memory verses and the ten commandments. Then come the regular school subjects, all in the vernacular. We note the progress of each class, and also any errors in the methods of the teacher. Afterward we have a private talk with the teacher, and review the notes made in the methods class in teachers' school.

Later come studies with the class preparing for baptism and with the Young People's Society. There are usually questions on the Bible to be answered, and often disputes to be settled. This makes a full day, and at night one is usually quite glad to eat and then roll himself in his blankets, knowing that there are many more days ahead, holding practically the same experiences.

Next morning we were up before the sun, and went down a thousand feet to the Chiromo Plains, inspecting schools and investigating calls for new schools. We came at length to the Shire River. We found the river too deep for the donkey to cross, so a native boy stayed with him while we went on foot to the schools on the other side.

A MAN-EATING LION

When we reached Pokera, we heard a doleful tale. A man-eating lion had taken six persons, some from their gardens, others who were just walking around. I asked the village headman if the men would go with me to hunt it. He said they would, but it took much coaxing and threatening on his part to get a dozen men to start to the bush with me. We followed the trail to no purpose till afternoon, then gave it up.

At another place I had a pit dug to try to trap a lioness, but after I left, the people did not trouble to keep the trap baited, so she is still at large and taking toll of the villagers.

Recrossing the Shire, we came to Bandazi's village. Bandazi is a veritable storybook African chief, big mouthed, shaven pated, and clothed only in a scanty loin cloth. He had an old string-tied deck chair brought for my use, and spread a reed mat for himself. As the crowd gathered, we talked of schools. The young people are keen to get what they call "the wisdom of the Europeans," but the old men prefer their beer,—a kind of fermented porridge,—and the old women their customs and rites.

We again ascended to the hill country, and Brother A. P. Pond came from the station to join us in visiting the outschoools for a few days. We spent five days together among the schools, trying to show the people that the Great Spirit they fear is really a God of love, and desires only their good.

BOUND BY HEATHEN CUSTOMS

At Moneya's the old people were making trouble for the young boys and girls in our school who wished to give up their evil ways, and who had refused to go through their "initiation ceremonies." We had a long talk with four headmen and some of their wives, and the master of ceremonies. They had one point in common with us,—they did not want the children to grow up in ignorance. We asked them to impart what useful knowledge they could, but not to compel their children to go through those degrading practices that are suited only to the vile and depraved. We parted on good terms, but it will

take many such meetings to break up the old ways and customs in which they have such implicit confidence.

On this trip I visited thirty schools, and fourteen villages that are calling for new schools. We have applied for permission to open eleven this year. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few."

EVANGELISTIC WORK DURING VACATION

Brother W. L. Davy, of Nyasaland, in reporting an evangelistic tour among the outschools during the Malamulo Training School vacation, has the following to say about the success of their efforts:

I sent five native evangelists to Kalulu school, and five to Muona school. Muona is the village of a big chief, and it has long been considered one of the hardest places that we have labored in. So I determined to see what God could do there. Kalulu school had gone down till there was nothing left. I rather fancied that the teacher was to blame, so decided to go there myself and find out. The evangelists were to go around to the outside villages, and the people in the main villages were to be left to me. Also I was to accompany the evangelists to any place where they met trouble.

GLAD TO SEE THE WHITE MAN

On arriving at Kalulu I found the evangelists rather "blue." They had been there one week, and had only twenty-three converts. We had a Bible study, and then talked things over. I found that the teacher was to blame for some of the trouble, and the drouth for the rest. The next day I went around with the evangelists and talked with the people. They wanted several things; one was that the school be moved to a more central location. I went to their villages and saw how they were situated, and I agreed with them that the school should be moved to a more central position. They became very enthusiastic when they saw the white man coming to see things for himself. This put new courage into the evangelists, and they went to work with a will.

The result is that the Bible class at Kalulu now has 133 members. Also they are putting up a new school building. It is 43 feet long and 20 feet wide. I gave the teacher (I had sent another teacher there) instructions to make a little Malamulo of his school. He is going to work with a will. He has sent to me for brick molds so that he can make brick seats like those in the Malamulo church. He is also planning to visit the members of his Bible class three times each week. I impressed upon him that the care of the sheep included counting them quite often, and that if one were missing, he should find it. The advice seems to have dropped into good soil, for he is working hard. The chief has entered the Bible class.

ASKING GOD TO CONVERT MLOLO

Later I went on to Muona, the hard place. I found the evangelists there discouraged also. First, the plain was flooded and the mosquitoes were very numerous; second, their house was not good; third, they were having trouble with the people.

We had a season of prayer, and the outlook seemed to get brighter right away. I talked things over with them. They had been visiting in all the villages, and in the outlying ones they had made thirty converts. In the central village, however, there was no interest. The head chief, Mlolo, had allowed the schoolhouse to fall down, and he did not seem inclined to build another. His headmen followed his lead.

I told the boys to leave me while I prayed about it. I said, "I will tell you afterward." After I had prayed, I called them and said, "Boys, we must ask God to convert Mlolo." They were astonished, and said, "*Him!*" I said, "Yes, *him.*" I told them that God's arm was not weak, but our faith was. After a while they began to see eye to eye with me, and they went to work with a will. We decided that I should hold meetings in the central village, and that they should continue to work the outlying villages.

We preached and we prayed, and finally Chief Mlolo gave his heart to God, with most of his headmen, also an underchief with most of his headmen. Mlolo called a meeting of all his

headmen to discuss building the school. They decided to build it. I said, "When?" They all shouted, "Now!" and up they jumped, and went at it right there, about seventy of them. In two days the framework was finished, and on the third day they went to get grass to thatch it.

Then came the news of Brother Pond's death (Brother Pond was superintendent of the Malamulo Mission at the time, and was accidentally killed by falling over a waterfall near the mission), and I had to hurry home. I have since received reports saying that the two chiefs are attending school, and that Mlolo is telling his people that he wants to do as much for God now as he did before against Him.

There are 175 people in the Bible class, and a few more to come. I have sent good teachers to both places, and a good helper for each; so they ought to do well. I am planning to go there again in July, if all is well, and help to keep things moving. This will be in addition to our periodical outschool visits.



After Meeting, at an Outschool, South Rhodesia

This school is 37 miles south of the Somabula Mission. The large building in the foreground is the schoolhouse.

ENCOUNTERS WITH DANGEROUS ANIMALS

CERTAIN sections of the Zambesi River abound in crocodiles, which are a danger and a menace to both man and beast.

The following thrilling story is related by Brother G. L. Willmore, our pioneer missionary to the Caprivi Strip, a wild section of country lying along the Zambesi River between Bechuanaland and North Rhodesia:

BOY EATEN BY A CROCODILE

A very sad incident occurred at the Kalimbeza Mission in the Caprivi Strip only a few months ago. This station is situated on an arm of the Zambesi running back from the river a distance of about four miles. The waters of this arm are infested with crocodiles, which quite often seize a person or an animal coming to the water's edge to drink. The old chief at the village near the mission says that during the course of a few years he has lost about one hundred head of cattle in this way.

One morning an old native woman who had been cultivating her garden, went down to the river to draw water for drinking purposes. As she was dipping up the water with a wooden bowl, a crocodile seized her hand, tearing away nearly all the flesh from the back of it. It is their custom to draw their prey into the water and drown it, but this time the attack was unsuccessful, and the woman escaped.

About noon of the same day, some small boys from the village were herding calves near the bank of the stream, and one of the boys ran down to the water's edge to drink. No sooner had he stooped down than a crocodile seized him, dragging him completely under the water. His terror-stricken companions ran home to spread the news, and soon the whole village turned out to try to recover the body, but their efforts were of no avail. With vengeance in their hearts, they de-

terminated to kill that particular crocodile sooner or later, if possible. In an endeavor to accomplish this purpose, they obtained a three-pronged hook, and this, after being baited with some stale meat and securely chained to a bundle of reeds, was placed in the water at the spot where the child had been taken.

THE CROCODILE ON THE HOOK

Day by day they awaited results, until on the morning of the sixth day a native came running to the mission to report that the bait had been taken and the crocodile was fast on the hook. Great excitement prevailed as the reptile was drawn toward the shore. As soon as its head was out of the water, Brother Bulgin, one of our missionaries, fired a charge of buckshot into it, but as the crocodile's head is exceedingly hard, the shot had only a stunning effect. In this condition it was hauled to the top of the river bank.

The hatred for these reptiles was fully demonstrated as the natives proceeded to dispatch the captured culprit. They stabbed it with their spears and hacked it with their axes, mutilating it in every way possible. All this time we were unaware of the fact that this was the very crocodile that had taken the child.

Being curious to know what these reptiles eat in general, the natives were requested to open the captured creature's stomach. As this was done, numerous bones appeared. One of the natives was asked to draw out one of these, and to the surprise of all present, it proved to be the arm of the child that had been taken several days before. This monster had evidently swallowed the child whole. The expression of horror on the face of the father I shall never forget. It was pitiful to see him as the grief-stricken man turned away from the terrible scene.

As from time to time we travel on the river in the mission rowboat or the little canoe, we think of what might happen to us if it were not for the protecting hand of our Father in heaven, who cares for His children.

"SPOTTIE," A PET LEOPARD

I am indebted to Mrs. R. P. Robinson, now in the Congo, but formerly of the Solusi Mission, for the following extraordinary story of a pet leopard which she had while at Solusi:

We had been at the Solusi Mission only about six months, when some natives came to report that a leopard was killing their goats. The mission boys, with Elder Walston and Mr. Robinson, were soon off for the hunt. After an exciting time, they succeeded in killing a large female leopard.

Two or three days later, Mr. Robinson went to the place to see if any leopard kittens could be found, and upon reaching the spot and looking down among the large rocks, he saw two little spotted kittens, nosing over each other and crying for something to eat. Their eyes were not yet open, so of course they made no attempt to get



"Spottie"

away, and he picked them up and carried them home.

The first two or three days they cried considerably, but after that they seemed quite contented with their new home. We could not get them to lap the milk, but they would suck my little finger while I put the milk into their mouths with a small spoon.

One of them died the first week, but the other one lived and grew very fast. We named her "Spottie." When we had had her about five months, she was nearly half grown. When

not eating or sleeping, she wanted to roll, tumble, and play all the time.

While we were at school we had to shut her up in the kitchen, and she slept there at night. When the kitchen boy came to work in the morning and let her out, she would run around by our bedroom window and cry until I let her in.

If I called her when she was playing in the yard, she would come running to me just like a pet kitten or dog. When I brought out her dish of milk ready to feed her, she would run to her basket and jump in, standing with her forepaws on the edge, ready to eat.

A SLY, BUT LOVING CREATURE

When Spottie grew older, we found it necessary to keep her in a small cage whenever we were away from the house, as she showed a decided dislike for natives as well as for their dogs. But she showed real affection for us. As long as we had her, she would always put her forepaws around my neck and rub her head lovingly against me whenever I took her out of the cage.

When Mr. Robinson took her out, that to her was the signal for a lively romp. As soon as his back was turned, she would creep up and spring to his shoulders, then quickly drop to the ground again without ever extending her claws through his clothing. It was interesting indeed to watch her graceful movements as she would creep cautiously along to get near enough to make the spring. If Mr. Robinson turned his head toward her, she would instantly be standing motionless with one paw poised in air where it happened to be as he turned his head. Not a muscle would she move till his back was turned again. The only way he could watch her was to stoop down and look back between his knees. In this way she never seemed to realize she was being watched.

Although she was always biting in play, and often took our fingers in her mouth, she never bit to hurt us. She loved to lie asleep in my lap, even when she got so large she had really outgrown her place there. When we went for walks on Sab-

bath afternoons, we took her with us, and she followed us like a domestic animal.

When Spottie was ten months old, she was about two thirds grown, and we had no place to keep her nor time to care for her, so we took her to the zoo in Bulawayo. It was very, very hard to part with her, and I missed her very much.

A GRIEF-STRICKEN PRISONER

It was nearly two months before I had a chance to go into town to see her. I naturally wondered whether she would remember me. When I prevailed upon the native keeper to open the door to the den, I could see her lying in the farthest corner in the dark. I called her name, and she instantly raised her head. I called again, and she came straight to me, and put her paws around my neck and licked my face. Her joy at seeing me seemed as genuine as my own. After a few minutes I persuaded the keeper to drive the other old leopard into the den and shut the heavy door. Having coaxed Spottie out into the big iron cage, I went in with her and stayed for some time. She was so happy to be with me, and seemed her old self in every way.

A few weeks later I again visited her, and she knew me and caressed me as before, although she was now nearly grown. But the keeper told me that nothing could persuade her to leave the dark den. She seemed to have no interest whatever in life, and not long after this the word came that she had literally grieved herself to death because of her confinement. It was indeed sad news to me, as she had been such an extraordinary pet.

Strange why a pet should always come to a tragic end. If I am permitted my choice of pets in the land where "the leopard shall lie down with the kid," I'll choose a baby leopard.

A LARGE SNAKE ON THE VERANDA

One morning at Solusi, says Elder R. P. Robinson, while I was working in the back yard, one of the mission boys came up very excitedly, telling me there was a big snake on the front veranda.

Thinking little of it, I walked around to the front of the house, and to my great surprise there was one of the largest black mambas I had ever seen. It was twisting and writhing among the flowerpots, trying its best to get into the house. The nurse girl, who happened to be in the front room with the two little children, closed the front door to keep the snake out.

By the time I returned from the kitchen with my air rifle, the snake had become more quiet. One pellet through his head finished him, and on measuring I found him to be just over ten feet in length. Where he came from I do not know. The black mamba is one of the most venomous snakes of Africa, his bite causing almost instant death.

THE LEOPARD IN HIS NATIVE HAUNTS

I was out one morning about six miles south of the Songa Mission, Belgian Congo, with two natives, continues Elder Robinson. We came out of a large patch of scrub timber into the open, and to our right for some distance was a strip of dense jungle. We were about 150 yards from it when we put up a reed buck. This antelope is an animal classed with neither small nor large game—he is just between. He is so large, however, that it requires two strong men to carry one. And he has a pair of horns about a foot long, and very sharp.

The reed buck ran in the direction we were going, along the edge of the jungle through the meadow-like country which was evenly covered with thin grass about knee-high.

When we had gone several hundred yards, I looked around and saw one of the native men pointing and making very vigorous motions at a certain place in the grass ahead. I turned in that direction, and when we had nearly come together, I saw out in the grass about 200 yards from us a long-bodied, long-tailed, graceful animal, trotting gracefully along, paying absolutely no attention to us. I saw right away that it was a large male leopard, and that he was hunting the reed buck which we had put up.

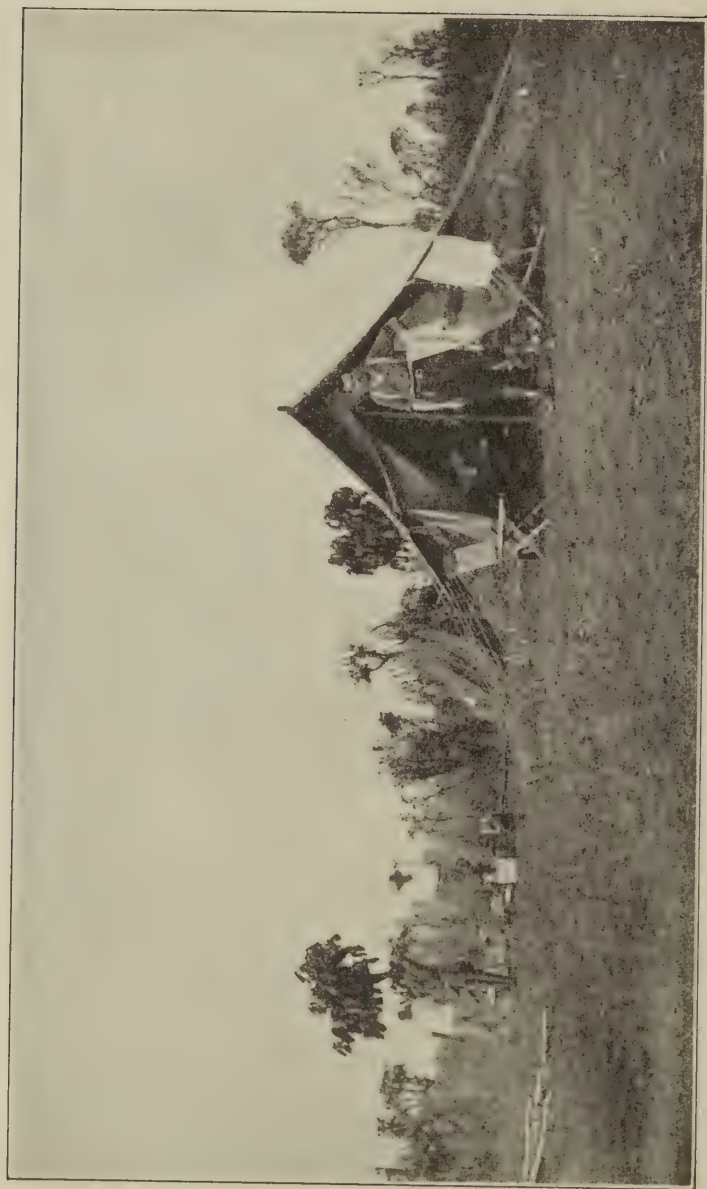
The buck had lain down in the grass to hide, and I knew by the leopard's actions that there was going to be enacted a tragedy as thrilling as any ever staged by any of the great film companies, only this one would be in the wilds of Central Africa, the principal actor being one of the fiercest and most graceful animals of the Dark Continent, in his own native haunts and in his own natural way. I almost held my breath, as I stood on a little ant heap watching the leopard's movements.

THE ESCAPE

He took a slight circle around, keeping his eyes fixed on a certain place in the grass. When he got within what he considered striking distance, he lunged forward, making one terrific dash toward the spot. I had almost begun to think he had made a mistake, that there was no buck there; but suddenly up came the buck to his feet like an automatic thing. The leopard was on him; but either he had miscalculated by a fraction of a foot as to the buck's exact position, or the buck's automatic quickness and the curve he made in leaving the place caused the leopard to miss his hold, for his great left forepaw, with its five vicious claws, passed down the buck's back, and the leopard went over and over in the grass.

In leaving the spot, the buck ran by us. O! how he did run! And as he passed, I said, "You've earned your freedom. Take it."

The leopard got up from his roll in the grass, and looked around with a very silly expression on his face. I tried to get a shot at him, but he loped off with long, graceful strides which carried him rapidly away from us. He ran in the same direction that we were going, and a few hundred yards farther on we saw him and his mate vanish into a strip of scrub timber a quarter of a mile or more ahead of us.



The Beginning of Our First Mission on the Congo
Missionary G. L. Willmore in the foreground.

IN THE BELGIAN CONGO

DURING the year 1920, Brethren C. Robinson and G. L. Willmore penetrated the great Belgian Congo, Central Africa, to establish our first mission work in that country. On this first trip the two brethren went alone, and spent a number of months on the mission farm that had been secured, making temporary homes for themselves and their families. Brother Robinson went to South Africa about December, 1920, and immediately after the general meeting held in Johannesburg in January, 1921, returned, with his wife and little boy, to the new Congo station.

After leaving the end of the railway line, it was necessary for them to travel on foot for about one hundred miles. Some of the land passed on this journey was marshy, and as it was the rainy season of the year, they experienced difficulty in reaching the mission.

The following extracts from the diary written by Mrs. Tersha Page Robinson on this journey, though not intended for publication, will give our readers a concrete idea of some of the difficulties faced in trying to penetrate these far outlying fields:

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 23, 1921.—Here we are camping in Kayoimbe's village (Belgian Congo), not far from the river. We got across safely in the boat, then went along in a comfortable machilla. Of course Robbie [Brother Robinson] has his bicycle, but as yet has not ridden. The roads are covered with water and grass, and are so slippery that the natives have a hard time to keep from slipping with the machilla, so we travel very slowly.

Our groceries, stove, waterproof paper, and also some native blankets never arrived from Elizabethville, so at Bukama we had to buy food for the journey. Robbie's cooking utensils and basins did not come, so we bought a pot, a basin, and a kettle here, which cost us £2 [about \$9]. We could not get

any mealie meal [cornmeal] for the trip, so bought a tin of oatmeal. We have quite an assortment of tinned stuffs for the road.

The tent is pitched, beds are made, and the boys are making a fire while James is getting some food ready. There are dozens of natives watching me, and crowds of boys around Alan. His tricycle amuses them. The fowls which we brought along are out enjoying themselves.

THE CARRIERS FIGHT

Oh! there is a fight on between our carriers. Robbie is now trying to make peace. They all have great sticks and act like wild savages.

We had oatmeal porridge and condensed milk for supper, with some bread. I hate to see the new pot and kettle getting so black and burned. Robbie always has special pots for the veldt. I am so sorry they are not here.

SABBATH, FEBRUARY 26.—Three days have passed since I wrote, and they have been days of experience. We are here at Kabango's village, about twenty-eight miles from Bukama. We are stranded here because of rain.

TRAVEL BY MOONLIGHT

Wednesday we went to bed safely: it was a glorious moonlight night. At 12:30 Robbie awoke, and it was so light he thought it was morning, and roused every one up to trek [travel on]. After about an hour we were ready to start. He looked at the time, and found it was only 1:30 A. M. However, we started off. Alan and I were very comfy in our machillas, wrapped in blankets. On we traveled through dense forests and up a very steep hill. Part of the time I seemed to be on my head, and other times straight on my feet. It was a terrible climb for the natives. It reminded me of some of the gorges of Table Mountain, and the water rushed down headlong in some places.

When we got to the top of the hill, the rain came down in torrents, and it kept up all day. The roads were turned into

rivers, and several times the natives fell with me. Soon everything was saturated, and I sat in soaked blankets and pillows. My raincoat was no protection; I was wet through. All day we traveled slowly in this condition. Robbie walked all the way to this place, never got on his bicycle once. He had put his mackintosh on Alan, so he, too, was drenched to the skin. He walked knee-deep in the water many times. Then the roads were so muddy and soft that he would sink ankle-deep.

About 8:20 A. M. we stopped at a resthouse. We, with all our carriers, huddled around the fire. After having two cups of hot Postum, we traveled on. Robbie went ahead with Alan; James stayed with me. My machilla boys could not travel so fast as Alan's. I shall never forget that day. The natives became tired and discouraged, and lagged behind. I had the cold shivers. My hands were stiff with the cold, so I decided to walk and work up a better circulation. I soon got warm walking, but what a sight I must have looked!

CARRIERS ARRIVE AT MIDNIGHT

Well, about 2:30 we arrived at a government resthouse. Robbie and Alan had made a nice fire and roasted some mealies before I arrived. I was glad to be in a warm place. This house has two rooms and a veranda, so we were very comfortable. By midnight our carriers arrived. Such a condition as our things were in! My hand bag was almost ruined, and everything inside it was wet. We had to open all our boxes and dry the things by a fire. I can't begin to tell you the damage done. Robbie had bought a lot of writing paper, and most of it was wet. We should have been all right if we had had our waterproof packing paper. We kept up a big fire in the room all night, and kept getting up to turn the things so they would dry. Yesterday we got most of our things dry and packed again. Our blankets and pillows are still a bit damp. I had to rewrite my letters. Friday it rained too much to travel, and as today is Sabbath, we can't travel. It is still raining.

VISITED BY A PROSPECTOR

It is now 5 P. M. It has rained off and on today, but a good bit of clear sky can be seen just now. We called to see Mrs. Richardson [a missionary], but found she had gone away for two weeks. About eleven o'clock this morning a Mr. White [a prospector] came in and had dinner with us, and has just gone. He has been in the country more than ten years. He is a great talker, and kept us from getting lonely. He is acquainted with Seventh-day Adventists, and used to go to the Cape Town church and Sabbath school when a little boy. He was delighted to meet some English-speaking people. About noon a Belgian judge stopped here to rest, but finding the rest-house occupied, he went to another near here.

NATIVES HOT TEMPERED AND QUARRELSOME

Last night there was a big fight between our twenty or more carriers and the village people. I never saw anything like it in my life. The women were worse than the men. I was so nervous and frightened! Robbie tried to make peace, but did not succeed very well. The natives here are very hot tempered and quarrelsome. Our carriers all ran onto our veranda, while their enemies were beating with sticks and shouting outside. We had all we could do to keep our carriers from running out and fighting. Some of them did, and two of the fighters were wounded.

Two of our carriers gave out on Thursday, and we had to leave our flour and one tin of paraffin with a chief in a village. We will send for them later. We have stuff strewn all along the way between here and Elizabethville. I wonder if we shall ever get it all. How glad I shall be to be settled! I feel as if I never want to move again. We shall have porridge and condensed milk for supper tonight. Well, good night, it is time for worship, as the Sabbath is just closing.

THROUGH HIGH GRASS AND DEEP STREAMS

CHITSULO'S VILLAGE, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 27.—Here we are, just fifty miles from the mission. We left our stopping-

place about daybreak this morning, and arrived here at noon, tired and hungry. We encountered no rain on the way, but arrived barely in time to escape a terrible storm. How it did rain! The road was bad all the way. All the bridges were washed out, and we had to wade through deep streams and pools. The grass had not been hoed out of the path, and we had to walk through grass six or seven feet high in some places. Robbie had to walk most of the way; the natives carried him through the bad places.

This is a beautiful country. We traveled up and down hills and through beautiful valleys. We are making good time, considering the roads and the weather. We are at a government resthouse again. We have the tent pitched under a grass-roof arrangement, which is very comfortable.

AFTERNOON.—It is quite fine again, but we will not start on until tomorrow. We had porridge and roasted green mealies for dinner.

Oh, I must tell you that we met with very few tsetse flies, because we passed through the district at night. When morning came, we saw and felt a few, but did not have to use our nets at all. We met a boy sent from the mission with a loaf of bread and some cabbages and tomatoes, but they were all spoiled, for the boy had been here a week waiting for us. Too bad!

BRIDGES UNDER WATER

SONGU MONGA VILLAGE, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 28.—We left Chitsulo's village early this morning. This village is near the Lovoi River. We had a dreadful time getting over. The river had overflowed its banks, and was deep all the way. There are four native-made bridges over it, and all but the main bridge are under water. These bridges are simply small tree trunks laid across poles. One has to walk very carefully over them, for most of them are broken or rotted or partly washed away. One of the rear machilla carriers slipped, and down I went. Of course I screamed. When we reached the middle main bridge, we were stranded, so out of the machillas

we alighted. A few of the carriers went first to test the depth, which was up to their necks. Then a big strong fellow put Alan on his head and walked across with him. Robbie and I stood on the so-called bridge and watched our loads gradually carried across. Really, those natives did wonderfully well.

When all our stuff was over, six strong fellows swam back to carry me across in the machilla. They put the machilla pole on their heads, and slowly, with much shouting, talking, and excitement, got me across. To cross by the small bridge under water was the hardest and most dangerous of all. We seemed to stick there so long. I expected to go down any minute, but did not. Then the natives went over again, and carried Robbie across on their shoulders. He had to take off his boots and stockings, and roll up his trousers. Alan's shoes and stockings got wet, but that was all the damage done. We were certainly very lucky. The carriers fell with Robbie's bicycle, but did it no harm. There were loud peals of laughter and shouting when they landed me. Robbie is going to give them a reward tomorrow for doing so well.

CAMPING ON A LEAKY VERANDA

After this experience we traveled through grass seven or eight feet high (no road), uphill and downhill and through small rivers, until we came to Mr. Correa's place, or Songu Monga village. This is a beautiful place. Mr. Correa has a store, but unfortunately he is away. We are camping in a corner of his cool veranda. We have put up our tent fly at the side and front, so have a comfortable room.

This is the hottest and driest day we have had since starting on our trip. We shall stay here until tomorrow. Little Alan's face looks a sight indeed from mosquito bites. A short distance from here two natives were killed in fighting, so it seems we have a vicious tribe to work with.

LUVINDA'S VILLAGE, MARCH 1.—Before I write of today's journey, I must tell you that a terrific storm arose about five o'clock yesterday afternoon, and almost washed us out. The veranda leaked terribly, and in a little time we could almost

swim in it. We all had to huddle in a corner. It leaked until near midnight. What a time we had!

CRAWLING ON A TREE TRUNK

We left Songu Monga village about five o'clock this morning. It looked very much like rain, but we were favored with good weather. The trip was not hard today. We had a couple of bad places to pass. At one place I had to crawl on my hands and knees on a tree trunk which served as a bridge across a river. We arrived here quite early this morning, and decided to remain until tomorrow, because another storm is threatening. We shall get home tomorrow. Hurrah! I shall be glad. I feel so tired, yet I have done nothing on the journey. Robbie and James do the cooking while I sit and watch, but the jolting of the machilla is fatiguing.

We are in a resthouse in a very large native village. The natives crowd around and look at us in wonder. The old men come and shake hands. We passed a sick man on the road, who had been thrown out of his village to die. We are sending two men from this village to get him and take him on to the mission.

A HOT BATH FOR THE CHICKEN

Our fowls did look pitiful! The poor things were wet and dirty. One was nearly dead with cold, so Robbie gave it a hot bath, and it seems to have revived. He cares for those fowls as if they were children. Alan enjoys every minute of the time, and wants to know why it is so far to the Congo. He thinks we are not in the Congo until we reach the mission. He is now on his tricycle, with the little native children running after him. I am called "Madam" by black and white in this country.

Robbie and I have been giving the sick fowl some hot porridge, and we think it may live now.

AT HOME

HOME, SWEET HOME! WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2.—Here we are at home! We resumed our journey at two o'clock this

morning, and arrived here at nine o'clock, just after breakfast. Such a dear little home to come to! The garden in front is so pretty, and everything is nice and clean. I have been busy today unpacking and fixing things a bit. It will take weeks to get the house in order. We have not much furniture. The dining-room has a nice sideboard, box case, paper rack, three chairs, and a table, all homemade. The kitchen contains only a few pots and pans. Our stove has not arrived yet, so we have to cook outside over an open fire, and everything seems to taste smoky. All dishwashing is done on the floor.



Staking Out the Songa Mission Farm, Our First Mission
in the Congo

Mark on hat shows chief who gave this land. Elders W. E. Straw and
F. R. Stockil on the ends.

FROM SOLUSI TO THE BELGIAN CONGO

BROTHER R. P. ROBINSON gives the following interesting description of the journey made by him and his family from our old Solusi station to the Belgian Congo, where they were among our first pioneers:

Leaving Bulawayo by train Thursday noon, May 19, 1921, we reached Sakania, the border town between Northern Rhodesia and the Congo, Sabbath evening. From there on we were in the Belgian Congo, where the railway system changed, as did also the currency, language, and the customs of the people. The Belgians speak French and use the French franc.

Sunday at one o'clock we reached Elizabethville, a town of about 2,000 Europeans. We had shipped all our goods at the passenger rate, so they would accompany us to Bukama, in order that I might personally see that the carriers landed them safely at the mission. But when the train left Monday morning at eight o'clock, it took only us and the baggage we carried in our hands. We could not get the goods through the customs, and they would have to wait, as there is only one train a week to Bukama.

Monday evening we reached Kambove, where the great copper mines are. There we transferred to a freight train in which was one coach. In our compartment, which provided sleeping places for four, were four men, Mrs. Robinson, and the two children, but we were glad we had a place to sit and sleep that night.

Tuesday evening we reached Kalule, where the bridge across the Kalule River had been washed out and a new one was being put in. We spent the night in the train, and the next morning carried our baggage across the rickety improvised bridge to the train on the other side.

RIDING IN A BOX CAR

I had bought second-class tickets at Elizabethville, but on arriving at this train and finding no first, second, or third class

accommodations, we took a fourth-class box car. After helping Mrs. Robinson and the children in, I jumped in to find a place for our baggage. There were nine men and ourselves in the car, so there was not very much room left. But seeing a vacant place in the back end of the car, I took our belongings there. I occupied it, but with considerable care, as my nose and eyes revealed to me a large spot where chickens had been kept for some time. We had to occupy that place all the afternoon, and eat our dinner there, as there was no other vacant space. One of the men was kind enough to let Mrs. Robinson use his steamer chair, which was the only kind of chair in the car. We left Kalule at one o'clock, reaching Bukama at six-thirty that evening.

On arriving at Bukama, we found James, a native worker from the mission, who had come with forty-two carriers to meet us. Brother C. Robinson had written that he would send James, since it would necessitate his leaving his family alone for nearly two weeks if he himself should come. The mission is just one hundred miles northwest of this terminus, and when it is explained that one has to travel the distance by native carriers, who travel only fifteen or twenty miles a day, it will be understood why so much time is required.

James was an old Solusi boy, having spent nearly three years there receiving his training. Half of that time he spent as our kitchen boy, so we were very glad to see him. It was my privilege to baptize him just before he left to come up to the Congo with Brother Robinson. James is a Nyasaland boy, and when he left Solusi, we took Alfred, also from Nyasaland, as our kitchen boy. Being old friends, they had corresponded with each other, and James had urged Alfred to come up with us when he knew we were coming.

Just before leaving Solusi, Alfred asked to come with us. After considering his request carefully, we decided two Christian boys at a new mission station would be much better than one, so we brought Alfred along. I shall never forget how James' black face beamed with joy as he shook Alfred's hand when we got off the train that evening.

James took us up to the Correa Brothers' hotel(?), where we were given a room with nothing in it but a rickety table, a small washstand, and some mosquitoes. However, a native soon brought in a couple of cots. We hurriedly ate from our lunch box and crawled under the nets, where we enjoyed a fairly good night's rest.

WHERE HORSES CANNOT LIVE

On Thursday, May 26, the day following our arrival in Bukama, we were to begin our long trek of a hundred miles to the mission. On account of the tsetse fly, there are no domesticated animals larger than a goat in this part of the Congo; therefore the native is the only means of conveyance, although bicycles are used to some extent by the white man. Brother C. Robinson had sent two machillas and a bicycle,—the larger machilla for Mrs. Robinson, the smaller one for the children, and the bicycle for myself. Eight boys, changing off two at a time, carried Mrs. Robinson, while only two were required to carry the children.

On this day I had my first experience in dealing with carriers. In the letter Brother C. Robinson sent by James, he instructed us to leave Bukama not later than 3:30 p. m., and cross the Lualaba to a resthome about two miles farther on, where we should stay that night and be ready for an early start Friday morning. Of course it was my purpose to follow these instructions, but the forty-two carriers came before we had our breakfast, and wanted their load. I learned later that they came early to get the lightest loads.

Twenty-two were required for the luggage we had with us and the two machillas, leaving twenty to wait over a week to bring some of our most needed things when they arrived on the next train. James chose the twenty-two to go with us, and I made all arrangements with the others to stay over the week.

WILD AND UNMANAGEABLE CARRIERS

A wilder lot of men I have never seen in my life. I was never more thankful than I was then, for being large and

strong, for I had to hold those wild men off by main strength to keep them from coming right into the room and taking our things before I could get them strapped up. They were after the lightest articles. However, I finally distributed the loads, and it was done before noon. When once it was done, the men sat on their loads and parleyed and argued with James, and then with me. They wanted this and they wanted that. I knew, on account of my being a new man, they were only trying to get everything out of me they could.

The twenty who were to remain over, made a demand to which I would not accede. They talked and talked a long time. It was getting late, and I told James to get those off who had the tent and other equipment, so it would be ready when we reached the camping place. James did all in his power to get them to start, but they would not move, although they were not in the least concerned in the matter. I was growing more and more uneasy and anxious, but that made no difference whatever; they did not leave until four-thirty. That was very trying, but it was not all. Because I would not concede to the demand of the twenty, they said they would go home, and their homes were a hundred miles away. I left it at that, hoping they were only talking.

HOT, HUNGRY, TIRED, AND DIRTY

The day was intensely hot, so we did not leave till 5:30 P. M. Down at the river bank we had to wait a half hour for the boat. When the boat came, there was a scramble for places. Fifty natives with their loads got in, and we climbed in, squeezing ourselves down among the men. We crossed safely, and reached the resthouse just before dark.

Somehow James had succeeded in getting the tent pitched and things nearly ready for us. But we were hot, hungry, tired, and dirty. The tent was small and crowded, there was no water, and the mosquitoes were thick, and both the children were crying bitterly. Mrs. Robinson was suffering intensely from headache as a result of the cold she had contracted the day before while riding in the open box car.

Furthermore, James came just at that time, and reported definitely that the twenty carriers had gone home. Before leaving Bukama, the twenty-two carriers had demanded extra money, for which I knew they had no reason whatever to ask. James now told me they were going home with the others if I did not give them the money they asked. Well, that was enough! My sick wife and two crying little ones seemed almost more than I could bear up under; but to have all the carriers leave me in such a desolate, fever-infected place, would be a bitter experience. Without carriers I could not go forward, nor could I go back. I did not know what to do.

Before going to bed, I called James again, and in talking with him I found an excuse by which I could concede to the demand of the carriers without doing so directly; so I gave James the money for them. The next morning, I was up at 2:15 and found the carriers all there. I woke them, and we were off at 3:15.

A TURNPIKED FOOTPATH

Our road was the government road to Kabinda and other places, two or three hundred miles out from Bukama. It is really a turnpiked footpath. The government requires the natives to build the roads and to bridge all rivers and marshes with poles, and to keep them in repair. The turnpike is about ten feet wide, and just after the rainy season the grass and bushes are hoed off. The first hundred miles the road runs just a little west of north. All along this road, usually at important native villages, resthouses have been built. Some of these resthouses are large and very comfortable.

Brother C. Robinson had sent me a typed mileage table which gave the names of the villages where the resthouses were; also the names of rivers and the distance from one place to the next. We found this to be a great help. On Friday, according to the mileage table, we were to travel twenty-seven miles from Bukama to a large native village where there was a good resthouse in which we could stay over the Sabbath. Nearly this entire distance took us over rough, broken jungles, infested with

lions and leopards, and for more than twenty miles full of tsetse flies. We were unmolested, however, until daylight came and the flies began biting us. Fortunately, in this part of the Congo they do not carry the sleeping-sickness. They seem to be worse in the bamboo forest.

MORE TROUBLE WITH THE CARRIERS

Except for the tsetse fly, everything went on quite smoothly till the heat of the day when the carriers became tired and hot. I left James and Alfred with Mrs. Robinson, while I went ahead with Gracie; her carriers, having a light load, traveled faster. Occasionally I made them wait until Mrs. Robinson came up. She told me the carriers were acting mean, and I had noticed that she was alone. She said James and Alfred were falling back and did not keep up. I didn't at all like the idea of her being alone with the carriers, but it was difficult to do otherwise, so we went on. Not knowing a word of this language, and James, our interpreter, being absent, we were almost helpless.

Finally Mrs. Robinson told me I would have to do something; the carriers were not only mean in letting the machilla drop onto the ground roughly, and forcing her to get out and walk up the slightest steep places, but once when she refused to get out they jabbered threateningly and gesticulated angrily with their hands.

I was thoroughly aroused. We had stopped at a watering place, and I knew I could not hold them there till James came; so I proposed to keep the two machillas together. I motioned to the carriers to take up the machilla so Mrs. Robinson could get in. They just sat and laughed at me. I waited awhile and both of us told them, but with the same result. We waited, and all the while Gracie's machilla was getting farther away.

Well, to cut a long story short, I did the only wise thing I could do — calmly pretended I didn't care. After ten minutes of mocking us, they got up one by one and we started. I jumped on the bicycle and dashed ahead, and with quite a bit

of trouble stopped the other machilla until Mrs. Robinson caught up. I kept them together till we reached the next resthouse at 4:30 P. M.

A WELCOME DAY OF REST

As stated before, it was our intention to stop over Sabbath at the large resthouse twenty-two miles from Bukama, but instead, we stayed at a little mission station near by.

An American missionary of the Pentecostal people, by the name of Moody, cordially invited us to stay with him. We did so, and were well entertained. We very much appreciated the opportunity of getting clean as well as getting some good food once more. Sabbath was indeed a day of rest to us.

Sunday morning we were off at 2:45, and reached the next resthouse near Kisuhis village at 8:30 A. M. The carriers with their heavy loads had traveled twenty miles in five hours and forty-five minutes. This was a large village, and even before the machillas were set down, we were surrounded by scores of natives. Mrs. Robinson and the children, as at the village where we stopped Friday evening, were the center of attraction. But the children were especially the objects that attracted them. They had seen one or two white women before, but never had they seen a little white girl and white baby.

AN AFRICAN BEER FEAST

A big feast and beer-drink was going on in the village, and all day and night the yells of the natives and the constant beating of their tom-toms reminded us of the rank heathenism by which we were surrounded. We were not far from the Lovoi River, which not only was full of hippopotami, but abounded with mosquitoes. The insects were already swarming around us, and drove us under our nets at an early hour.

The next morning I was up at 2:15 to the tune of the beer-drink tom-toms, which were still sounding at full force. We got away at 3:15, and had an interesting time crossing the rickety bridge over the river. The hardest experience for me, however, came a little farther along, when we reached a series



The Hotel, Bukama, Congo



Traveling in a Machilla

of very muddy marshes. Supposing the first to be the only one, I succeeded in keeping out of the mud and water by very laboriously forcing the bicycle through the tall grass to one side. A few rods farther I had my labor to do all over again. By the time I had passed the fifth of the series, all the carriers had passed me, and I was left quite alone, struggling with might and main to get through the grass, imagining all the time a lion was creeping up behind me; for that part of the country was the second and last stretch of lion country through which we had to pass.

A ROYAL RECEPTION

We reached the Songu Monga resthouse at 6:45 A. M. in the greatest triumphal march I expect ever to have accorded me. The reception we were given at that great native village, situated in one of the most beautiful spots on earth, I shall never forget. At the approach of every native village the carriers entered, in mass formation, to the tune of a kind of song which proclaimed the presence of the *mzungu* (white people). They began singing long before we reached the village, and by the time we arrived, hundreds were lining both sides of the road which led to the resthouse. The resthouse, as well as the village, is in the midst of scores of large palms, bananas, and other tropical vegetation.

Those natives escorted us to the resthouse, about three hundred yards, every one yelling at the top of his voice. I rode by the side of the machilla. Looking back, forward, and all around, I estimated the throng to be between five and seven hundred. It was a sight and a thrill I shall never forget.

NATIVES' INTEREST IN OUR CHILDREN

As soon as we reached the resthouse, I took the children out of the machilla. How I wish you could have seen those natives and heard their grunts of awe and wonder. I was looking especially at one old woman. She had an expression on her old wrinkled face which I dare say was never there before in her life. She and hundreds of others were seeing what they had never seen before. They crowded around Gracie, com-

pletely inclosing her, but she paid very little attention to them, having become used to it. I have seen her stand playing with something while scores of naked blacks stood staring at her, and she was apparently unmindful of their presence. I have no fear of their ever molesting her, for never yet have I seen a single native so much as lift a finger to touch her or any of her playthings.

FIGHTING FOR A STRING

Our journey to Songu Monga Monday morning was so short that I succeeded in getting the carriers to go on to Luzhima River. Their consent to go farther, however, was given with such reluctance that instead of getting away after breakfast, as we intended, it was eleven o'clock before they gathered at the resthouse to make ready to proceed. As they were tying up their loads, a big fight started among them over a piece of string. One fellow ran for his battle-ax, and I thought he was going to split his enemy's head wide open. But he didn't do what his actions indicated that he intended to do.

We left Songu Monga at 12:30 P. M. The country over which we had been traveling was quite broken and to a great extent covered with timber, but that before us was a great plain cut up by many rivers. Along the water courses were tall trees, but the land between the rivers was flat and covered with tall grass, with occasional patches of scrub timber. The perennial water of these rivers is very clear and cold. The coldness is due to the fact that all streams and water courses are bounded on either side by dense jungles. In these jungles the trees are a hundred feet high, and thus the water is almost entirely shaded.

Among the trees live different kinds of monkeys. Then there are the gorgeously colored parrots and birds, butterflies of immense size, and other insects of dazzling tints and colors, flitting about among climbing plants of every description.

We had traveled only three or four miles across a plain when we came to one of these jungle rivers. It was about two hundred yards through the jungle. In the middle flowed a little

stream of clear water which was very cold. The path through this entire jungle was made by laying small poles across logs. Underneath was soft marsh.

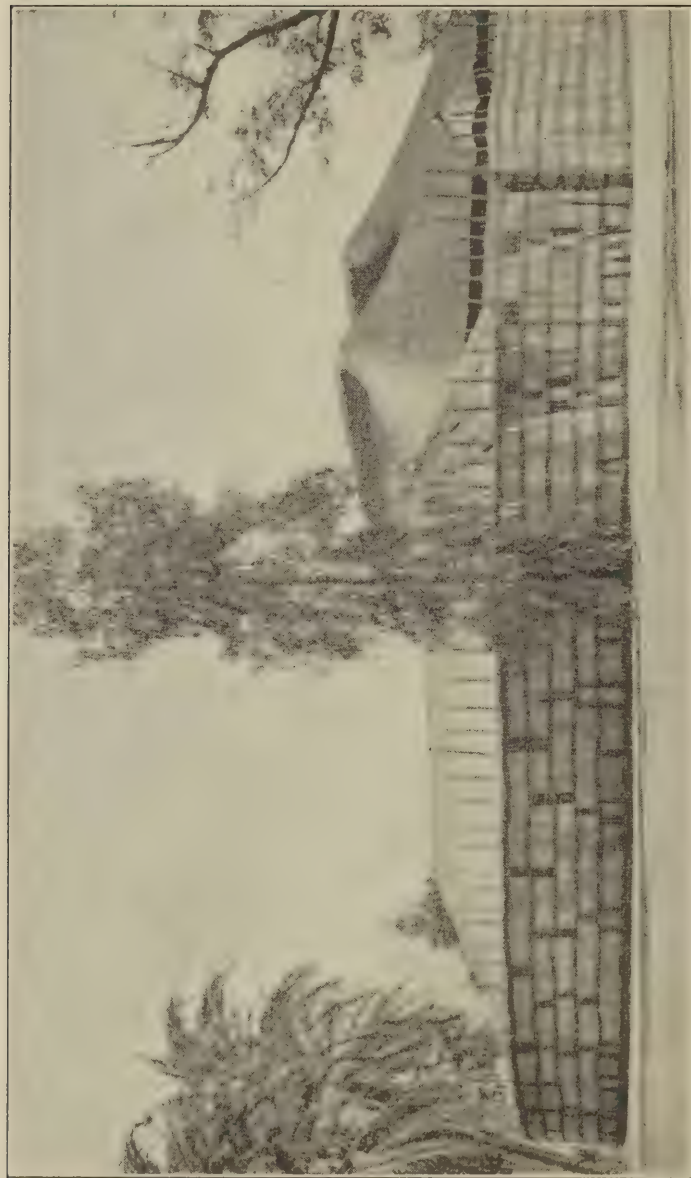
After traveling seven miles across another plain, on which I saw many tracks of large game, we came to the resthouse at Luzhima River at 4:30 P. M. This is one of the few rivers which cut so deep through the plain that they form cañons. At the Luzhima resthouse we were again surrounded by scores of natives.

YELLS, YODELS, WHISTLES, AND GRUNTS

Tuesday morning we got away a bit late, at 4:15, but made good time, passing the Lubinda resthouse just after daybreak. The carriers again started up their *mzungu* song before reaching the village, and how they did yell! In fact, all the yells, yodels, whistles, and grunts these wild men have, are different from anything any white man ever produced. At that early hour the whole village was out waiting for us. And then how they yelled as the carriers ran in through the village and back out to the road!

In the next few miles we crossed several rivers and passed another large village. But we kept on till we reached the Mbota resthouse. We were now only twelve miles from the mission, and could easily have completed the journey that day, but could not get a carrier to move until the next morning. We had arrived at Mbota at 9 A. M., and were very hungry, having had no breakfast. All our things arrived, one by one, except the lunch box, which finally came just two hours later.

Wednesday morning, June 1, we left Mbota at 4:30. Not long after daylight we came to a straight path leading away from the main path. Following this, we soon met Alan Robinson, Brother C. Robinson's little boy, coming along on his tricycle to meet us. Near the mission house we met Brother Robinson, and my first words to him were, "At last, Stanley has found Livingstone," and I believe our rejoicing was nearly as great as that of the real Stanley and Livingstone. We had traveled 1,350 miles, and had been on the road just fourteen days.



Dwelling-Place of Chief Yeta the Third, Barotseland, North Rhodesia

SELECTING NEW MISSION SITES IN CENTRAL AFRICA

IN 1923 the African Division committee felt that the time had come to make another advance north into the heart of the great Congo, and accordingly arrangements were made for the author and Dr. John D. Reith to go to Elizabethville and accompany Elder E. C. Boger in a search for a location for our next outpost in this field. The following chapters are made up from my notes sent, while on this trip, to my family in Cape Town, South Africa:

EN ROUTE TO THE GREAT CONGO

TUESDAY, MAY 29, 11 A. M.— Well, here we are on the train for the great Congo. We were in a compartment with four others when we left Cape Town, but the smoke was so unpleasant that we asked the ticket inspector to give us a compartment by ourselves. As usual, he said there were no vacant seats, but a few shillings helped him to find a whole compartment, to which he transferred us, so we are now riding in comfort. The worst smoker in the other compartment was the old man who got on with us at Cape Town. He had a big pipe, and puffed continuously like a steam engine.

We have been faring well on the nice lunches you and Blanche put up for us. This morning we had a large glass of hot milk on the train, and this made us think we had had a warm breakfast. I think we have sufficient lunch to last us the entire five days that it requires to reach the Congo border.

We find that we have all the luggage we can well manage, but after all, we could not safely do without any of it. It consists of two tin trunks, two lunch boxes, two camp stretchers with nets, a stereopticon, Dr. Reith's medicine kit, and two hand bags, also our two bed rolls, consisting of ten blankets. Of course, when we reach the Congo, we shall have to add

many other things before we launch out into the wilds to locate the mission sites.

SNOW ON THE MOUNTAINS

We were greatly surprised to see snow last night on the mountains along the Hex River, only three hours out of Cape Town. It has fallen very early this year; usually it does not come until the last of June, when it often lies on all the winter. The Hex River valley is a great fruit section, and no doubt this early snow will cause some of their unpicked fruit to spoil, unless it can be gathered soon. It was very cold last night, but our coach was heated, so we slept in comfort.

We are now passing through the great Karroo desert. It has not been long since it rained here, so the Karroo "bush" is quite green, and the herds of cattle and sheep grazing on it are in quite good condition. My, I should not like to live in such a desolate place as this. The cattle farmers live many miles apart, and there is such a sameness to the country that it becomes very monotonous. We shall both be glad when we get up into the bush country.

MAFEKING AND LOBATSI

WEDNESDAY.—This is Wednesday. We have just passed Lobatsi, Bechuanaland. This is near Kanye, where Dr. Kretschmar is located, and where he has had such a wonderful experience recently in opening up this country to the message, through the medical missionary work. Early this morning we passed through Mafeking, where Elder and Mrs. W. H. Anderson are located and which is now the headquarters of the Bechuanaland Mission field.

It is only about four years since this field was first opened, but so wonderfully has the work developed, that today it has the largest native membership of any of the local fields of the South African Union Conference, though the work has been carried on in some of them for more than a quarter of a century.

Last night at Kimberley we met a young couple who boarded our train there en route to Lobatsi. We found they had at-

tended our meetings in the Opera House at Cape Town during March and April. The wife is keeping the Sabbath. I have taken their name and address, and will put Dr. Kretchmar in touch with them, since they are so near him.

IN THE BUSH COUNTRY

The farther north we go, the more interesting the country and surroundings become. We are now in the bush country, where all you can see are scrub trees and a few hills here and there. Now and then we pass a small European village, but there will be no town now of any size until we reach Bulawayo, Rhodesia, the headquarters of the Zambesi Union Mission.

The natives in this section seldom build near the railway line, since they prefer to live their own life uninfluenced by the white man's civilization. They build far away from the main lines of travel, and this gives the country a deserted appearance. At some of the sidings they will come out to sell their wares to the passengers on the train. We have just passed a place where there were scores of half-naked natives selling oranges, milk, skins, clay urns, and wood curios, skilfully carved to represent various wild beasts and fowls. Some of them were very fine indeed.

One cannot help comparing the mode of travel through this country today with what it was when our first pioneers came here, some thirty years ago. At that time Mafeking marked the end of the railroad line. The rest of the way to Bulawayo, and farther north beyond the Zambesi, had to be made by ox wagon, requiring months of travel. Today one can take a train at Cape Town, and in three days go to Elizabethville, which is far over the border in the great Congo. How wonderfully God has prepared the way for the speedy finishing of His work!

THROUGH NORTHERN RHODESIA

FRIDAY NOON.—I have not written since Wednesday, and now it is Friday noon, and we have already left the great Zambesi River to the south of us. We are passing through Northern Rhodesia. We had a half day in Bulawayo on

Thursday, and visited the Zambesi Union headquarters there. We were pleased to find their new European church completed, and I am sure it is one of the finest and most representative buildings we have in Africa. This will give the Bulawayo white church a permanent home, and will give the union a most desirable place to hold its general meetings. They are also planning to build a new church for the native believers in the native section of the town.

How different is the situation now from what it was when our first missionaries landed in this town in 1896 to open our first mission station in South Central Africa! The Solusi Mission station, which they then established, situated some thirty-two miles from Bulawayo, has now grown into a union training school, and the work has extended to all parts of Rhodesia, to Nyasaland, the Belgian Congo, and East and West Africa. Bulawayo is a splendid, up-to-date town of about 5,000 white inhabitants and several thousand natives, and is surely the logical place for the headquarters of our work in the Zambesi Union.

AT VICTORIA FALLS

This morning, just as the sun was coming up, we crossed the Zambesi River at Victoria Falls. As the rains have only recently stopped, the river is in flood, and the sight presented by the great falls is wonderful. This is the greatest waterfall in the world, the nearest approach to it being Niagara.

We reached Livingstone only a few minutes after leaving the falls, and here the train halted for two hours. This is also a large town, and bears its name in honor of Africa's great pioneer missionary explorer. On three different trips through Central Africa, Livingstone made his camp near this place, and many traces of his work are still to be found here.

About one hundred miles from here, up the Zambesi River and on its south bank, is situated one of our newest mission stations, on a strip of territory almost wholly surrounded by the water of two rivers, and where no mission work has ever been done before. In order to reach this mission, one must

travel up the river in a boat propelled by native paddlers, a journey which requires from three to seven days, according to the swiftness of the rapids. Coming back downstream, however, the trip is made very quickly.

The great Barotse country lies just north of the river from this mission, and for years our missionaries have been anxious to open up work there, but were not permitted to do so. Many of our best teachers and evangelists are men who have come out of this Barotse country to our missions in other sections, and last year some of these went back to their homes and to the paramount chief's village, and while there, preached the message to their own people. As a result, an invitation has now come to our leaders here to visit this country, and we are glad to learn that two weeks ago Elders E. M. Howard and J. V. Wilson and Brother L. E. Biggs left Livingstone for a tour through this section, with the hope of making definite arrangements for locating a mission in this tribe. We hear that the big chief is on his way to meet these brethren, and we trust they will be greatly prospered in their mission.

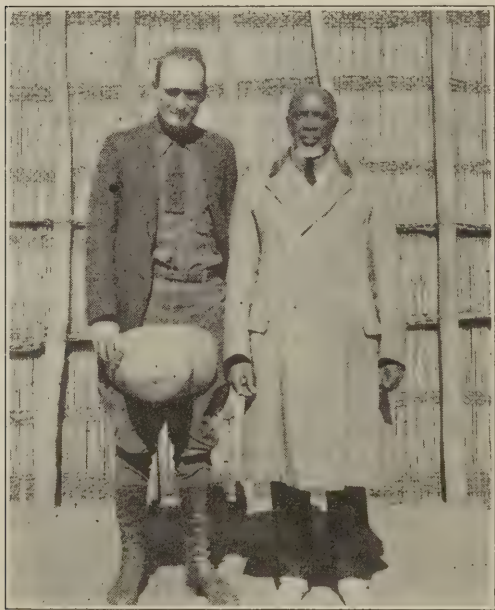
This country is very different from South Africa. Northern Rhodesia is largely covered with small timber and high grass, and withal is very fascinating. In some sections wild game is found in abundance.

As we stop at the railway sidings, the natives come out of the woods, where their huts are secluded, to sell us peanuts, boiled sweet potatoes, eggs, oranges, etc., and bartering with them is very interesting.

PECULIAR TRIBAL MARKS

Each tribe has its peculiar tribal mark. Some knock out the upper front teeth, some file all the front teeth to a sharp point, others cut various characters on the face and arms, while the tribal connection of some is distinguished only by the mode of doing up the hair. Some tribes work the hair up into high topknots, with the assistance of clay and grease. Some shave the head, some plait the hair in long braids matted together with clay.

The natives here wear very few clothes when living in their natural state, and their food supply consists largely of corn, Kafir corn, and meat. Most of them appear strong and robust, and seem perfectly contented with their surroundings. My observation is that the native is greatly blessed and uplifted by the gospel, when he is led to accept it, but that he is spoiled by European civilization. If he could be taught the gospel, but left to live largely in his natural state, he would be much happier and better.



Yeta, Paramount Chief of Barotseland
Missionary L. E. Biggs at left.

AT ELIZABETHVILLE, BELGIAN CONGO

SUNDAY, JUNE 3, 1923.— Well, here we are at Elizabethville, Belgian Congo. Since writing last, we have traveled through a great deal of interesting country. We saw our first real African jungle as we neared the Belgian Congo. In some places the trees, vines, and tall grass grow in such profusion and are so tangled that it would be quite difficult to get through. Most of the country is wooded, and the trees are much larger and prettier than those seen in Rhodesia.

At Broken Hill, Northern Rhodesia, an American gentleman got on the train, and rode with us in our compartment. We learned that he was making a tour of all the countries of the world, studying conditions at first hand. He related many interesting experiences connected with his travels in Australia, New Zealand, and the South Seas. He is now spending some months in Africa, and is then going to Asia and South America. He disembarked at a small siding near the Congo border, where he is spending some time hunting large game.

SAKANIA A TRANSFER POINT

When we crossed the Congo border, we came to the end of the Rhodesian railway line at Sakania. There all had to change. It was not difficult to realize that we were in a foreign country, for every one spoke French instead of English.

We found the Belgian people very polite and courteous indeed, and had no difficulty whatever with the customs or the immigration officers. We had to wait six hours before the Congo train started north, and found it a very dull place. The town consists of a few galvanized iron houses, a small electric light plant, a hotel, and the station. We had breakfast in the station tea-room, consisting of eggs and bread and butter, and something hot to drink, for which we paid six francs, now worth about thirty-five cents.

One thing that has surprised us greatly is the fact that almost everything is cheaper here than in Cape Town. Several things that we brought from the Cape for use on our trip, we find could have been bought cheaper here. For example, Dr. Reith finds that an iron trunk, for which he paid £6 in Cape Town, could have been purchased here for about £4.

We noticed quite a difference in the train carriages on leaving Sakania. They are built higher from the ground, and the compartments are more spacious and comfortable. We were rather surprised to learn that all the railway engines are driven by native engineers, and that on the freight trains even the conductors are natives. It is very evident that, if given an equal opportunity, these black men of the Central African forests could learn to do about everything that the white man does. Many of the station masters in the smaller railway stations are also natives, and so are most of the police.

OUR HEADQUARTERS IN ELIZABETHVILLE

When we arrived in Elizabethville, we were happy to meet Elder and Mrs. E. C. Boger and Brother and Sister Le Butt, who are located here, and were soon enjoying a rest in their hospitable home. Elder Boger is superintendent of the Congo Mission field, and will no doubt be permanently located here. We were glad to find a good company of native people in the evening Bible class being conducted at their home, and to learn that several of them had already taken their stand for our message, although these workers have lived here only a few months.

It seems that our main training school for the southern Congo should be established at Elizabethville, since this is a populous section, and is also the government headquarters for all the southern Congo. There are many mines here, and thousands of natives are brought in from all parts of the Congo and Rhodesia to work in the mines. Many of the men are well educated, and if reached with the message, could quickly be trained as teachers and evangelists to work among their own people. It has been decided, therefore, that the first few days shall be spent in looking about here for a site for this mission training school, and then we shall turn our faces northward.



Home of Elder and Mrs. E. C. Boger, Elizabethville, Congo



On the "Trek" near Kongola, Belgian Congo
Left to right: Dr. John Reith, Elder E. C. Boger, and W. H. Branson

What a vast country is this great Congo! It is about two thirds the size of the United States, and we have only one mission station in it to represent our message! Where shall we go first to make a beginning? This is the question we have been wrestling with all day, and it has about been decided that we shall go northeast, toward Lake Tanganyika, and there select sites for two stations to be manned by the new recruits we expect out this year. Thank God that the time has come when the great Congo can be opened up, and these waiting millions can hear God's call. How long they have waited! But it is not yet too late, if God's people will awaken to the great needs of this wonderful field.

BUYING FOOD SUPPLIES

MONDAY, JUNE 4.—Well, another day is done, and I must try to tell you a little of how we spent it. This morning we decided to go shopping in order that we might get our supplies packed and ready for the trip which we are to begin in a few days. We shall have to camp out for some weeks, and therefore must have supplies to last us for this period.

The food supplies we have purchased are:

| | |
|--------------------|------------|
| Flour | 50 lbs. |
| Butter | 6 lbs. |
| Milk | 10 tins |
| Postum | 3 tins |
| Cocoa | 1 tin |
| Cheese | 4 tins |
| Sirup | 2 tins |
| Dill pickles | 2 tins |
| Salt | 2 tins |
| Potatoes | 50 lbs. |
| Onions | 10 lbs. |
| Baked beans | 2 tins |
| Dry beans | 10 lbs. |
| Oatmeal | 1 tin |
| Matches | 2 packages |

We have yet much else to buy before the larder is properly filled. We shall take enough fresh bread to last a week or so, and then of course we shall have to bake over the camp fire. We shall not be able to carry enough to last all the way, but

will depend upon buying some food from the natives as we pass through their villages.

Since deciding that our trip shall be toward the great Lake Tanganyika, we find that we can travel by train to the end of the line at Bukama, then take a river steamboat, and follow the Lualaba (Congo) River to some point directly west of the lake. Thence we shall have to travel on foot, perhaps six hundred miles. This makes it necessary that we take bicycles to help us on wherever it is possible to ride, so today bicycles were purchased here for Dr. Reith and me. Elder Boger had his already.

We were able to secure good British-made bicycles for about \$45, and considering the distance they have been shipped to reach this country, we felt this was very cheap. We are taking some spare parts and a repair outfit along, in case of emergency. We were able to secure thorn-proof tires, so we shall probably have very little trouble with punctures.

"I DO NOT WRITE FRENCH"

Our luggage, which was in the baggage car, came right through from Cape Town to Elizabethville, and today we went down to clear it through the customs. When I appeared at the customs office, I was handed four forms, which I was told must be filled out in French. I explained that I could not write French. "Well," said the officer, "you must find somebody who can." I said, "Where shall I find some one?" and he replied, "Where? I dunno," shrugged his shoulders, turned round to his desk, and went to work.

I rejoined the rest of the party outside, and we started for town to find a customs agent. We succeeded in finding a big, fat, good-natured Belgian, who seems to make his living by helping out in such emergencies, and our troubles were soon over. Really, I believe if there were more fat men in the world, life would be happier, for they are almost invariably good-natured.

The afternoon was spent in looking up sites for the main training school. Elder Boger secured a Ford car at the rate of \$5 a day; we did our own driving, and were able to visit

several prospective sites. The one which appeals to us most is a 200-acre tract situated on a hill overlooking the town, and some three miles out.

This place seems ideal from every point of view. First, it is just the right distance from the town; second, it is one of the highest points in this section of the country; third, it is on a beautiful, hard motor road; fourth, it has running water; fifth, there is plenty of wood for fuel; and sixth, it has the best soil of any site we have seen. We hear that the woman who owns this place is asking about £750 for it. This seems rather high, but we shall try to see her tomorrow, and find out if it cannot be had for considerably less. I really hope it will be possible to secure this place, for it is so ideal in every respect.

A MODERN CITY

Elizabethville is certainly a fine town. It is the largest European town in the southern Congo. The houses are all modern, and are built of brick, with tile, slate, or iron roofs. There is probably no better-built town of its size anywhere in the world, and it has an air of thrift and prosperity. There are three banks, scores of merchandise shops, a modern hospital, schools, hotels, and many beautiful government buildings. A mammoth Catholic cathedral is being completed, which compares favorably with the best cathedrals to be found in other parts of the world.

The city is built on an elevation 5,000 feet above sea level, and therefore is a very healthful place for this part of the country. The streets are wide and well laid out. The sanitary condition is excellent, and one is impressed with the cleanliness of the place.

THE CURFEW

The natives are placed in locations outside the city, and these also are kept immaculately clean. I have never before seen such well-built and excellent native quarters anywhere in Africa. These locations are controlled by the city authorities, and each evening at 9:30 the bugle sounds the curfew. This means that all natives must by this time be off the streets of the city and

in their own locations. It appeals to me as being a very good system for handling a very perplexing problem.

CARRYING TREMENDOUS LOADS WITHOUT FATIGUE

The natives about here seem to be very strong and well built, and for the most part comparatively free from disease, except that which the white man has brought to them. Today as we went about we saw many specimens of splendid manhood and womanhood. While driving through the country, we overtook several native women bringing wood from the forest to their locations, and we were especially impressed by the size of the loads they carried. We decided to try to get a snapshot of them, but could persuade only one of them to pose for the camera.

Dr. Reith decided to change places with her for a photo, and accordingly shouldered her load and waited for the snap. I suppose I took longer than was necessary to take the picture, for he looked so comical we wanted to make it last as long as possible. When I finally snapped him, he was just about ready to collapse under the load, which we estimated would weigh at least 125 pounds. The woman laughed heartily at him, received her franc for posing, swung her load over her shoulder, and ran merrily along the road to overtake her companions.

These tremendous loads are carried by these women for miles, apparently without much fatigue. Dr. Reith, however, has just been complaining to me about his shoulder being sore from holding her load for four or five minutes, while his picture was snapped. One would suppose that the women must eat very nourishing food, but when you investigate, you find that they live almost exclusively on cornmeal, cassava root, and meat when they can get it. How do they develop such splendid physique and such strong muscles? Well, since we have a doctor in the company, I will leave this problem for him to solve.

COLD WEATHER NEAR THE EQUATOR

JUNE 6.—We talked so late last night that I decided not to write anything of the day's happenings, so I have that task

still before me this morning. We have just had breakfast, and will soon be out arranging for our trek northward. It is so cold that I have on my heavy overcoat, and find it very comfortable.

Last night as we sat visiting on the front veranda of Elder Boger's home, we had to wrap blankets around us to keep warm. It reminded one of a scene on the deck of a ship when all the passengers are wrapped up to keep out the chilly winds. How different the climate is from what one would expect to find in the heart of Africa! Of course this is the beginning of winter, and we shall probably have cold nights all the time we are in the Congo, although part of the time we shall be directly on the equator.

Yesterday morning was a busy time for us. We went first to the Standard Bank, and changed our South African money into Congo francs. We received eighty-five francs to the pound. We have so much money now that we shall have to take a special carrier to carry it for us, as most of it must be in metal, since the natives in the interior will not accept paper money. It reminds us of our missionaries in China telling of taking their money with them in a wheelbarrow.

We also did some more shopping, and while in one store the proprietor, who was a Jew, asked who we were. Upon learning that we were Seventh-day Adventists, he told us that he knew our people, and that he had been greatly benefited by a month's stay at the Health Institute at East London, South Africa. While there, he had learned to have great respect for Seventh-day Adventists. Dr. Reith is to see him again today to give him some medical advice, and Elder Boger will accompany him in order that he may form this man's acquaintance, and follow up the interest.

NEW BICYCLES FOR THE TRIP

We received our new bicycles from the shop yesterday, and now we are independent, so far as getting about is concerned. In the afternoon we rode out again to the proposed mission farm, and spent some time investigating possible building sites and

looking up the general surroundings of the place. This appeals to us as being one of the most ideal locations for a mission training school that we have anywhere in Africa.

In the afternoon we shipped a portion of our supplies north to Bukama by freight, so they would arrive by the time we do. We had too much to take it all with us on the passenger train. From Bukama we will take everything with us by boat down the river (the Congo River at this point flows northward) until we disembark to strike into the bush. There we shall have to secure carriers for the rest of the journey. We shall of course take with us from Elizabethville our cook, camp boy, and an interpreter.

Well, the brethren are wanting to go, so I shall have to leave the rest to be related at another time. There is a mail leaving for Cape Town today, so you ought to have this in less than a week. There are two mails a week each way.

A MISSION SITE PURCHASED

JUNE 7.—We have secured the mission site of which I wrote you a few days ago, and are all very happy over it. It surely will make an ideal location for our native training school for the southern Congo. Work will begin at once, and a school will be in operation in a few weeks in temporary buildings made of grass. The permanent buildings cannot be erected until next year. Today we will go out and plan for the building sites.

Last night Brother Boger gave a stereopticon lecture in his dining-room, and the room was packed with interested natives. Almost every evening James, our native evangelist here, conducts a Bible class under a shed in Brother Boger's back yard. It is well attended. We went out the other evening and heard him drilling the natives on the subject of "Tithes and Offerings."

James is one of the native workers the Nyasaland field sent to the Congo to help them get the work started here, and he surely is doing good work. Already there are quite a number of educated natives who have taken their stand for the truth,

and these are waiting to enter the school as soon as it is opened. We hope to see this mission become a strong training center for the preparation of workers for the great Congo field.

A PRIMITIVE MEAL

LATER.—We have just been out watching some of our native workers preparing and eating their dinner. It was prepared outside, over an open fire, by the wife of one of the men, and consisted of cornmeal porridge and meat. The meal is stirred into boiling water until it is as stiff as it can be stirred with a huge wooden ladle, and when the pot begins to slip about over the fire, the woman draws it a bit to one side and holds it between her feet, apparently without the slightest discomfort.

When it has cooked long enough, it is turned out into a dish, usually made of wood, and the men are served first. The meat, which is cooked in a separate pot, is cut into small pieces and a gravy is made with it. When all is ready, the men gather around, and each one takes a small handful of the thick porridge, dips it into the common pot of meat and gravy, and eats from the hand.

When the supply is about half gone, the eldest of the company stops eating, then another, and another, until finally the youngest is left to finish alone, and then it falls to his lot to wash the pots. If, however, he does not feel disposed to do so, he may leave this task for the women.

If the vessels are large enough to cook a sufficient supply for all at once, then the women gather in a separate group and eat at the same time as the men; but if not, as was the case today, then they seem to have the advantage, since they see to it that the largest supply is reserved for themselves, giving the men just what they think they should have. It is a custom of the native also always to share his food with any friend or stranger who may be present, even though this makes his own supply insufficient.

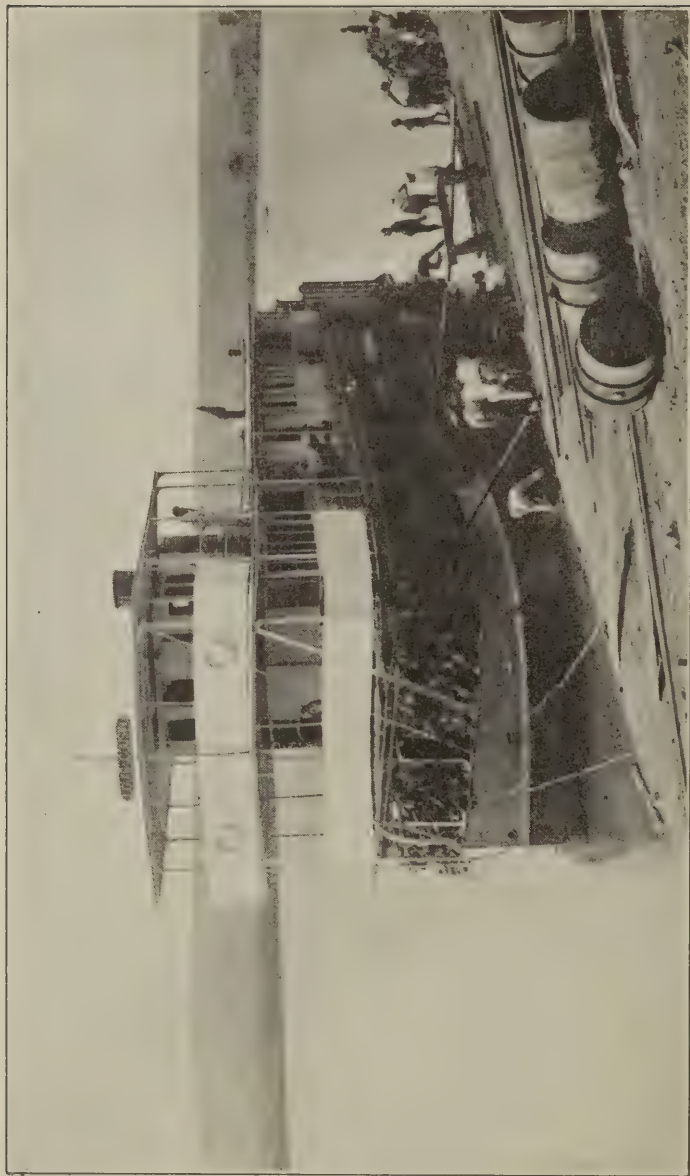
These people are very bashful when white people come around at mealtime, and it was with difficulty that we persuaded them

to go on with their meal today, while we were present. The last one through today was a little boy seven years old, and he was so bashful that he slipped the pans to one side, and left them for the women to wash. The people seem to be rather clean in their habits, whereas some tribes are just the opposite, leaving their pots dirty from one meal to another. Thus they are usually covered with flies and filth until they are used again, and then another fresh layer is added. I have seen pots in use that had not been cleaned for months. This, however, is seen only among the low slave tribes, in whose hearts there seems to be very little self-respect left.

DESCENDANTS OF A POWERFUL RACE

One thing that impresses one here is to see how straight the women stand. This is perhaps due to the fact that they are the burden-bearers, and the wood and water are all carried on their heads. They look very dignified as they go along with head erect and shoulders thrown far back.

One recognizes in these people descendants of a great and powerful race; and even today, where they have not come in too close touch with European civilization, they are far superior to the white man in physique and endurance. If any one desires evidence that they are really human beings, he can find it in the fact that one of these men, whose forefathers never attended school as far back as history goes, can emerge from the forests, go to school a few years, and then enter medical college or a university in England, and make as good grades as the white man beside whom he sits in the classes, though the white men have the advantage (or is it a disadvantage?) of centuries of civilization.



River Steamer "Louis Cousin" on the Lualaba, or Upper Congo
On this boat the writer and his party journeyed from Bukama to Kiangola.

AT BUKAMA

WE are now at Bukama. This is called the jumping-off place, as it is the end of the railway line, and it has the appearance of being almost the end of the world. The journey from Elizabethville was quite uneventful, except for meeting a few fellow missionaries along the way, who seemed very glad to meet, even for a few moments, some one who had come in from the outside world.

At Panda we met a man and his wife who are working under the auspices of the Methodist Mission Board, and who have opened up mission work among the Belgian population of this mining center. As he was an American, and from Illinois, he was especially pleased to meet us. Americans are few and far between in these parts.

One of our fellow passengers to Bukama is a New Zealand gentleman who, with his wife, is returning to the Congo after a much-needed furlough to their home. They are working in the central Congo, far to the north of Bukama and down the Congo River. They are connected with the "Brethren," and seem to have quite an extensive work in some parts of the Congo. They will continue with us for some time yet on our journey.

A VAST PLATEAU

The country between Elizabethville and Bukama is a vast plateau, and rises in some parts to about 7,000 feet above the sea. If only the dread mosquito could be eradicated from this country, it would be one of the fairest lands on earth. The climate is wonderful, and of course as this is the dry season, there are very few mosquitoes. It is very delightful indeed. The entire country is covered with light forest, and except for a few native compounds near the little railway stations, has a deserted appearance. The native people stay as far away from the white man's inventions as possible, except when they come out to earn money as laborers or servants.

This they do largely because they must pay an annual tax to the government, and there is no opportunity of earning this money in their own villages.

Our train last night ran at the alarming rate of 25 or 30 miles an hour. This speed would not be considered very alarming in a place like Cape Town or New York, but up here, on a narrow-gauge railway, over a roadbed poorly laid, and with a native engine driver at the throttle, we felt that the speed was dangerous. I awoke many times in the night with the sensation of rolling out of my berth, as we would swing round a sharp curve and start down a steep hill. However, the eye of the Lord was upon us, and we were preserved from all harm.

The trains up here are much the same as at the Cape, except that not so many passengers are placed in one compartment, four being the maximum. Each coach has six compartments, and each compartment contains sleeping accommodation for four persons, with room for their hand luggage. Altogether, they are very comfortable. There is a dining-car, in which one can secure very good meals for from 60 to 75 cents.

A QUEER VILLAGE

Bukama is a queer little village, situated on a knoll overlooking the banks of the Lualaba River (the name of the southern end of the great Congo). Its few shops and houses are built of corrugated iron, or of poles and mud, with thatch roofs. There are two hotels, and since the better one was full, we had to go to the poorer one. The three of us were given one small room in a pole-and-mud building with one single bed. The bed did not look very inviting, so we had it removed, and put up our own cots instead. We put nets over our cots as a protection against the few mosquitoes that were about, but this morning we found that fourteen out of the fifteen mosquitoes in the room, were under our nets.

Our meals are served to us in our room, for which we are very grateful, as the general dining-room is not very inviting. Today at 10 A. M. we expect the river steamer to come in, and then we shall go aboard and have better quarters. It will

require about five days to reach Kongola, and there we shall take a train farther north, or strike west across the country toward the great lake. There are several telegraph and wireless stations along the way, and we can get into touch with the outside world at almost any government station along the river.

Our tent and most of our food supplies were shipped from Elizabethville by freight. So far they have not arrived. We understand there is to be a train in today, and we hope these things will come. If not, then we shall have to go on without them, for to miss this boat would mean a delay of eight or ten days, and we would rather take our chances in the bush without tent and food than to be forced to remain here another ten days.

A GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT

We were met here by twenty-six boys from the Songa Mission, which is situated about one hundred miles to the northwest. Brother and Sister R. P. Robinson are in charge of our work there, and as they expected us to pass by their mission, they had sent the boys to carry our luggage for us. It has been decided, however, that we shall go eastward to the lake, instead of going west, and so the boys are returning empty handed. We are very sorry indeed to disappoint Brother and Sister Robinson, as a visit from a friend in a far-away place like theirs is something to which they look forward for months; but it seems best for us to go on north, and I am sure they will forgive us. We are keeping one of their boys, Shem by name, to go with us, as he speaks English quite well, and will be a good *capiteu* (foreman) over our carriers.

The Songa Mission has for three years been our only mission station in all this vast Congo country. This site was selected in 1919 by Brethren W. E. Straw and F. R. Stockil, and the work was opened in 1920 by Brethren C. Robinson and Gilbert Willmore. Brother R. P. Robinson joined them the following year. These brethren have worked until almost exhausted in endeavoring to build up the station and get the evangelical and educational work started in a strong way.

A JACK-OF-ALL-TRADES

Varied and often seemingly incongruous are the activities of the missionary who thus pioneers in a new field. He cannot pose as a specialist, and refuse to do work not considered in his line. He may be an ordained minister, but he must also do the work of farmer and ox driver, doctor and dentist, machinist and mason, bookkeeper and carpenter, cobbler and architect, diplomat, judge, and explorer. He may be a doctor, but he must also fit in as a preacher, teacher, nurse, painter, brickmaker, cook, veterinary surgeon, furniture-maker, and builder. If he is a teacher, he must also be ready and able to do everything else that is to be done to prepare and cultivate the land, build up the station, and minister to every real or imaginary need of the native.

Our workers at the Songa Mission found it very difficult to interest the people in the message from the white man's God. But they have kept on praying and working, and results are being seen.

At first it was hard to get the natives to attend school. They were suspicious of the white man. But a number of them were engaged to clear part of the mission land of trees, and to assist in building operations; and as a part of their work they had to attend school for two hours each day. At first they objected, but finally they became reconciled to the plan, and began to manifest an interest in their studies. Now others have come from outlying districts to ask for admittance to the school.

GOD OPENS THE WAY

These workers have been handicapped in not having some good native evangelists and teachers who could speak the languages used in that part of the country. However, this difficulty has been partially overcome by the wonderful working of divine Providence.

Many years ago a native tribe from Portuguese West Africa came over to the country where our mission is located, on a raiding trip, and carried off a number of slaves. Some of the

slaves settled near the Kaleni Hill Mission, across the borders of the Congo, in Angola. Two families in particular were educated at the mission, and two members, father and son, are teachers.

These families desired to leave the land of their captivity and return to their own country; so last November, they left the Kaleni Hill Mission for their old homes. Our mission station is located only a few miles from their homes.

On the way, one family remained behind, the other continuing the journey. The plan was for this family to find a suitable place to locate, and then return for the other family.

In December the first family arrived at our mission, and presented a letter from the superintendent of the above-mentioned mission, addressed, "To our Friends in the Congo." This letter requested the director to allow these families to settle at the mission station.

Elder Robinson was very glad indeed to welcome these natives, and a few days later a member of this family left our mission to show the family that had remained behind, the way to the mission. These families soon responded to the message they heard at our mission, and now are doing acceptable work as teacher-evangelists among their own people.

NATIVE CURIOSITY

[We have already told, in two previous chapters, of the difficulties encountered by the two Robinson families on their journeys to the Songa Mission.]

A letter, received from Sister Robinson, tells in a graphic manner some of the experiences they passed through in pioneering the work at this station. She says:

When we came to the Congo, a little over a year ago, we found conditions far from easy. We seemed to be only a source of interest and curiosity to the natives to whom we had come to give the news of salvation.

Daily we had visitors from the surrounding villages, who came to gaze at us and everything we possessed. Our organ, gramophone, cookstove, and sewing machine were the most

wonderful things they had ever seen. Quite often groups of natives came especially to see the white man's things. The gramophone seemed very wonderful. Sometimes as many as one hundred people came to hear it. They wondered how the same box could make so many different kinds of noises. To make a garment required no skill, for the sewing machine did all the work, so they thought.

TALKED AND LAUGHED IN MEETING

I wish you could have had the privilege of stepping into our Sabbath services a year ago and again today. You would note a vast difference in behavior.

A year ago the news of the Saviour did not appeal to them. It seemed almost impossible to hold a religious service, as the people commented loudly on the words spoken and on anything else which was going on. Talking, whispering, and laughing would interrupt the speaker, and if any one happened to come in whom they had not seen for several days, they always had to rise and greet him.

The natives here are very demonstrative in their salutations, and it is amusing to an onlooker. They embrace and clap each other on the back with both hands, at the same time exclaiming, "Wako! Wako! Wako!" in a happy, excited manner. You can imagine for yourself such a scene in a Sabbath service.

I cannot find words to describe the singing. It seemed an almost hopeless task to teach them, for they had no idea of carrying a tune. We had to teach them that, as well as all the other things.

After teaching them to repeat the Lord's Prayer, the next step was to teach them to bow their heads and close their eyes in reverence. To them there was very little sacredness about it, and for several weeks, each time prayer was offered, one could hear suppressed laughter and giggling. They seemed to find a funny side to everything we tried to teach them.

AFRAID STUDY WOULD KILL THEM

Their behavior in school was worse, because they did not care to learn. They were afraid that something dreadful would

happen to them if they learned to read; and some of the older people told them they would die if they attended school. So we had to require all our hired laborers to attend school, and gradually others came in as they saw that nothing dreadful happened to those who attended.

But today how very different, although there is still much room for improvement. The Sabbath services are attended with good interest, and interruptions by laughter and talking are all in the past. Heads are bowed in reverence when prayer is offered. They can repeat the Lord's Prayer, the commandments, and some scriptures. The singing seems to be almost as good now as any we hear in our older stations. They sing the mission hymns at their work and play, and also in the villages. These have been substituted for the wild native chants which they formerly sang (or shouted).

Now they are more eager to enter school, and they are making good progress. In a few years we hope to have some far enough advanced to become teachers for the village school work.

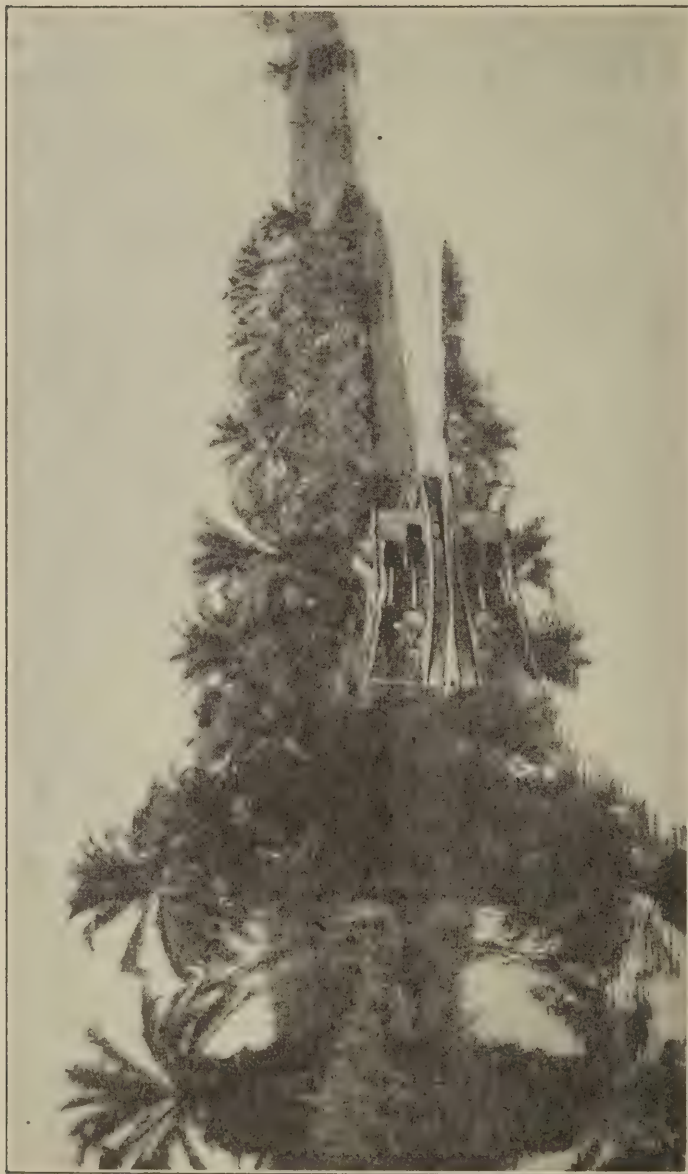
Twelve local natives have indicated their desire to follow Jesus, and have joined the baptismal class.

THE FIRST REAL SABBATH SCHOOL

Last Sabbath we held our first real Sabbath school. As we saw the teachers leading their classes out to study the lesson, we felt that the work is making some advancement, and that it is slowly becoming more like that at the stations where we used to labor. To the Lord be all the glory.

Only those who have experienced working in new soil, among the most benighted people, can realize the discouragements and hardships there are to be contended with in opening new work. But all these are soon forgotten when the worker sees these once ignorant heathen rise and tell of their desire to follow the Lord Jesus, who died for them.

We are glad that the day has now come when other centers can be opened to help bring the light of truth to the twenty or twenty-five million of the Congo, most of whom have never as yet heard the story of the cross.



A Scene on the Beautiful Lualaba River (Upper Congo)

ON THE LUALABA RIVER

JUNE 13, 1923.—We finally got away from Bukama, and are now gliding down the Lualaba River in a fairly comfortable steamer. We were scheduled to start this morning at 7:15. When we came on board last night, we had given up all hopes of getting our tent and supplies, as the freight train had not arrived. We were told, however, that we would be able to purchase a fresh lot of supplies at Kongola, so we were not feeling so bad as we otherwise might have been.

But about nine o'clock, just after we had held an *indaba* (council) over the matter, Elder Boger went ashore, and soon returned with the animated announcement that the train had arrived! We hurried at once to the station master, and inquired about getting our supplies released at once, but this distinguished gentleman coolly informed us that he did not work at night, and we must wait till morning.

"A SERIOUS MATTER"

We retired early, but did not sleep much. The doctor had set for himself the task of waking us all up early, so we could make sure of getting our things aboard, and this evidently preyed upon his mind, for he tossed about and talked in his sleep of many things which were hard to be understood. At one time I was awakened by hearing him say, "This is such a serious matter that I believe when we get settled down, we had better take a whole day to consider it." Well, it was a serious matter, but we succeeded in getting everything safely aboard just a few minutes before the time for departure, and were able to breathe a sigh of relief.

The Congo River is one of the most scenic rivers in the world, as well as the longest. It is said that, with its tributaries, it has 10,000 miles of navigable waters. Its banks at places are lined with palm forests and jungles, alive with birds and chatter-

ing monkeys; again these give way to rolling plains covered with wild game. Today we have seen many hundreds of water buck, leisurely grazing on the bank, looking up only to give us a passing glance as we glide by.

JUNE 14.—All day today we have been passing through a great swamp, which, except for the main current of the river, is one mighty sea of grass, which grows to a height of from eight to ten feet. Except for a few birds, practically all animal life has disappeared, and the scenery has been quite monotonous. We have passed several villages on little patches of land along the river, some of the huts actually standing in the water. Here the natives come, after the high water recedes, to trap and spear fish. These fish are dried, sent up the river to Bukama, and sold to the thousands of natives in the compounds who are engaged to work for the white population.

These fishermen ply up and down the river and through the swamps in canoes dug out of huge logs brought from the forest skirting the swamps. They look exactly like the canoes used by the American Indian, and are used just as skilfully. As we passed, scores of little boys from these villages swam far out into the river, racing with each other to get bottles and food thrown to them by the passengers from our boat.

It is now later in the afternoon, and we are coming out of the swamps and nearing the hills, which we have seen all day in the distance. To our left is a high range of mountains, and we have just passed a large Catholic mission, operated, I believe, by the so-called "White Fathers."

BEEHIVE HUTS

JUNE 15.—Last night we stopped at Mulanga, where we anchored till morning. There are so many sharp turns in the river that the boat travels only in the daytime, and the nights are usually spent at some trading station along the shore. At this place our fellow missionary travelers, whom I mentioned before, left us. They were joined by friends who will assist them in completing the remaining thirty miles of their journey in a canoe. They have been away from their mission for

eighteen months, and will no doubt be happy to get home again.

Today we are passing through beautiful country again. There are many trading stations along the shore, where white merchants supply the natives with the things they have learned to want since coming in touch with European civilization. This appears to be a populous section, as we are passing many villages, some of them quite large. The huts in these parts are built almost entirely of poles and grass, in the shape of beehives, and are smaller than those seen in most parts of South Africa. The people, however, are generally strong and active, and we have often remarked in the last two days that finer specimens of manhood could scarcely be found anywhere in the world. They are straight, muscular, clean, and exceptionally well developed.

POOR FOOD AMID PLENTY

The food served on the boat is very poor. As a result of having eaten something that was not too fresh, the doctor is ill today. I do not think his sickness will be at all serious, but he is remaining in the cabin most of the time. We have just succeeded in buying some good fruit and eggs from natives along the shore, and hope to fare better from now on.

This seems to be quite a fruit country. We have seen fine bananas, plantains, pineapples, pawpaws, lemons, and oranges along the way, and the natives sell these to the passengers at the stopping places at ridiculously low prices.

We are passing through a valley, between two long ranges of hills, and the scenery is much better than yesterday.

JUNE 17.—The doctor is well again, for which we are all very grateful. The food has also been much better the last two days, due perhaps to the fact that the two old goats which hung at the rear of the second deck have either been used up or completely spoiled, and the diet has been changed. Another goat was brought aboard, but so far it is still alive, and we are hoping that it will not get into the soup until after we leave the boat.

MODES OF TRAVEL

Yesterday, we reached Kobalo about 4:30 P. M., and anchored for the night. From this place there is a narrow-gauge railway which runs directly east to Albertville, on Lake Tanganyika, thus connecting the great lake with the Congo River. Two of our fellow passengers are taking that course to return to their home in Greece. They will cross the lake in a steamer, then go by rail to Mombasa on the east coast, where they will get a seagoing vessel to carry them home via the Red Sea and the Mediterranean. Several others on board are following the Congo River to its mouth at Boma, and from there will get a ship direct to Belgium. To reach Boma, they must travel part of the time by boat and part by rail, since the river is not navigable in some places, due to swift rapids. The government has constructed railways around these places, making traveling by this route comparatively easy. No doubt most of our missionaries who come to the Congo in the future will come this way instead of going to Cape Town, and then having to make the long trip up through the country.

In some four or five years' time there will be a much better route of travel, as a new railway is now under construction from Bukama to the main channel of the Kassai River. This will make it possible for one to go from Boma to Bukama in about ten days, whereas it now requires from twenty to thirty-five days, depending upon the season and the connections. This new railway will open the great Congo country to the gospel as nothing else has ever done, and it is being built just at the time when we are seriously considering the occupation of this territory. How wonderfully God works to prepare the way for the onward flight of His message!

We are now nearing Kongola. The captain says we should reach there by 11 A. M. We are not sure yet where we shall go from there, as we hope to meet the administrator of this district, and ascertain from him the condition of the country and its population. We also hope to learn the best overland route to the lake, as we plan to trek across instead of taking the railway, in order that we may thus become better acquainted

with actual conditions. Should we decide to go farther north before striking east, we will take the railway from Kongola to Kindu, and perhaps a day's journey from Kindu still farther north by boat. However, this is all uncertain until we learn more of the country.

We have had a very pleasant voyage indeed (except for the old goats), and we shall be very sorry to leave the boat. Today we are passing through rolling country with high hills, almost mountains, dotted here and there, and it has the appearance of being a very suitable place for Europeans to live. It may be we shall decide to locate a mission in these parts.



The Writer at the Wheel of the
"Louis Cousin"



Along the Lualaba by Canoe

AT KONGOLA

JUNE 18, 1923.—Since writing my last note, our plans have materially changed. As I indicated at that time, we were very favorably impressed with this country as a good place for a mission, and we accordingly decided to see what openings there might be here at Kongola. As soon as we arrived yesterday morning, we sought out the administrator of this district, and made an appointment with him for eight o'clock last night. We were to see him at his residence, and he charged us not to come late.

When we arrived, we found he had forgotten about the appointment, and had retired. However, he received us warmly, and sat all the evening in his pajamas, talking with us about our work. When he learned that we were Protestant missionaries, and that one member of our company was a doctor, he became exceedingly friendly, and assured us that he would do everything within his power to assist us.

He informed us that for about one hundred miles each way there are no Protestant missions, but that the Catholics have a monopoly of this entire district, which is one of the best in the Congo. The people, however, are growing tired of Catholicism, and now the country is open to others to come in. Providentially we are the first ones on the ground, and have been received with open arms. We shall no doubt have great opposition, but so long as God is leading, the work cannot be hindered.

The administrator reports that the population here is numerous, and we find the natives to be larger and more intelligent than those farther down the river. We have been advised to go out east of the town two or three days' journey by foot, visit some big chiefs there, and see what the situation is in that section. We are now making ready for the trip.

PREPARING FOR THE TREK

We have brought four boys with us from the south, who will hold the following important positions during the weeks that we shall be living and trekking in the bush: Tom, whose mouth is by far his most prominent feature, and whose face, when he laughs, looks exactly like the full moon, is the "camp master." His duty will be to supervise the making and striking of camp, to watch things when we are away, and be generally useful. Taunga is the cook. Shem is our foreman of the carriers, and Samuel is his assistant. They must stay with the carriers all the time, see that none of them run away with their loads and that nothing is lost, listen to all grievances, and boss things generally.

Shem and Samuel have now gone into a near-by village to call twenty-five carriers, and we hope to leave early this afternoon. Our four boys are all from Rhodesia, and it is with some fear and trembling that they start on the journey, as they have heard a rumor that they may come upon cannibals, and they, being from another country, may be eaten. However, this is not likely to happen so near a European village.

There is a large wireless station here, and I was glad to receive a message from home today. It seems wonderful to be thus in touch with civilization, right here in the heart of Africa. When Livingstone was in these parts, he was once three years without news from home, whereas we can wireless home in a few hours. Almost all parts of Central Africa have now been thus brought into touch with the outside world, as nearly every government post has a telephone, a telegraph, or a wireless station.

Kongola is a very progressive village. It has about seventy white inhabitants, some eight hundred native soldiers, and a large native compound. We visited the bank today, and changed some more paper money for silver. There is only one hotel, and as it was full, we arranged to remain on the boat until today, and by night we hope to have our own camp in order.

TREKKING IN THE BELGIAN CONGO

JUNE 21, 1923.—Shem and Samuel returned Monday without a single carrier, after having spent most of the day looking for some. They reported that the men would not go so far away from home unless the government administrator ordered them to go, so we were faced with a serious delay. We at once made our troubles known to the gentleman who was so friendly to us, and he promised to do his best, though he said it might require several days to get the carriers.

As the train had left Kongola for the north, we were able to secure a room at the hotel, and there we established temporary headquarters. This "hotel" is a pole-and-mud house, with grass roof, and the rooms are furnished with one table and one bedstead without mattress or linen or blankets; no chairs, mirrors, wash basins, or anything of that kind. Every one is expected to have all these little things with him when traveling in these parts.

WAITING FOR CARRIERS

We had plenty of time to unpack our camp kit, for we sat there till Wednesday afternoon waiting, waiting for the carriers. Police had been sent to the villages about to call the men, but there are not many who are eager to work. The reason is obvious, for the wage established by the government for a day's work is six cents, and each man must find his own food. Here all the native people grow fine gardens of cassava, corn, rice, bananas, and pineapples, besides having plenty of poultry and eggs, so why should they go and carry loads all day for the white man for six cents?

As I have already indicated, we got away Wednesday afternoon, but not with all our outfit. Only seventeen carriers came, and we had loads for twenty-four. We arranged, therefore, to leave Samuel at the hotel until seven other carriers

came, and they are to overtake us on the road. It has been decided that we should go to the paramount chief's village. There is a good road cut through most of the way for the use of the government officials, and we instructed the carriers to take this road. They argued that they knew a much shorter path, but we insisted that they must take the main road. When they started, however, I discovered that one of my bicycle tires was punctured. So we allowed them to go ahead, as we could soon overtake them, and we wanted to see them off, for we were tired of the delay.

THE WHITE MAN OUTWITTED

This gave them the chance they wanted, so as soon as they were out of sight they turned off onto the trail that cut cross-lots, and hurried on as fast as they could, lest we call them back. As we suspected nothing wrong, we took the main road, and traveled as fast as we could in order to overtake them as early as possible; but after traveling for several miles, we became suspicious, and began to inquire of the villagers whether the carriers had passed. No one had seen them. We went a bit farther and inquired again. No results. The process was repeated until we finally gave up the idea of finding them on the road, and turned back to town. There we learned that they had taken the short trail, and since they were so far ahead, there was nothing to do but follow. The trail is just a narrow footpath, and we could ride our bicycles only part of the time; the rest we must walk.

A little while before the sun sank behind the horizon we overtook them, and they seemed to think it a good joke that they had outwitted the white man. There was little use of getting angry and scolding, for the probability was that in such an event they would all shrug their shoulders and refuse to go farther. So we laughed with them about it, camped for the night in a little village, and this morning at the earliest indications of dawn we broke camp and started on.

It is best to travel in the early morning and late in the afternoon, for it is hot in the middle of the day, and the boys do not

like to travel in the heat. We have just had our noonday meal, and will soon be off again, following the trail still farther into the bush.

Taunga is a pretty good cook, and we had a sumptuous meal today,—green corn on the cob, hot bread, boiled potatoes and onions, gravy, pawpaw, etc. Our greatest difficulty is to get good fresh water, for the springs seem to be spoiled by the natives and the wild game. Our four personal boys are too high class to do their own cooking, so they always manage to arrange with some woman in the village wherever we stop, to act as housemaid for them. So goes the world.

THROWING AWAY HIS POTATO LOAD

When Shem came into camp today, he reported that he had found the old man who was carrying the bag containing our potatoes and onions, with the bag open and throwing the contents into the tall grass. He had decided that his load was too heavy, and that this was the easiest way to lighten it. He was very unhappy when Shem happened to come along and inform him that all the onions and potatoes must be gathered up again and brought into camp. He looked very downcast when he heard Shem telling us about the experience afterward. He has been sulky ever since.

Well, we must be off. There are many days of travel before us, and we must not tarry.

JUNE 22.—Last night we camped at a village on the railway, as our trail has taken us along the track for several miles. The villages here are clean, and the people seem to be well supplied with good food. The headman of the village brought out three handmade deck chairs for us, sent the women to the spring for water and the children for wood, and soon we were comfortably settled for the night. When Taunga came up, he arranged to buy some ripe fruit for us. We inquired for eggs, but there were none to be had.

Our carriers came into camp very late, and they were sulky because we had not camped as early as they wanted us to. They informed us that tomorrow they were going to rest, as

they were tired. We had traveled only about twelve miles, whereas twenty miles is considered a reasonable day's trek, so we knew that they were simply trying us out, to see whether they could dictate our daily program.

After supper, Elder Boger called them all together, and had a long talk with them. He told them that since we were missionaries, we did not beat the natives, but that they were given to us by the administrator, and that our report to him would depend upon how they acted. They finally said they were sorry for the way they had acted, and that they were ready to do as we asked.

When we started out this morning, we soon left the railway and struck off to the left through the tall grass and bush. The grass here grows large like reeds, many of the stalks measuring an inch in diameter at the bottom, and reaching to the height of ten or twelve feet. The trails have been cut out in some places to a width of from four to six feet, while at other places they are only about twelve inches wide. They are very winding, and one travels much farther than would be necessary if the road were straight.

FORDING THE FIRST RIVER

Soon after leaving the railway, we encountered our first river, and as there was no bridge, we waited for the carriers to come up. They took us on their backs and carried us over. Dr. Reith and I each weigh about 218 pounds, and they shook their heads and laughed a good many times before they got up courage to undertake the task.

About 8:30 we came to a second river, but this one spread out into a great swamp, and the path took us through a dense jungle for about one eighth of a mile. Poles had been cut and laid along the path, bridging the water holes, so we were able to cross without the aid of the carriers.

Our carriers had told us of a large village called Malaugua, which we would pass soon after leaving the jungle, and they suggested that we stop there for the noonday meal and rest. When we came to this place, however, it was only

about 9 A. M., and as we were only a little in advance of the boys, we decided to push on for another hour before resting.

Alas! we did not know that this was the last village we should encounter for several miles. We traveled for two hours on our bicycles, when we came again to a very large swamp and jungle, and found our path leading straight into it. The hope of finding a village in which to stop for lunch, where we could get water and food for our carriers, had now been abandoned, as it would require at least two hours more for the carriers to come up to us if they hurried on as fast as they could.

NATURAL SWINGS AMONG TALL JUNGLE TREES

We went into the jungle carrying our bicycles and walking on logs that had been cut to form a foot bridge through the swampy ground, and came finally to a beautiful stream in the very heart of the jungle. There was no bridge over the stream, so we must either wait for the boys or remove our clothes and wade through. We decided to wait, for to go on would scarcely improve our situation, since all our food was behind with the carriers. We made a fire to keep away any stray mosquitoes that might chance to pass that way, sat down in some natural swings which hung from the tall jungle trees, and waited.

It proved to be a long wait. Our carriers, knowing that no other village was near, deliberately stopped at Malaugua, got the women to cook food for them, and spent several hours visiting and eating, notwithstanding the continued efforts of our boss boy, Shem, to persuade them to come on. So while we were waiting at the river in the jungle for our supplies (we had not eaten since the night before), the boys were feasting in the village, and having a good time at our expense. Elder Boger became restless, and decided to investigate conditions beyond the stream. So he removed his clothes, and after wading through the river and a long swamp, came out into the open. He called back to say that he would ride up the path and see whether there was a village near by.

ONE LONE PLANTAIN

About two o'clock two native women came along with large loads on their heads, and as we supposed they had fruit with them, we made known to them by signs that we were hungry and wanted to buy food. They shook their heads, but we insisted, and finally they put down their loads and brought out one lone plantain, which proved to be all the food they had. After breaking off about one third of it for themselves, they gave us the rest.

They seemed genuinely sorry for us, and it was with difficulty that we succeeded in persuading them to accept a franc in exchange. We afterward learned that they also were wayfarers who had come on the same train and boat with us from Elizabethville, and were en route to visit some of their friends. Fortunately, they were soon to reach a village where they could obtain a fresh supply of provisions for their journey.

THE WELCOME FOOD BOX

At three o'clock Elder Boger returned, and reported that a village was near. About the same time we heard voices behind us, and shortly Tom and Taunga came up with our food box tied to one of the tent poles and swinging between them. Oh, but they were tired!

They had taken in the situation when the carriers refused to leave Malaugua village, gathered together what supplies they thought we would need most, and started on as fast as they could travel. My, but it was good to see them! We hurriedly crossed the stream, and in another half hour were in the village preparing dinner. The box they had brought did not contain the flour, but we found it possible to enjoy a meal without bread. As a reward for their faithful service we purchased a goat for Tom, Taunga, and Shem, and they were soon preparing a good feast.

The carriers finally arrived, and as it was Friday, we made camp and prepared to spend the Sabbath. So here we are, after a hard day's trek, and are all very glad that we do not have to continue the journey tomorrow.

JUNE 23.—The Sabbath is closing, and the shades of evening are welcome. It has been a hot day, and very busy. Before we arose this morning, the people gathered about us for medicine,—men, women, and children,—and refused to go away, even to give us a chance to dress.

A MORNING SPONGE BEHIND STRAW MATS

Taking the morning sponge was a rather difficult task under the circumstances. We put up some straw mats and a bit of canvas, but it left the shoulders and lower limbs exposed, and every villager craned his neck to watch every move. Elder Boger threatened to photograph the doctor, and I am not sure but that he did. Nobody has felt very lively today, after yesterday's experience, and I think the doctor has malaria. He has felt bad all day, and has eaten very little. He is taking a course of quinine, and we hope he will feel like trekking tomorrow.

There is a dance going on in the village, and I fear the beer is flowing freely, so that our carriers will not be very fit in the morning when it is time to take the trail again. Shem has just gone over to warn them that they must remain sober, but his words will probably have as much effect as water poured on a duck's back.

"AN INSULT TO THE NAME OF CHRIST"

LATER.—We have just had a service with the people of the village, and for the first time in their lives they heard a sermon from a Protestant missionary. Many of them came dancing and beating their drums. Their dance is the most sensual and devilish I have ever seen, yet they inform us that the priests have told them to dance in this way to worship God. What a crime against God, and what an insult to the name of Christ!

After the service the chief informed us that there had been a Catholic school here some time ago, but when all the people were sprinkled, the school was removed, as they were told that now they were a Christian village, and no longer needed a teacher. Yet they have given up none of their heathen customs,

and their heathen temples, reared to the spirits, are everywhere in evidence. What kind of Christianity is this that Rome has brought to these poor, benighted people?

The headman has told us that as soon as our work gets started in this country, he will welcome one of our teachers in his village, and will build a schoolhouse for him. May God hasten the day when this can become a reality.

This village is not so well built as are many which we have passed through, and most of the people seem to be diseased. All the youngsters seem to have jigger fleas in their toes, and the feet of some of them are in a horrible state. The doctor's first patient today was a leper. His toes are almost gone, and the poor man will no doubt die in the near future. Syphilis is a very prevalent disease among the natives, and here it is everywhere in evidence. When one reflects that this disease was brought here by the white man, he is led to wonder whether the benefits of civilization outweigh the attendant curses.

After watching the doctor treat the sick for a couple of hours, the headman requested that he leave the rest of his medicine with him, so that hereafter the people could come to him for help, and would not need to go to a doctor.

What a contrast one sees in the various villages! Here everything is dirty. The goats, sheep, and fowls live with the people. The headman has absolutely no control over his people, and sickness is everywhere; while other villages are clean, orderly, and well built, and disease is almost unknown. The conditions are dependent largely upon the character of the headman.

DYING WITHOUT CHRIST

This evening we walked about the village, and found one poor old woman dying in front of her hut. She was so emaciated that she was no larger than a child, and little more than the frame of her body was left. She was too old to work, and they had laid her on a mat to await the call to the great unknown. She did not seem to be suffering from disease, but was just worn out and laid aside.

She will not last long now, perhaps a day or two, and then she will add one more to the list of millions who are dying every year without the Christian's hope. For her the missionary has come too late. She is passing away with no greater hope than that her spirit may some day return to earth in the form of a dog or cat, and then in still another form. No hope of heaven! No knowledge of the love of Christ to buoy her up! No prospect of seeing her friends again! What a tragedy! And yet the same scene is being enacted in thousands of villages here in Central Africa, where the message of the cross has never yet come. How long must this continue before the church of the living God will arouse and send them the light of life?



Home of Elder and Mrs. F. B. Jewell, Congo Border Mission,
Northern Rhodesia

The building is of brick, roofed with thatch.



Dr. John Reith, Holding a "Clinic" at Sesheke Village, Congo
The chief stands near the doctor, and Tom is just behind the patient.

AT SESHEKE VILLAGE

JUNE 24, 1923.— Oh dear me! What a time we have had today! The carriers told us this morning that the path they were going to take us over was a "very good" path, and that the rivers had bridges over them, and all would be lovely. Well, the bridges consisted of a log here and there in the swamp, with gaps between of hundreds of feet of slush and filth, knee-deep, where one must either wade or sit down and die. We had the boys carry us on their backs through the deep rivers, but there were so many swamps that it was impossible for them to carry us all the time.

The carriers here are not so accustomed to carrying white men as are those in Rhodesia, and they made very hard work of it. Instead of one carrier taking one of us on his shoulders, five or six of them took hold of the legs, arms, and neck respectively, and made us assume the attitude of a bullfrog when he is about to leap, and then usually managed to drop us right in the worst places. Brother Boger is complaining of a wrenched back tonight as a result of one of these famous rides. We were a bedraggled and weary company when we finally reached the village of Sesheke, where we camped for the night. A good bath and some warm food, however, have helped us already to forget much of the weary travel of the day.

When we came into the village, we were met by the chief, who seems to be a man of some importance, and he at once made us feel quite at home. He had easy deck chairs brought for us and for himself, and we soon began the customary *indaba*, which always follows the advent of a white man to a village where a chief lives.

THE RED BLANKET

We asked whether we could purchase food for our carriers, and he said, No, he could not sell to his visitors; he would present it to us. He sent out his headmen at once for a sheep,

and the women were told to get busy cooking porridge. Soon there was plenty of food for the entire company.

The chief article of diet here, instead of being mealie meal, as in Rhodesia and South Africa, is flour made from the cassava root. The root is dug up, peeled, soaked in water for three days, and then pounded into flour. It makes a very palatable porridge, and can also be used successfully for making bread.

Before leaving Kongola, Brother Boger purchased three cheap red blankets, thinking he would use them for presents to the various chiefs in the villages. Since the chief here had been so kind to us, Brother Boger got out one of the blankets and presented it to him. He received it rather coolly, handed it to one of his headmen, and it was taken to his house. A couple of hours later, however, he sent word back that the blanket was no good, since it was not strong, and that if we liked we could give him a present of money instead. We agreed to this, and soon the blanket came back. The chief was handed a few francs, and the incident was closed with both parties satisfied.

WHEN THE HOUSE FELL ON THE SUPPER

Taunga had a bad mishap tonight while he was preparing the fritters for our supper, and as a result we are to retire supperless. He had built his fire under the eave of an abandoned hut, and just when everything was almost ready for supper, the house took a sudden notion to fall down. It fell toward the supper, and succeeded in filling everything with mud and straw. We all suddenly discovered that we were not hungry anyway, after the good dinner we had eaten about 3 P. M., and Taunga was saved the necessity of going through the performance of cooking a second meal.

Very few white people have ever visited this village, and the women and children keep their distance. If one of us starts toward a group of them, they turn and run away like so many deer. I had great difficulty in persuading four women to pose for a photograph, and it was only after having Taunga talk to them and explain over and over that the camera was harmless, and offering them 20 centimes each, that I succeeded.

Elder Boger has just held a service with the natives, using Tom and Taunga as interpreters. The people knew nothing about a gospel service, and it was with great difficulty that they were persuaded to sit down, as they all seemed to think they could see more if they remained standing. They all got up and walked about several times during the service. Some one would forget and make a noise, and then all the rest would shout to him to keep quiet. This village is entirely without the gospel light, so it is no wonder that they do not understand Christian usages and decorum.

At the close of the sermon the people all started to disperse, but the chief, who is a very old man, quieted them, and said he desired to speak to us. He then asked about our mission work, and whether we planned to open a school in his village. We explained that we were searching through the country for a location for a training station and hospital, and when we had teachers trained, we could send him a teacher. May God grant that the time may not be long!

When we arrived this afternoon, we told the chief that one of our number was a doctor, and would be glad to treat any of his people who were sick. At first he said there were no sick people in the village, but later a man came who had been bitten on the toe by a snake some time ago, and his toe had become infected. He had used a native medicine to neutralize the poison of the bite, but had had nothing to heal the infection. The doctor treated him, gave him some medicine, and left him happy. Later still a case of blood poisoning and several cases of itch came in, so we have had quite a clinic this afternoon, although there was "nobody sick."

AT CATABA VILLAGE

JUNE 27.—It is two days since I have written, and during that time we have had many interesting experiences. Night before last we held a service with the people in the evening, at Cataba. We found the people here the most attentive of any we have found so far on the trip. They sat quietly during the service, and showed great interest in the story of Jesus. Only

two persons in the village had ever heard of Him before. Besides preaching to them, our boys taught them some Christian songs in their own language, and this they enjoyed immensely. They are very anxious that a teacher be sent to them, and we hope it will not be long before we can have one to send.

Dr. Reith had a rest at this village, as the headman reported that there were no sick people there. Every one seemed to be in perfect condition. It is strange to find that through this section there are absolutely no bad teeth. Elder Boger has been anxious to do some dental work, but we have not yet found a bad tooth. At one village where we asked if any one wanted to have his teeth doctored, they said that if we could put in some more, they would let us pull theirs out, but upon examination it was found that their teeth were perfect. I had never before seen such beautiful white teeth as these people have.

WHIPPED FOR STEALING

We were sorry to have to leave Cataba so soon, but we had to be off in the early morning, as we were headed for Chief Mukangwa's village. We went ahead of the carriers on our bicycles, and after traveling about an hour and a half, were overtaken by the headman of Cataba and two of his counselors. They began talking excitedly to us, but as we could not understand their language, we had to wait until Tom came up to interpret for us. When he came, the chief said:

"When the missionaries came to my village, I loved them very much. I gave them presents and food for their boys (he had given us a goat and a quantity of meal). Then I could not bear to see the missionaries' carriers sleep out-of-doors, so I gave them to sleep in my brother's house. How is it, then, after I have showed them this kindness, they steal my brother's things? I am a poor man. If they steal from the white man, this does not matter so much, for he is rich, but I have only a little."

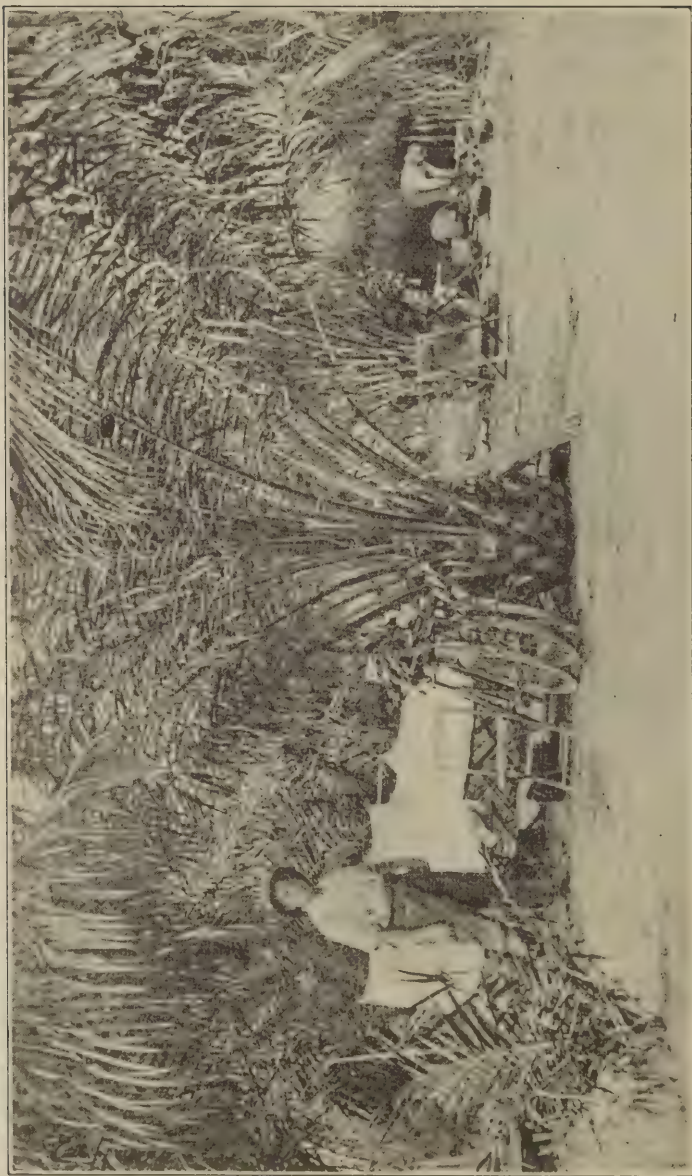
We inquired what was missing and who had stolen it. He called two of our boys, and produced a good straw hat, which

he said they had taken from the hut. We held a trial, and the two boys were found guilty. Since the headman was in authority, we asked him to decide what the punishment should be, and he said they each should pay five francs or be whipped.

They were unable to produce the money, so he had them stretched out upon the ground, took a *jambok* (a leather whip made from hippopotamus hide), and gave one of them six lashes and the other ten. The one who received ten was chiefly responsible for the theft. When this was over, he said he was satisfied, and returned to his village, and we went on our way.



Putting Up the Framework for a Native Hut,
Catoba Village, Congo



Camping under the Palms at Kunfu Village

Dr. John Reith on the left, and the author at the right, arranging the kitchen.

AT CHIEF MUKANGWA'S VILLAGE

JUNE 28, 1923.— We are now in Chief Mukangwa's village. We arrived here last night about sunset, and were pleased to find Samuel and the six carriers for whom he had waited in Kongola. Our carriers had taken us such a circuitous route that he could not follow us, so came straight through and waited here. We were very happy to see him, and find that our things were all safe. He had had considerable trouble also, as one carrier got sick and had to return to Kongola, and it became necessary for Samuel to wait two days to find another man who would come with them. They brought about three dozen lemons, and we treated ourselves to lemonade last night, which was a welcome change from the poor water we have had for several days.

Chief Mukangwa is a paramount chief, and has shown himself very friendly. He presented us with a goat, a sheep, and five chickens, and his women cooked food for our carriers. He has requested us to establish the mission near his village, but we feel that this is too far from the main line of travel. So we have decided to strike toward Kobalo on the Congo River, and investigate the country between here and there. We hear that there are many rivers to cross, but we will try to make it direct, since to return via Kongola would require much more time.

HOW THE PEOPLE LIVE

The villages through here are well laid out and well built. The houses are square, with pole-and-mud walls and thatched roofs. The roof extends out some six feet on all sides to form a veranda. The doors are made of bamboo. The chief's house is very much larger and better than any of the rest, and is surrounded by a high bamboo fence, forming a court.

The huts are very simply furnished. Usually the furniture consists of a few clay waterpots, mats or skins for a bed, and sometimes a few crude chairs. In cold weather the cooking is

done inside the hut, and as there is no chimney, the smoke is left to find its way out as best it can. The usual weapon used in these parts is the bow and arrow. The arrows are poisoned, and the largest game is killed with a single arrow shot. Their farm work is done with a crude hoe made from iron they themselves have smelted.

A UNIQUE WIRELESS SYSTEM

These people also have their own wireless system. This is conducted by the use of drums, and has been in vogue for generations. A message is given in code by beating upon a drum, and this is taken up by the drummers of the surrounding villages within hearing distance, and passed on and on from village to village until it has sometimes traveled hundreds of miles. As we go through the country, the news is almost invariably "wirelessed" ahead of us, and the village people are usually gathered to meet us when we arrive.

Any great event, such as a declaration of war by some nation or the death of a great chief, is known by the natives in even the most out-of-the-way places before the white people, even government officials living there, learn of it, even though the government posts get this kind of news by wireless, telegraph, and telephone. Chief Mukangwa's drummer has been demonstrating their wireless system out in front of our camp for the last half hour, and our ears are almost deafened by the noise.

JUNE 29.—There is not much to write about today: we are camped within twenty miles of the Congo River, and as it is Friday, our boys are washing our clothes. We will not trek till about two o'clock, and then try to make only about ten miles. Dr. Reith has amused himself along the way buying cat skins to make a rug. He also succeeded in getting one leopard skin from Chief Mukangwa. Whenever a leopard is killed, the skin must be taken to the paramount chief, as it is considered royal game. We hope to get another from a chief farther on.

The trails here are very narrow and crooked, and it is impossible to ride our bicycles all the time. However, we are

able to make very good time. Some of the carriers keep almost up with us, while others linger in the villages along the way, and come into camp two or three hours late.

IN KUNFU VILLAGE

JUNE 30.—Well, this is Sabbath, and we are camped at Kunfu village. We arrived here at about 1:30 yesterday afternoon, and as some of our carriers were not very well, it seemed best to rest till Sunday. We are now within fifteen or twenty miles of Kobalo, and from here to the river we will make careful search for a mission site. Kunfu is beautifully situated in a large palm grove, but the huts are very poor, and the people seem to be of an inferior type.

This is a stronghold of heathenism, and when asked at the service last night how many had heard about God and His Son, they said they knew nothing of Him. Poor people! The village is literally filled with idol houses, erected for the habitation of the spirits of ancestors. These houses usually contain some kind of idol, a pipe, some arrows, sometimes a bow, and often a pot in which food and beer are placed for the spirits. The people claim that at times they are visited by the spirits, and receive communications from them. In fact, about every phase of modern Spiritualism, which wears the cloak of Christianity, is duplicated here.

In one village a man had two idols in his spirit house, and one was tied with a rope. When asked about it, he explained that they were his father and mother. His mother was good during her life, so he had not tied her up, but he had had much trouble with his father, and thought best now to keep his spirit tied. Some of the idol houses are very small, while others are almost as large as the huts occupied by the living.

THE LIVING GOD

This afternoon I went with the chief down to the chief idol house. Many of the village people followed. I sat down with

him in front of the little temple, and talked with him. I said, "Is this your chief god?"

"Yes."

"Will you tell me something your god has said to you, so I may know what he teaches?"

He looked troubled, and talked with his men about it. Finally he said, "We do not know anything our god has ever said to us. He cannot talk."

"Well," I said, "tell me something your god has done. What great work has he performed, that makes you feel he is worthy of your worship?"

Then they had another council, and at last the chief said, "He has not done anything. This god does not go away from here. He stays here all the time."

I said, "Why do you have him here, if he never talks to you, and has never done anything? What good is he?"

The chief said, "When we are sick, we come here for medicine and healing, and in time of war we pray to the spirits of our ancestors for power and strength."

I said, "Show me somebody who has been healed by your god."

They had still another council, finally replying that they could not tell me of anybody who had been healed.

"Well," I said, "I want to tell you about my God." Then I spent three quarters of an hour telling them about the God of heaven, and His Son Jesus, and said, "He has sent us with a message for you and your people."

That evening he came to our camp and said, "We have been considering this matter very carefully, and our hearts are going out to the living God. We want to know the great God, but, sirs, how can we worship a God we do not know? You will leave us tomorrow. We do not know this God, nor how to worship Him, nor what He wants us to do; but if you will send us a teacher who can teach us about God and His ways, we will destroy all these idol houses, and we will be God's men."

This is only one such experience out of many which we have had in this country.

A DOCTOR'S DIFFICULTIES

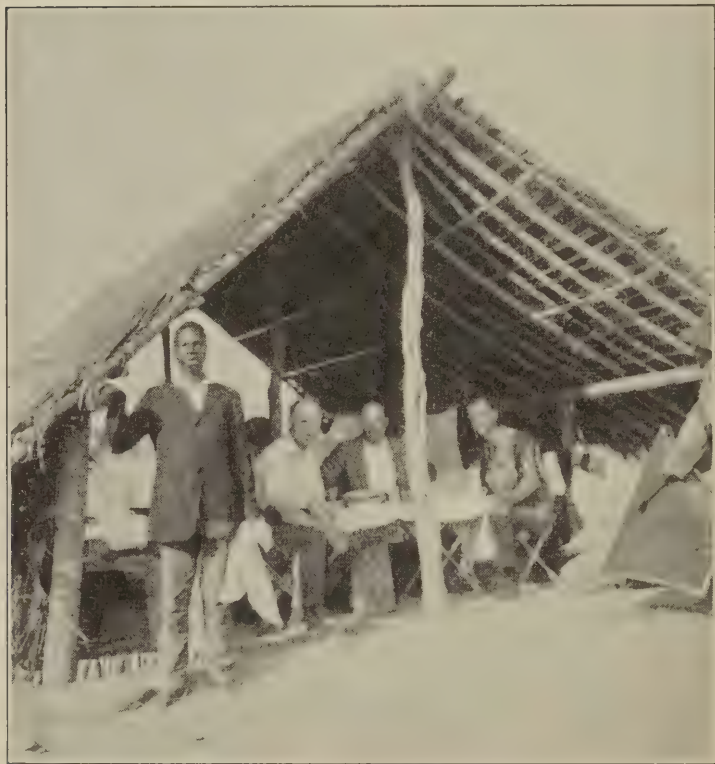
We have just held "clinic," and several sick people came to be treated. Most of the sick here, however, are afraid of the white doctor. They have their own medicine men, of course, and many of them prefer to go to them. These native doctors have many good remedies, but often their treatment is very crude and sometimes brutal. Wherever the white doctor is known and the people have overcome their fear, they gladly choose him.

The advice given by our doctor is not always well received, as it sometimes runs counter to the established customs of the people. The other day a man brought his wife for medicine, and said she had pains in her back and neck. The doctor explained that she had been carrying too heavy loads, and hoeing too much in the garden, and she must rest until she was well. This brought forth a strong protest from her husband, who said, "No, she is my wife; and when we buy a wife, she must work from the time when she is very young until she is very old; otherwise how shall my son and I obtain food?"

When told that he must do some of her work instead of sitting all day jabbering in the village, he was still more displeased, and proceeded to give the people a lecture on how the women should do the work. The doctor gave her some pills, and explained that she should take one every two days, and that she absolutely must not do any heavy work until they were all taken. He finally received her husband's consent that this instruction should be carried out. Poor man, he may have to carry a little wood and water now, and miss a bit of the village gossip!

Taunga and Shem are getting ready to preach to the people. It is very difficult here, as none of our boys know the language, and they have to speak in a language the people do not know very well. However, they seem to understand a part of it at least. We talked to them about the great Creator, and urged them to worship only Him. They replied that their hearts longed to know more about God, and if we would send them

a teacher, they would burn all their idols, tear down the little temples, and be God's men. May God speedily open the way for the teacher to come!



Breakfast at Chief Mukangwa's Village, Congo

Tom on the left.

AT KOBALO

JULY 2, 1923.— We are now at Kobalo on the Congo River, and what a time we had to get here! We broke camp early Sunday morning, and determined to reach Kobalo, about twenty miles distant, by evening. Ordinarily this would have been an easy task, but we had not counted on all the obstacles in the way.

About 1:30 P. M. we came to a swamp, and found all the bridges washed away. The bridges had been made of poles tied with bark, and the high water of the past rainy season had carried them away. There were some six quagmires and water holes to cross, ranging from one hundred yards to an eighth of a mile in width.

We found canoes at most of the places, and after bickering over the price, succeeded in securing these for crossing. In some places, however, the canoes would not float, because of the grass and mud, and at these places our only means of transport was the backs of the natives. It is no small task to carry over two hundred pounds through mud and slush waist deep, with reeds and grass matted into the mud entangling one's feet at every step. Some three or four hours were thus consumed in crossing the swamp and the river, and we finally arrived at Kobalo just before sunset.

A HOTEL WITHOUT BEDS

We had seen only two of our carriers since morning, and these two we had left far behind, so we sat down on the bank of the river and waited until long after dark, hoping they would arrive with our luggage and beds. As there were no signs of them, however, the only alternative was to try the hotel. When we arrived there, the proprietor explained that he could furnish us rooms and board, but that he had no bedding or nets. We explained our situation, and a gentleman from Canada who was also stopping there, volunteered to lend

us one blanket, and finally the hotel keeper decided that he could find at least two blankets and one net.

After supper we were shown to our rooms, and found that one bed did not even have a mattress. The mosquitoes were so bad that we knew it would be impossible to sleep without nets. After holding an *indaba* over the situation, we decided to put two beds together in one room, stretch the net over our heads, and all sleep together. This worked well for an hour or so, but the ventilation was poor, and the mosquitoes found all sorts of ways to get through or under the net.

One by one we decided that it was safer and more pleasant outside. Elder Boger tried the veranda, and Dr. Reith and I spent a good share of the night sitting by a fire in the yard with blankets wrapped about us to keep out the chill and the mosquitoes. A friendly native who had kindled the fire brought us some seats, and we tried to make ourselves comfortable.

We had thought that Kobalo might be a suitable place for the mission, but last night's experience has completely disabused our minds of this idea, and we at once made arrangements for passage back to Kongola on a freight steamer that was to leave soon after noon today.

We found some of our boys early this morning, and the rest of them came in during the forenoon, except one poor fellow who had heart trouble and had to drop out for rest. We are now steaming down the river, and are all glad to be taking our departure from Kobalo.

VIRGIN SOIL FOR MISSIONARY WORK

During our journey of the last two weeks, we have passed through a wonderful country, heavily populated with native people, and constituting almost virgin soil for missionary work. The prospect for developing a strong work in this section is very bright indeed.

JULY 5.—We reached Kongola again Monday night, fully persuaded in our minds that this is the logical place for our main center of influence in this section of the Congo.

On the west bank of the Lualaba River, and only three or four miles south of the town, is a range of hills with a high bluff rising abruptly out of the river, forming a natural health resort, and here we hope to see our mission established. It is a beautiful country, nicely wooded, and watered by small streams. In this section the fever is not bad, and black water fever has almost entirely disappeared. The climate is very pleasant indeed. It is quite hot in the daytime, especially in the afternoon, yet not so hot as in many places in America; but the nights are always cool and pleasant. During the time we have been here we have had to sleep under one or two blankets each night, and one awakes in the morning thoroughly rested and refreshed.

A WONDERFUL COUNTRY

We have been wonderfully surprised at the general situation throughout the Congo. We had to some extent shared the general idea that it was a veritable death trap, and that only the most robust could be sent here for mission work. After visiting the field, however, it is our opinion that living conditions throughout the field compare favorably with Rhodesia, and in fact are much better in many ways. True, there are swampy places where a white man could not build his home, but on the other hand there are mountain ranges and plateaus distributed all through the country, where the missionary can safely live.

Sleeping-sickness has been one of the great curses of the Congo in the past, but the government is now learning to combat it successfully, and it is rapidly disappearing. Very few white people have ever been affected by it, but some years ago it became a great scourge among the natives. Generally speaking, however, the natives enjoy far better health than those in South Africa and Rhodesia, and the white population seems to fare about as well.

The whole country is open to the message. Everywhere we have gone we have been heartily welcomed by the government officials, and they have done all they could to assist us and to suggest favorable situations for our stations. We could not ask for more. O for twenty families who could step in and occupy this great field at once!

TWENTY MILLION AWAITING THE GOSPEL

Next year we trust it will be possible for our work to be extended to the great lakes on the east and to Stanleyville on the north. It is expected that the headquarters of the eastern portion of the field will ultimately be moved from Elizabethville to Stanleyville, and that the western section will be operated separately, with headquarters perhaps at Leopoldville.

While travel is slow in the Congo, yet it is comparatively easy, since there are so many waterways, and railways are being rapidly constructed; and now that we have entered the field, it should require only a short time to occupy every section of it. It is one of the most populous sections of the African continent, its inhabitants being estimated to number from fifteen to twenty million. It is our great ambition to see the banner of truth soon waving over every important center in this great field.

Since our company all felt deeply impressed that the Kongola section was the place for our next outpost, and since so much time had been consumed by our trips about here, it was decided to abandon the trip to the lake for the present. Next year perhaps a site can be located there also.



Along the Lualaba River (Congo)

DAYBREAK IN THE DARK CONTINENT

“PRINCES shall come out of Egypt; Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God.” Ps. 68:31.

For many long, weary years our brethren who were the pioneers in the work in Africa labored without seeing very much in the way of results. When the author came to Africa and visited some of our older stations, he found some of the pioneers still there, working away, doing what they could in their old age. Some of the early workers were sleeping in the cemeteries, for almost every station has its place of burial where repose some of our brethren who went out from America years ago, and have fallen in the fight. The survivors of these first workers have told me of the many years they labored in Rhodesia and different parts of Central Africa without seeing very many converts to the faith.

But we face a different situation today. The foundation they laid was laid well and is strong. The seed they sowed has not only begun to germinate and grow, but is bearing an abundant harvest, so that today we see marvelous things taking place in the African Division.

CHIEFS AND EVANGELISTS ACCEPTING THE TRUTH

I am fully persuaded that during the last few years of our work in Africa we have been experiencing some genuine showers of the latter rain. We have seen men, rulers over large territories of country and over thousands of native people, embrace this truth and cast in their lot with our people. We have seen men who have been educated in other mission schools and have been ordained to the gospel ministry, or who have gone out as leading teachers for other denominations, come in contact with our evangelists and teachers, and accept God's message for today.

The Solusi station alone has a number of well-trained, educated evangelists and teachers who knew nothing of this message eighteen months ago. They are men who have been a

number of years in gospel work for other denominations, and having come in contact with our evangelists, have been impressed by our message and have cast in their lot with us. After spending a few months in the Solusi Mission Training School, these men have been able to go out and fill important positions in our work. These things give confidence that God is going before this people in Africa.

In the early days our brethren had to take little boys, and practically adopt them into the mission families, and bring them up through long years of training, before they could be sent out among their people. This is being done yet; but in those days our missionaries were absolutely dependent upon such help as they were able to develop in that way. Today we see scores of educated men coming into the work, who can be trained quickly and go out to do efficient service.

A MISSIONARY TO HIS OWN PEOPLE

Near Bulawayo lived a powerful chief by the name of Majinkela. About two years ago one of our native evangelists, Jim Mayinza, was preaching in the native part of the town of Bulawayo. There he met a brother of Chief Majinkela. This young man became interested in Jim's preaching, and finally accepted the message. He decided to go out to the Solusi school and take training for the ministry. But no sooner had he accepted the message than he became greatly burdened for his brother, and so he asked Jim to go down with him to the chief's village.

They went and stayed there a few days and held meetings. It was about seventy miles out in the country. The chief called together all his villagers that were in hearing distance. They have a drum, a crude instrument, with which they call the people together when there is anything special going on. So he had the drummers send out the message for everybody to come. Jim preached to them two or three days. He was invited back again and again, until finally a number of people in that village had fully accepted the message. The old chief himself was mightily stirred. He began to keep the Sabbath, but there were habits that he seemed unable to give up.

On my first visit to Rhodesia, the brethren asked me to go with them to visit this chief, so we drove out those seventy miles in a spring wagon drawn by a team of good horses. This was quite a contrast to the ox wagon and bicycle we had used at the Musofu and Rusangu Missions. Unfortunately, horses cannot live at those stations on account of horse sickness.

We spent three days with Chief Majinkela and his people, and he entertained us royally. He had a grass hut that was kept especially for European visitors, in which was a real bed, a real table, and some real chairs,— things you never see in an ordinary native village. The inside walls were decorated with three beautiful leopard skins. He escorted us into this hut, and told us it was to be our home. We soon saw that we could be very much at home there. It certainly was very acceptable to us.

We had arrived at the village before dusk, just in time to escape a severe rainstorm which had been brewing for several hours. As we were planning to remain for two days, we unpacked our luggage and began to make arrangements for cooking. The natives cook either in the center of the one room of their houses, or on a fire built out-of-doors. We chose the latter plan, and soon had a good meal ready.

AN AFRICAN FEAST

A number of students from the main station school had walked over to be at the meetings we were to hold with the chief and his people, and on the second day a feast was made in their honor. Two goats were brought from the pasture and killed, and the flesh was boiled in a large iron pot near the center of the village. The African believes in the doctrine that nothing should be wasted, so the entrails of the goats were carefully laid on some live coals raked from under the pot, and allowed to get nice and brown. This was considered a rare delicacy, and was accordingly confiscated by the men who were doing the cooking. They ate it with the same relish that you, for instance, would eat a piece of homemade apple pie.

In the evening the whole village gathered. The natives seated themselves out of doors on the ground in a circle, and

the chief conferred upon Jim, our evangelist, the honor of carving the meat and serving the people. There were, of course, no dishes except the large handmade wooden platter upon which the flesh was served, but they seemed to experience no difficulty in managing without them. We were much interested, but needless to say, we decided to take our supper that evening as usual in our own hut.

Never did I enjoy three days more than those spent in this village. All his people that the chief could rally, came together,—some of them Christians, some members of other societies, and some heathen. He and his family had been nominal Christians for a number of years.

We held three meetings a day, met several delegations of natives, and baptized a number of those who were ready for church membership, so we were by no means idle. Among those baptized was one of the wives of the chief. This step on her part made a forcible impression upon his heart.

A SLAVE TO TOBACCO

In an open-air meeting, held near the close of the last day of our stay with them, a call was made for those to arise who would fully take their stand for God and the truth. Many arose, but the chief kept his seat and looked very much troubled. He had already begun to keep the Sabbath, but something was hindering him, and he had not yet fully decided to identify himself with us. We had hoped that at this meeting he might definitely take his stand, but he made no move in that direction. He sat still and looked down at the ground.

However, when the service was closed, he remained with us until all the people had scattered, and then approaching Brother H. M. Sparrow, who could understand his language, he took a little tin box from his pocket, and said, "This is the thing that kept me in my seat today. [It was his tobacco box.] When others were standing and giving their lives to God, I felt that I should not be truthful if I stood before I had gotten the victory over my tobacco habit."

"Well," Brother Sparrow said, "are you going to let a little thing like that keep you out of God's kingdom?"

He said, "No, I am not. After you men are gone, I am going out to the woods, and there I will get down on my knees before God and wrestle with Him until He gives me victory over this thing; and when I have the victory, then I will come and tell you about it."

We had to leave the village with no more promise than that. We did not know what would happen.

I went back to our headquarters at Cape Town, and about five months later went to Rhodesia again, to attend the Solusi camp-meeting. There I was glad to find Chief Majinkela and a number of his people. I had not been there very long, when one day, as I was having dinner with the brethren, Jim came running around to where I was and said, "I want you right away."

I said, "All right, as soon as dinner is over."

"No," he said, "you must come now. We cannot wait."

So I went out, and he gave me a little box, saying, "The chief has sent his tobacco box to you. He says that God has given him the victory, and now he is ready to take his stand with this people."

After all, human nature is about the same the world over. The third angel's message makes the same demands for clean lives and pure hearts upon the black man of Africa as upon the Caucasian, and the African finds the same mighty deliverer in Jesus Christ, the sinner's friend, as others have found before.

A NEW MAN IN CHRIST JESUS

The next day, when the time came for a testimony meeting, Chief Majinkela arose and gave the following interesting testimony:

"For many years I have seen mission stations, but I have never seen such great light as since coming here. It is a marvelous thing to me to see white men who will come to look for us as these white people have done. But they are only carrying out what Jesus told them to do,—to come to hunt us out from the rocks and mountains. We were just like wild beasts (with no hope); and the Lord saw our condition, and sent these

ministers to preach Christ to us, and to tell us Jesus is coming. Now the burden is upon us. We must carry the message to our people."

The next morning in testimony service he said:

"I praise the Lord this morning. It is wonderful how God has led me into this truth. I pray that my life may be spent in giving this truth to my people. While I was traveling a road of darkness, I heard that Jesus loved me. Now I desire all my people to hear this truth and be saved."

It did our souls good to hear him talking that way to those for whom we were laboring. He is ruler over 15,000 people, who look up to him almost as to a god. The chief's word is law, in religious matters as well as other matters; and this man is having a mighty influence already in leading many of his people into this message. Since I left, I have received word that a large company have accepted the message as a result of his influence.



The Late Chief Majinkela and His Household

At this pole-and-thatch hut the writer stayed while visiting this village.

WIDE-OPEN DOORS

So far as constituency is concerned, the African field is still small, yet in the last four years the number of native believers has doubled, so that we have, during these four years, received into this message as many converts as during the previous thirty years or more, since our work started among the native peoples.

We are very much impressed with the way God is going before us, opening up districts which we have been unable to enter on account of the lack of money or men, or where we have not been permitted to enter. As our missionaries go out, they find companies of believers which have been raised up by students who, in former years, attended our mission schools, and have gone back to their homes, and in a quiet way been teaching the truth to the people in their villages.

AN ISOLATED SEVENTH-DAY CONGREGATION

Our Southern Rhodesian brethren have had a number of experiences like this during 1923 and 1924. Elder H. M. Sparrow tells of visiting a remote section to learn what prospects there were for opening our work there, and to his surprise was told that his teaching was just like that of a church already established in that place. Of course, he wanted to meet the preacher, so they introduced him to a native woman, and said, "This is the preacher, and she has a seventh-day church."

Elder Sparrow found that about thirty years ago, when Elder Tripp and Elder Anderson established the mission at Solusi, she was a little girl. Her parents sent her to the mission. Later she married and moved to a far-away tribe. As the years went by, she felt that this tribe ought to have the message, so she gathered the people together and began to teach them. She continued this work until a company of believers was raised up. Elder Sparrow found twenty-three still keeping the Sabbath, looking for the coming of the Lord, and watching and longing for one of our missionaries to come and baptize them

and receive them into the church. They had been there for many years, and we had been working within seventy miles of them, yet knew nothing about it.

KATE AND HER CHURCH

Eighteen years ago one of our students — they call her Kate — went to a remote village and began to preach to her people. We found that this woman had held a group of ninety-six together for these years, keeping the Sabbath. She waited for years for a missionary to come, and at last became discouraged; but her people whom she had brought into the light remained faithful, and through their persuasion, even in her apostasy, she continued to hold meetings with them.

When Elder Sparrow reached the village, he found these believers, and this woman trying to hold them together. As he preached to them, she gave her heart to God anew, and arranged to change some conditions in her life which would prevent her becoming a member of the church. These believers are almost ready for baptism, and desire that we establish a school among them. But we have no worker to send.

SCHOOLS OVERFLOWING

Elder F. E. Thompson, superintendent of the North Rhodesia Mission field, who has been acting superintendent of the Rusangu Mission station, says that there are so many applications to enter the school that it is overflowing. "We have been compelled," he writes, "to turn away boys who have walked across the country for six weeks to reach the school that teaches the real Bible." Hundreds of miles away they have heard that God is with this mission, that the truth is taught here. But we do not have sufficient room for them, and are compelled to turn them away. A chief, 150 miles away, sent a delegation, begging the missionaries to send him a teacher, in order that his people might learn the message.

OUTSTRETCHED ARMS OF WELCOME

Brother Thompson tells of one section, which we have not been able to enter, where the chiefs themselves have kept our



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missionaries out for years. They were not favorable to our work, because we teach the girls and women not to make beer for the men, and that seems to be a very important item with them.

The chief who had been the strongest in opposing Christianity in that territory, died not long ago. The chief who took his place was also opposed to missions, but in a short time this second chief died. Elder Thompson and our missionaries knew nothing about this until they made a trip into that section, and pitched their camp one night not far from the chief's village.

While they were getting settled for the night, a group of people came running out, and began to talk to Elder Thompson. His interpreter had gone for water, and he could not understand what was said, so he waited. Soon another company came running up, and then another, until there were groups of natives all about him, all trying to talk at once, and none making themselves understood.

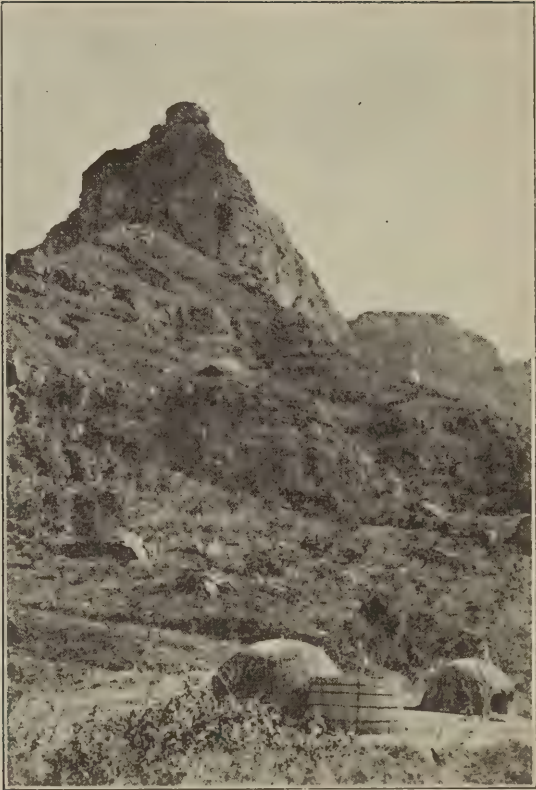
When the interpreter arrived, the man who led the first company said, "You must listen to me first, for I came first. We want you to know that the two chiefs who opposed the missions are both dead. As soon as we heard that you were coming through our country, we did not even return home from our fields, but threw down our hoes, and have run as fast as we could to ask you to come at once and teach us." So said they all.

Word has recently come to us from some parts of the field, to the effect that from distances of a thousand miles from our nearest mission station, natives are writing in and pleading for teachers to be sent to their villages and tribes, that they may be taught the gospel. Everywhere we turn, the story is the same. Ethiopia is today stretching out her hands to God, and this appeal constitutes a mighty challenge to the church of Christ. It is her golden day of opportunity. If the church will but respond quickly, and place at the disposal of the Mission Board the necessary recruits and means for their support, this great "open sore of the world" can be healed. And we believe that this response will be made. God has not thrown open a thousand doors to us in this great heathen land only to mock us.

Our faith lays hold of the promise, "My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory." And we believe that we shall here witness, during the next few years, a mighty miracle of His grace in redeeming literally thousands of these dusky sons and daughters of His from the thralldom of heathen darkness, and preparing them for a place in His kingdom. True, they now are only poor black people, steeped in ignorance and sin; but in the kingdom there will be one nation and one King; all of this world's racial distinctions will have disappeared. And in that day when those who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars in the firmament, I fancy that some of these converts from heathenism, who have, after conversion, and often through much tribulation, given their lives to Him in loving service, will shine the brightest.



Young Zulus Enjoying Their Cornmeal and Bread



In Zululand, Natal, South Africa

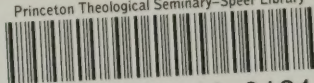
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